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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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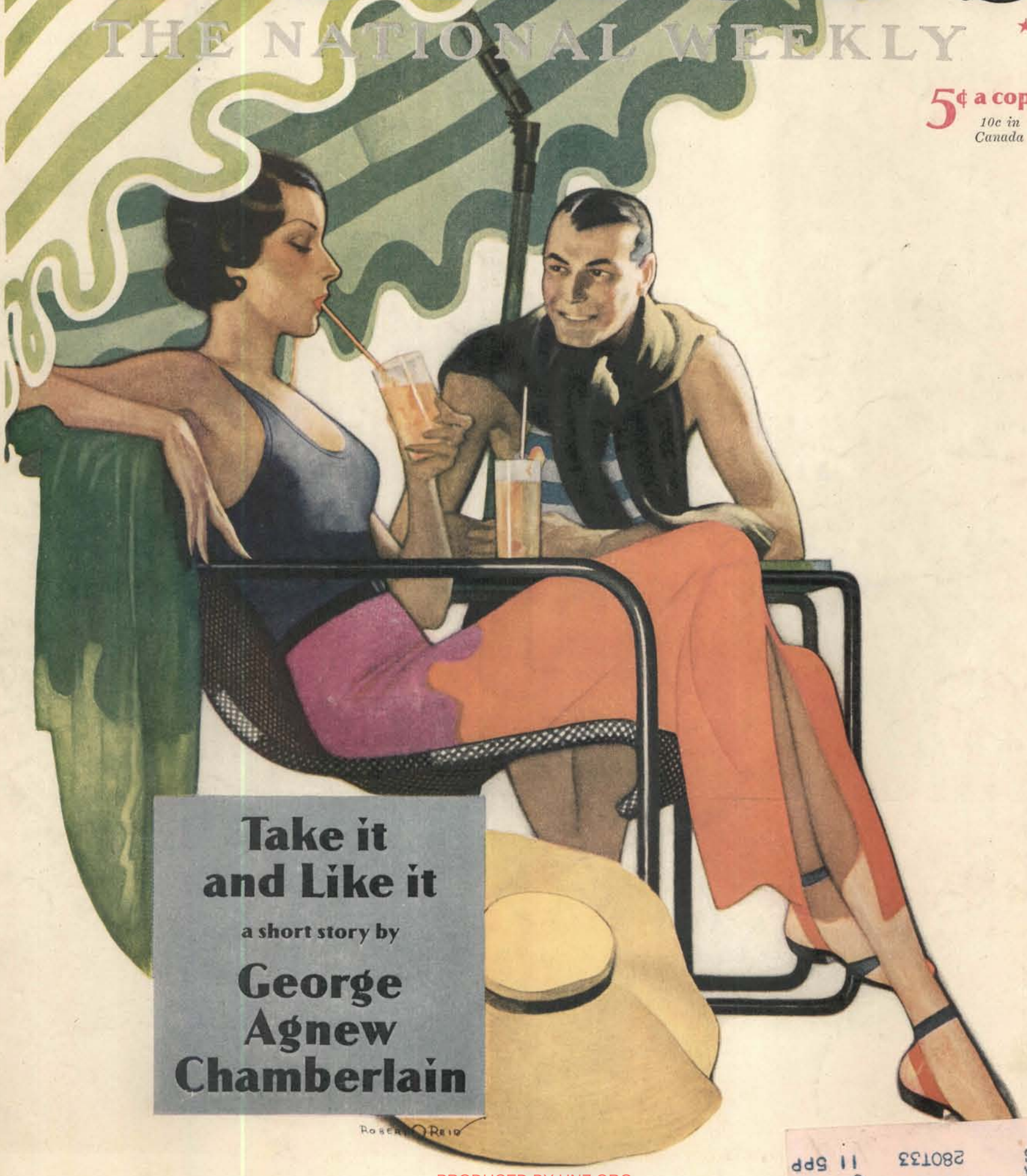

Take it and Like it

a short story by

George Agnew Chamberlain

ROBERT O. REID

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HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

IF IT'S OKAY . . . YOU'RE OKAY

● You want others to like you, don't you? You'd like to feel that you're an addition to a party instead of a nuisance. You'd like to feel that your business contacts are agreeable. Of course you would!

Then we say to you—*be careful about your breath.* Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) spares no one. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it.

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Before social engagements

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Instantly ends halitosis

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

BILL HOLMES was a lawyer, downright, level-headed, unresponsive to romantic suggestions. Not at all the sort of man you would expect to fall in love with his nurse. "Things don't happen like that," he told himself—after it had happened. After he had looked up and seen her eyes, the color of wet slate, and her bewildering slenderness and her hands as small as a child's beneath the starched cuffs.

It had happened all right. Instantly and for good. After that nobody else mattered so far as Bill was concerned. And she—well, there was only one person in the world for her, Dr. Crisman. He was the picture in the front of the book; he was Galahad, he was Launcelot, he was "King Arthur."

In a delightful short story Teresa Hyde Phillips shows you how a lawyer stacks up against a king.

AMONG the perishable exports of this country there is a class not usually recognized—our racketeers. Uproot them from their parent soil, withdraw them from the benign atmosphere of the Eighteenth Amendment and they droop and fade. Things happen to them.

Take 1931, for example. As far back as that some of these specialists in prohibition had decided that it wouldn't last much longer. And several of them sailed for Europe, with some millions of dollars in cash, intent on cornering the wine market. "Grapes of Wrath" by Walter Davenport recounts the adventures of these late-comers in the vineyard.

BERNARD DEVOTO introduces you to a battered veteran of the Jazz Age, Jim Hildebrand, twenty-five. Imagine his chagrin when Constance Richmond, a fellow veteran, got herself engaged to the guardian of the new day. She had the luck to be "The Girl Who Saved Herself." And Constance's entertainment value, temper included, was always high.

BY REQUEST of the Administration Christmas hit Dixie in August this year. And Santa Claus, vigorously showering gifts, let his whiskers slip long enough to reveal the well-known, smooth-shaven features of Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. The happy recipients are preparing to do a lot of large-scale buying, and thus another New Deal dynamo starts whirring. Owen P. White takes you to watch it.

RICHARD CONNELL, Talbert Josselyn, John B. Kennedy, and Ray Tucker diversify the program. Kathleen Norris and Ernest Haycox furnish new thrills. And—but you'd better see for yourself.

This Week

●

August 19, 1933

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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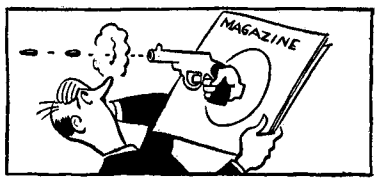
●

Any Week

THE reason Mr. Floyd Lincke of Tulsa, Oklahoma, buys Collier's every week is no longer a secret. "I wouldn't miss an issue," says Mr. Lincke, "because you guys are, like me, very curious about what's going on around the country. You go out and find out and all I have to do is string along with you for a nickel a week. The others merely try to tell me what they think about what they hear is going on."

"I AM very glad to see that you have quit publishing so many gun-play and slaughter stories," says Mr. Joe Krean of Baltimore, Maryland. "Not that you were the only one, but there was a time not long ago that a citizen couldn't wade through a magazine without coming out with his gizzard shot to shreds and his ears numbed by machine gun rattlings. Let us have some more peace."



MRS. ORVILLE CHESTER of Montreal, Canada, can't resist a word or two about "the mental health of a New York banker. The court was asked to regard this banker as goofy because he did not give the right answer to the difference between a horse and an ox. The banker wasn't very sound on the old proverbs either. But I didn't notice that the alienist asked the banker the one about something or other being the best policy."

"AS I understand it," reasons Mr. Fred Lottes of Chicago, Illinois, "the way to insure lasting peace is to build and maintain the most powerful navy and develop the army to the height of efficiency. Naturally your least friendly competitor does likewise, being like us a stanch advocate of lasting peace. After a few years of this the populace begins to ask what we are to get out of all the hundreds of millions this peace insurance is costing us. Then we have to go to war to prove to the dissatisfied that the money wasn't wasted. Or am I just an old grouch?"

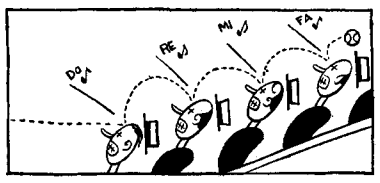
AND Mr. Luther B. Tallman of Omaha, Nebraska, implores us to "use any influence you may have with General Hugh S. Johnson, Administrator of the Recovery Act, to stop the bakers boosting the price of their bread before our womenfolks start home-baking again. I went through all that home-baking trouble when a lad," says Mr. Tallman.

"I HAVE done my best," reports Mr. Ted Warmund of San Francisco, California, "but have been unable to find out whether Mr. Herbert Hoover is receiving any telegrams from the Wickersham Committee these days."

"SAVE all the newspaper clippings of the nasty things France is saying about the United States and England now," advises Mr. (ex-Sergeant, A. E. F.) Andrew S. Doty of Fort Worth, Texas, "and compare them with what France will be saying a few years hence when Germany begins looking hungrily at Alsace and Lorraine again."

BEFORE you know it, prophesies Mr. A. Bomberger of Altoona, Pennsylvania, we will be in the midst of an "unbelievably dull campaign listening to the Republicans begging us to repudiate the Democratic administration and return to the calm, and safety, the sanity and prosperity that we enjoyed so much during the Hoover régime." And what amuses Mr. Bomberger most is that "a whole lot of people will vote that way too, having forgotten practically everything except their names in four years."

THERE is a baseball pitcher in Evansville, Indiana, writes Mr. Edwin G. Salmons of Chicago, "who is so wild that he beaned fourteen spectators in the grandstand during the first two months of the season. When something was said to him about his tendency to wildness," says Mr. Salmons, "he replied that an enterprising guy like him couldn't spend his whole professional career beaning batters."



"IT IS going to be just too bad for a lot of our statesmen when finally the veterans get their bonus, which of course they will some day," says Mr. Louis G. Essenfeld of New York City. "Who will meet them at the station when they return home? And what will they have for a campaign issue?"

SIMILAR thoughts chase each other through the mind of Mrs. Essie Miller of St. Louis, Missouri, who can't quite reconcile the "deep-rooted humanity which the veteran-nursing congressmen confess to in their advocacy of bonuses and subsidies to our veterans but whose great-heartedness does not carry them so far as to vote against child labor."

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SAVE by buying a Leonard Electric NOW

LAST March the Leonard Refrigerator Company cut prices to a new low level. There has been since then only one slight advance, in spite of steadily rising commodity prices.

Now, another increase is coming—made necessary by the higher cost of raw materials. We are telling you about it in advance, to give you an opportunity to make a worthwhile saving.

Until September 1, you can buy a new Leonard Electric—the latest model—for as little as $99.50 (installed, plus freight). You have your choice of 10 other beautiful models of larger capacity (4 all-porcelain), priced up to $346.50.

These are values you may never see equalled again. Leonard quality — backed by 52 years of refrigeration experience and a wonderful record of service to three generations of users! Cabinets of striking beauty and fine construction! Finishes that are white, durable, attractive!

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The Leonard pictured here will be advanced to $112 September 1—and other models correspondingly. See them—and place your order now—at the showroom of the nearest dealer.

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Nash cars are built to last. Not for centuries, of course, for automobiles are machines. But Nash cars are mighty *tough* machines!

It's simply a case of *long-life* materials, *long-life* engineering features and *long-life* workmanship. And you don't pay a penny more to get all of this!

NASH

SIXES AND EIGHTS

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Take it and Like it

Never tell a girl not to dance with a man—unless you are sure of your girl. Let's see what happened at the Byngs' party—while only the butler looked on

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Dana stood alone, white and rigid as a statue, her hand upthrown to cover the stinging stain of shame

OUT of a hundred country-house parties ninety-eight are dull, as like as peas out of the same pod. But the Waddington Byngs' parties were different. Something always happened but never anything nasty, for there was no more evil in Wad and Effie Byng than there is in two slender sticks of dynamite. The trouble seemed to lie in their being too young and a lot too earnest. Effie would ride anybody's hunter at any gate with the same placid expression with which her great-grandmother used to knit socks. As for Wad, he seemed perpetually haunted by the regret that no man, not even he, could break more than twelve ribs at once. He could box like a pro, shoot anything from craps to driven grouse, and he ranked ten at polo. But his pet ambition was to become the first of his race to establish a world-wide—not to say interstellar—reputation as a gentleman rider and live long enough to taste the glory.

The Byng gatherings were never planned. They just happened. Generally, Wad—or Effie—would get into a violent discussion, never with each other. They would appeal to this and that bosom friend. Before they got through, forty-odd people as young and earnest as themselves would be invited to dine and settle the question. The question this time (raised by Wad) was whether a child should wait on accident to learn how to take a purler or whether the said child should be instructed to hurl itself by deliberate intent off a pony going at a full gallop. "But, Wad," a young matron had objected, "what if you had a child—what if it was your own child!"

So the party was on.

DANA TAYLOR came with Dick Buckalew in her own small car. Not that it was any better than Dick's of the same make but because it was a year younger and a lot cleaner. Dana was by long odds the best-looking girl in her set—everybody admitted it. She was blond, apparently fragile as is the mode, but really strong—so strong she fooled nobody. She reminded even strangers who had never seen her before of a straight young tree. Buried in her heart, so deep she had not quite uncovered its tender head, was a sprouting conviction that Dick was the handsomest man on earth.

Her estimate, as is usual in such cases, was grossly exaggerated. Dick's black eyes, unruly hair, heavy eyebrows and square chin had not been assembled by the goddess of beauty; however, he had the body of a budding Hercules and a smile as potent as his frown. A lot of women would have adored him if Dana had not stood in the way; as it was, they gave her one look and had the sense to leave him alone. With him and Dana it was one of those things; nothing had been announced, nothing had been said even between the two parties most intimately concerned, yet what-was-is-and-must-be hovered in the air. Everybody had been feeling it for ages.

The ancestral home of the Byngs, big enough to begin with, had grown pleasantly. Through the main portal one entered a square high hall with a winged staircase rising from either side. On the left was a formal reception-room, on the right the traditional dining-room, but through the arch beneath the stairway could be glimpsed the outstanding innovation. Wad called it the Pav, short for pavilion. It was a vast oblong, as long as the combined width of the hall and its large flanking rooms. Two stories high, on the side away from the house it opened along all its length through towering Doric pillars upon a flight of shallow steps, a sloping lawn, trees, greenery, and the distant haunting gray-blue glimmer of the Sound.

ON THE occasion in question the central table had been laid for forty, and all additional furniture removed. Dance music, loud enough to be heard, low enough never to bother, came from somewhere upstairs with the insistent urge of muffled tom-toms.

Entering upon this scene, Dana and Dick wore a peculiar expression, difficult to define; though their faces differed so radically, the expression was the same. Perhaps the nearest approach to a description would be to say they both had the look of an amateur who has walked a tight-rope before and is prepared to try it again. They knew the Byngs and their parties. They could have summed up the rule of the house somewhat as follows: Drink, eat, dance and talk—as if for your very life; but in the end back what you say, prove it by ocular demonstration, illustrate or shut up and get out.

The tidal wave of cocktails had come

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and long gone on its appointed way. In its place had set in the deep, steady flow of champagne. Presently, when everybody had eaten as much as he or she could hold, the buckets would be placed on, under and around the table. That would be the signal for the attendants to withdraw—all but Lamb. Lamb, as usual, would continue to stand in his niche beneath the stairway, midway between pandemonium and the somber dignity of the square entrance hall.

Lamb, who wore his excellently fitted butler's full evening dress as stolidly as a lay figure in a suit of armor. Lamb, who spoke as little as possible even when spoken to. Lamb, who was so good-looking that a sub-deb had wept when she failed to impress him. Lamb, who was always on the spot to welcome the first and see the last guest out. Lamb, who finally drew out of hiding the sliding doors which were Wad's most genuine claim to fame since by their means the Pav became a unit, separate from the peaceful house, and could be wrecked, shut off, to be delivered over to unheard cleaners in the sunlit morning.

DANA felt fine, never had she been in better fettle; the confidence of youth and beauty was upon her. She had drunk her wine carefully—a layer of food, a layer of drink, each knowingly proportioned. Now, dancing, a happy glow filled her being as she passed from one pair of arms to another in a continuous, mounting gyration. Her blood bubbled in her veins. She floated within a medium which was neither earth nor sky.

Then abruptly, without the slightest warning, into this enchanted world made up of light, air and joy, plunged Dick's voice—like a knife, cutting her down, planting her feet on the hard floor: "Lay off Max Deerfield; he's squiffy. Don't dance with him again."

"What?" she asked weakly.

"You heard me," said Dick confidently.

It was true; she had heard, though only at this instant did the words assume form and meaning. Her eyes went wide. Mysteriously the lovely golden haze began to turn red.

"I'll dance with whom I please," she said, her voice sounding strange and sharp to her own ears.

"Not with Deerfield. Dance one more step with him and I'll slap your face."

Gone the last glimmer of the golden haze! Everything red—the room, the people, the table, the very lights. Then, climax! As if summoned out of the infernal glare Max appeared at her side. Deliberately, without a pause in the beat of her feet, she whirled into his arms. Immediately Dick's rigid finger was against her bare shoulder, stopping her halfway of the first turn. His right hand went back and he slapped her cheek with such force the sound was like the arresting crack of a pistol—loud. Instantly a sort of suspension seized everybody in the room. Mouths, tongues and limbs ceased their function. The music itself seemed a mere trickle beneath a tumbled boulder of silence. Dana stood alone, white and rigid as a statue, her hand upthrown to cover the stinging stain of shame. Before anybody else could think or move she turned and was gone.

SHE dashed past Lamb without seeing him and across the full length of the hall. Long before the butler could reach the door, almost before he had started, she had opened it for herself, rushed down the steps and disappeared through the shrubbery.

Somewhere behind her she heard Dick calling: "Dana, where are you? Don't be a fool! Dana! All right, then, go. Run to Mamma. Cry yourself to sleep!"

She gasped as if each word were a stab in her breast—he wasn't even sorry! Blinded by angry tears, guided by instinct alone, she went straight to her car, lifted the flap under which it was her habit to hide her keys, unlocked the ignition, flashed on the lights and pressed the starter. When she reached the broad entrance she was going at top speed. At two in the morning she felt safe in yielding to her rage for escape.

Fortunately she found the gates wide open, but as she swept through them a touring car without lights came hurtling from the left. It got by, dodging around her front bumper, but at that instant something black and heavy twirled off its running board into the roadway. In the glare of her headlights the object seemed grotesque and monstrous, but before she could identify it her front wheels had struck it a terrific blow. At the sound of that blow, the strength ebbed out of her hands, out of her whole body. The little car wobbled across the main highway, dropped its nose slantingly into a deep ditch and stopped with a jolt.

For a moment she sat quite still, her blond head fallen far forward as if her neck were broken; but soon the training of a lifetime came to her aid. She took a grip on herself, got out of the car, climbed to the roadway—and stood transfixed. In its center, face up, lay the broken body of a man. She made a spasmodic forward movement and stopped. No use. Without reasoning, almost without thought, she knew he was dead.

Presently, through no conscious command, her feet began to move around the body in a wide half-circle. It had barred her way; now at last it was behind her. She turned, ran—toward the Byng house.

At the house, she waited patiently for the gasping intake of her breath to steady down, then seized the knob with a firm hand, turned it and opened the door. Instantly sounds which had been reaching her only in indistinguishable form became recognizable as shrieks of laughter, cries, the crash of breaking crockery and the tinkle of splintering glass.

SHE paused. Why had she hurried? Why had she come? To get help—to tell the awful truth and get help from anybody except Dick. Help from that raving throng? Her heart sank, but between her and bedlam stretched the great square hall, ponderous, somber, aloof within its cloak of dignity. Something in its air brought strength to her sinews. She moved forward, shoulders squared and body erect, crossed to the archway and stood where her eyes could sweep the length and breadth of the Pav.

Instantly she was caught in the grip of a strange trance. She had a feeling of isolation, of withdrawal, as if she stood within transparent walls of ice, looking out. What was the matter? Promptly came the answer. She was cold sober—as sober as if she had never had a drink in her life—and all these others had been drinking. Ten minutes ago she had been drinking herself. Dick had been drinking when he had slapped her. As for Max—she looked around for Max Deerfield. He was lying flat on his back, serving as an unconscious footstool for a girl in her stockinged feet. No—not a footstool—a springboard. For suddenly the girl launched herself forward, leaped headlong across the table, crashed to the floor shoulder under, rolled to her knees and sprang erect with a hoarse cry of triumph.

Others were doing the trick, but the men preferred mounts; one would climb on another's back, the mount would rush at the table, balk as he reached it and send the rider flying. They were all deadly serious, each supporting some mad contention as to how to take a fall. The laughter Dana had heard did not arise from merriment but merely as a jeering salutation to disaster. Wad was the most serious of all. Not content with negotiating the table, having wrecked one of the lower candelabra, he was determined to clear the other or die in the inglorious attempt. He hurled himself in a clean arc, made the height, but fell on the point of his shoulder. He rolled, clutching his arm, but he rolled in agony.

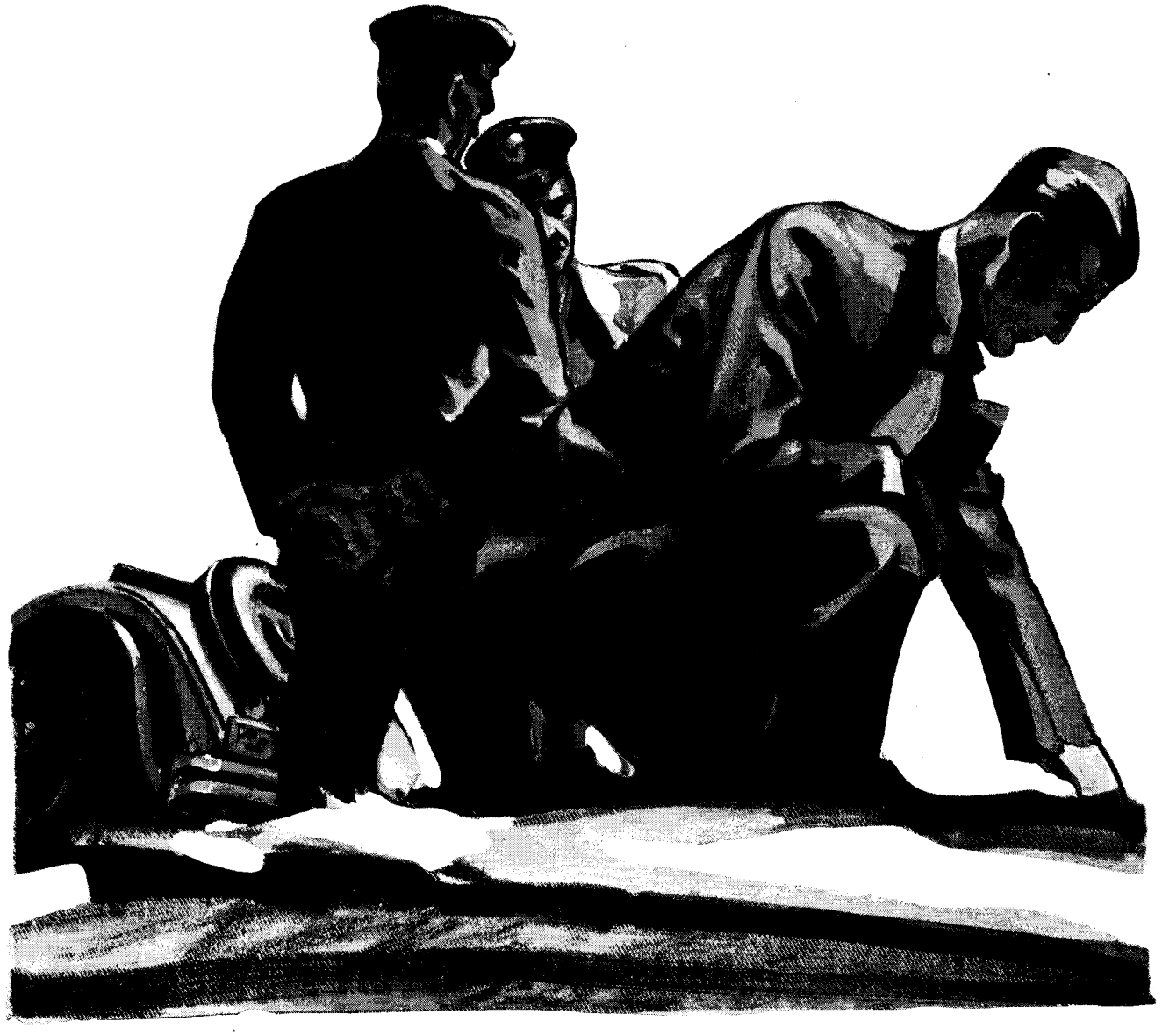
Dana became conscious of a strange force dragging at her eyes. She turned them and they fell on Lamb, faultlessly turned out, immaculate amid litter, erect, immobile as a statue—*dependable*. She rushed across the archway.

"Oh, Lamb," she stammered, "help me! I'm in terrible trouble. I—I killed a man."

"Where, Miss?" asked Lamb quietly, believing her, yet apparently unmoved.

"Just outside the gate. I—I ran into him."

Lamb turned as if on a pivot, first toward the main door and then back. His brow, habitually smooth, had puckered in a sudden frown. His eyes, searching, swept the Pav. At that instant Dick Buckalew came hurtling through the



Abruptly Lamb knelt to touch the body, to turn

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Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

its head, to try to flex the joints of its arm

air from across the table in a tremendous leap through the candles of the highest candelabra. He made an unbelievably perfect landing, rolled almost to the archway and sprang to his feet. As he rose Lamb slapped him with all the strength of his right arm.

"Take that, and like it!" While Dick still reeled from the blow Lamb swung his open left hand from low down and let him have it resoundingly on the other cheek. "And that!"

"You swine!" gasped Buckalew. "You dirty swine! Come outside while I tear you apart. Come away from the women." Lamb started out, Dick at his shoulder. "Swine!" Dick continued to gasp hoarsely in his utter bewilderment. "Swine!"

"Dick!" yelled Wad, recovering the power of speech. He was still on the floor, nursing his arm, and there was a note of desperation in his cry. "Dick, wait! You don't understand. Don't go with him—don't!"

Dick and Lamb continued, unheeding. Dana had made a dash for the front door ahead of them. She slipped out, dodged to one side and flattened herself into a shallow niche between two half-columns which adorned the portal. She was puzzled by Lamb's astounding action—but she knew there must have been a reason for it. She heard murmured words at the door as it opened, Lamb's voice: "Don't worry, I'll follow you." Dick came out, then Lamb. He closed the door, paused; he was stooping over, fitting the old-fashioned key to its keyhole. The key turned.

"That's a good idea," muttered Dick. "By the way, did you leave the key in the lock, or have you got it in your fist?"

LAMB stood with his back against the door, his hands hanging straight at his sides. "Mr. Buckalew, are you quite sober?"

"You bet I am! You needn't worry on that count. Believe me, I'm sober—sober enough to handle two like you."

"I'm glad, sir," said Lamb calmly. "That's why I slapped you—why I had to slap you. You need to be quite sober, sir, because Miss Taylor has just killed a man."

"What?" breathed Dick, his clenched fist relaxing, starting to open.

"Miss Taylor has just killed a man," repeated Lamb. "It's up to you, sir, to get her out of it."

Dana stepped forward into the glow from the fanlight. "It's true, Dick," she said, but her eyes were on Lamb.

He held her gaze with a strange magnetism, making it seem he had forced her to look at him instead of at Dick. His eyes were straight, steady bars, upholding her, pouring their strength into her being.

"Tell the truth, Miss," he murmured, "now—and always."

She faced Dick squarely. "I was going out of the gate at forty miles an hour. He fell from the running board of a touring car, just in front of me." Her lips trembled, but her eyes remained steady. "There wasn't time to think—no time to do anything—but I don't want to get out of it. I was in the wrong; I am to blame."

"Come along," said Dick sharply. He spoke with assurance, with the confidence of a man who recognizes no odds and fears no issue. "Come along, both of you."

THEY started down the driveway at a fast walk that presently, for Dana, broke into a half-trot. Dick held the lead, she clung at his heels and Lamb followed close behind. At the last turn the gateway came abruptly into full view, but not only the gateway. Exactly spaced between its pillars, but beyond a dark blot on the ground, a cruising police car had just come to a full stop. At sight of it, unknown to Dick or Dana, Lamb suddenly halted. For an instant he stood poised; then watching his chance to use the two in front of him to block the line of vision between himself and the police, he swerved from the roadway and vanished.

Two policemen descended from the car; one of them advanced to meet Dick. "Know anything about this, Mister?"

"Everything," said Dick promptly. "The man jumped in front of Miss Taylor's car just as we were coming through the gate. He must have done it on purpose."

"Pretty bad," murmured the officer. "You certainly smeared him plenty." Without appearing to have noticed Dana he added casually, "Is this Miss Taylor?"

"Yes," said Dana, stepping toward him.

"You must have been going pretty fast, Miss."

"As fast as I could go and still make the turn. Forty miles an hour at least."

"Dana, for the love of heaven!" murmured Dick despairingly.

"Keep out of this, Dick," said Dana crisply. "It's fine of you to try to step into the hole with me but I'm going through it alone and in my own way." She faced the officer, now joined by his mate. "You want the truth, don't you, the exact truth?"

"You bet we do, Miss. If more folks would come clean at the very start they'd save a lot of trouble."

"I know it," Dana said simply. "And this is the truth. Just as I was coming through the gate a touring car without lights dashed in front of me and this—this man toppled off the running board almost under my wheels. You can see the rest for yourselves. That's the truth."

"WITHOUT lights, eh?" said the first and senior officer. "That's a queer one, Miss. No dimmers—no lights at all? You're sure you had time to notice?"

"Yes. I don't know how I had time to see, but I'm sure I'm right. No lights of any kind. I—I've told you the exact truth."

"I know you have, Miss; I believe every word you've said. But it's a nasty business just the same. It's bad any way you put it. You'd better come along with us and bring your friend."

"Where to?" asked Dana.

"Just to the station house. Talk to the lieutenant the way you have to us and he'll have some judge pulled out of bed by his heels."

"You mean I must go whether I want to or not?"

"I'm sorry, Miss, but that's about the size of it."

Suddenly Lamb was in the roadway, staring down at the dead man. Dana had not had time to notice his absence,

(Continued on page 30)

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Unsound financing and a wasteful policy of management in the past are largely responsible for the railroads' present troubles

Working on the Railroads

By George Creel

At present our railroads are pretty sick financially, but they will soon be telling you about their operation, a vital job of New Deal surgery which promises to put them in the pink instead of the red. Futile competition, overpaid executives, excess trackage and terminal duplication are some of the things to be cut out. The patients have excellent chances of recovery

WHAT is the government going to do to help the railroads? What are the railroads going to do to help themselves? The success of America's prosperity drive depends largely on the answer to these questions, for a stable, adequate transportation system is essential to any program of recovery.

Up to date, discussion has been less than frank. It is all very fine to free the steam lines from hampering restrictions and vastly encouraging to hear railway executives tell of their plans for the improvement and modernization of service. None of this, however, goes to the heart of the problem. An emergency exists, and only cold, hard cash can meet that emergency.

One hundred and thirty Class One carriers did not earn their fixed charges last year. Many actually failed to meet operating expenses; the group as a whole (162 Class One roads) were $216,900,721 short of meeting their fixed charges. Securities of the railroads and railroad equipment companies of the United States in the amount of $22,000,000,000 have a market price of little more than fifty cents on the dollar.

Even these figures fall short of painting the true picture. During 1933 the railroads will have to find some $350,000,000 with which to meet maturing obligations and cover deficits, and not half the sum is in sight. The Railroad Credit Corporation has advanced $105,000,000, and more than $400,000,000 has been loaned by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and these borrowings, in many instances, have exhausted available collateral.

The $350,000,000 required for current maturities and deficits will not satisfy the necessities of the railroads by any means. Bonds and equipment trust notes totaling about $370,000,000 will have to be met in 1934, not to mention a large floating debt, and each succeeding year will bring a flood of other obligations, all incurred without any provision for amortization.

There is also the imperative matter of new equipment. In the five years ending with 1929, the average annual expenditure for maintenance was $2,077,000,000. In 1932 it was $978,000,000, a reduction of fifty-three per cent. A serious deterioration of physical properties is the result, and huge sums must be spent if the railroads are to be saved from rust, rot and inadequacy. Still larger amounts will be required before the carriers can go in for aluminum alloy or stainless steel construction, streamlined, air-conditioned cars and modern motive power.

Where is the money coming from? Talk of issuing new securities, always a bubbling source of funds in the past, is mere whistling in the dark. With so many stock market memories still bitter in the minds of the American people, who would buy if they could buy? It is not only that the frenzied finance of the railroad masters has largely destroyed the ability to invest—what is even more vital, the *will* to invest has been extinguished. Much must be done before railway credit is restored to health.

When all is said and done, there is only one source that can supply the necessary millions, and that source is the Federal treasury. What is more, these millions have got to be supplied. The administration and its transportation experts may beat around the bush, doing their best to evade a public admission, but all of them, deep down, accept the situation and its facts.

No More Sight-Unseen Loans

This acceptance does not proceed entirely from a desire to salvage the investments of some 900,000 individual stockholders, nor even to protect the seven billions of railway bonds held by life insurance companies, savings banks and other fiduciary institutions. The real reason is that the steam lines, despite their faults and failures, are still the solid rock on which America's business is built. President Roosevelt himself acknowledges that they "still constitute the main arteries of commerce in the United States," and the Interstate Commerce Commission is on record with this flat statement:

"The railroads now furnish the backbone and most of the other vital bones of the transportation system of the country, and we believe this will be the situation for a long time to come. We are not impressed by the thought that they are doomed, in anything like the near future, to go the way of the stagecoach and the canal."

Statistics support these declarations at every point, for despite the growth of motor, air and water transport, the rails haul more than seventy-five per cent of all freight, and the auto truck eight or ten per cent. Aside from this very vital consideration, rail service remains vital to the maintenance and development of community life, a truth brought home to many towns now fighting desperately against the proposed abandonment of non-paying lines.

These are the reasons why the government has got to come to the rescue of the steam lines, and even the most confirmed railroad baiter must recognize them as good and sufficient. To say, however, that every necessary loan will be made is not to say that they will be made as in the past. Far from it. Secretary of Commerce D. C. Roper, an authoritative voice in framing recent railroad legislation, is emphatic on this point. Talking across his desk in the $17,000,000 palace built by Mr. Hoover, he gave me this flat statement of the government's attitude:

"The base of the administration's transportation program is a brand-new lending policy. What has come to be

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realized at last is that Federal loans to save the railroads may be justified only if the railroads *are* saved. Debtors cannot be restored to solvency merely by plunging them still deeper into debt."

According to Mr. Roper, Uncle Sam has definitely quit the rôle of Simple Simon, at least as far as the railroads are concerned. He has put off his linen duster, taken the straw out of his mouth and wiped the mud from his boots. Under no circumstances will the railroads be permitted to borrow millions on bales of unmarketable and even questionable securities and then dash away to squander them as they see fit. A quiet, soft-voiced person, the Secretary of Commerce, never beating the desk or shoving out his jaw after the style laid down in the Manual for Forceful Executives, yet few have greater gift for saying what they mean and meaning just what they say.

"What happens when a merchant goes to his bank for a loan?" His own answer followed on the heels of the question: "He is asked to put his books on the table, and called on to explain the operations of his business down to the last detail. His pay roll is scrutinized, his balance sheet gone over with a fine-toothed comb, his provisions for depreciation checked up, his prospects for earnings analyzed, and above all, it is demanded of him that he tell what use he plans to make of the money he wants to borrow.

"This is exactly the course that government means to take. The business of lending 'sight unseen,' just so much pounding of sand into rat holes, has come to an end. First of all, the borrowing road must prove that it is worth saving. Many lines in the United States today are simply duplicative, should never have been built, have no hope of profitable operation and the sooner they die the better. Neither time nor money is going to be wasted on pulmotoring cadavers. Secondly, the road must show that it is a good risk, or exhibit sincere willingness to make itself a good risk.

Short Cuts to Stability

"In many instances," continued Mr. Roper, "such a course will call for a thorough reorganization, because quite a number of lines have fixed charges that are all out of proportion to present or possible earnings. Top-heavy financial structures, representing the capitalization of waste, obsolescence and plain water, will have to be brought into line with the realities."

Until recently, a foundering road unable to meet its obligations had no alternative other than receivership, a costly and interminable process. As late as 1928, the expenses of the Milwaukee reorganization ran up to $3,500,000, all collected from stockholders, and three years were taken to do the job. The expenses of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas reorganization were around $3,000,000, one million representing underwriting commissions and profits, and the receivership dragged along for seven years. The Texas Pacific and the Chicago and Alton, however, stayed in the hands of the receivers for eight long years.

This procedure is no longer necessary, for the Voluntary Reorganization section of the revised Bankruptcy Law opens a short cut for railroads seeking to put themselves on a sound basis. The Missouri Pacific, for instance, went into the Federal Court at St. Louis on March 31st and filed a petition for reorganization, confessing inability to meet obligations in the amount of some forty millions. The judge approved the petition at once and, with all danger of receivership averted, the road was free to sit down with its creditors and work out a settlement. The reorganization plan, when presented, will need to be accepted by only two-thirds of each of the different classes of creditors, thus robbing minorities of the power to block or blackmail.

A certain amount of loss is bound to result, especially in the scaling down of interest charges, but this cannot be escaped. Alfred E. Smith voiced public opinion when he declared recently that the people "will not stand for making the holders of railroad securities a preferred class of investors who must get a hundred cents on the dollar, irrespective of the true value and condition of the business they have invested in, when values in all other fields are being readjusted and cut down."

Not only the details of these reorganizations, but the financial practices of *all* railroads will be subjected to inspection and analysis. It is the habit to shrug away Jay Gould, Russell Sage, the Erie and the Crédit Mobilier as the thieveries of a bygone day, but what of the wrecking of the New Haven road that impoverished New England? And how about the scandals of the Rock Island, the Frisco, the Louisville and Nashville, the Alton, the Pere Marquette, the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and other roads looted to their ruin since the dawn of the twentieth century? Between 1910 and 1919, twenty roads issued fictitious capitalization to the amount of $692,000,000, and dissipated $233,559,000 more in the payment of special bonuses and stock dividends.

The opportunity is at hand to end those evils and the government means to take advantage of it. To quote Mr. Roper again: "Proof of the soundness of security issues will have to be furnished, and the financial structures of the roads must be simplified to a point where they can be understood by other than a Philadelphia lawyer. A continuous supervision of our investment is commended by common sense. The holding company, that mystic maze in which so many thousands of investors have lost their savings, has already been brought under the law. In plain, the government means to guard against another epidemic of Insullitis."

The End of Reckless Financing

A further and proper demand, both to safeguard Federal loans and to protect future investors, is that a railroad should and must make provisions for amortization. It is one of the anomalies of American finance that few railroads have ever been known to pay a debt. When obligations fall due, the established procedure is to refund them, paying heavy premiums for the extension. Even the most cursory inspection of railroad finance shows that not a year has passed without the dissipation of millions in bankers' commissions and underwriting fees.

Sinking funds are as rare in railway circles as teeth in a poultry yard, nor have more than a handful of the carriers ever given thought to the accumulation of reserves so that lean times will not send them to the bread line. Good years have seen them shoveling out special bonuses and stock dividends like so many drunken sailors. In the short space of four months, for instance, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Southern Pacific and the Reading presented their stockholders with bonuses that totaled $161,000,000. The Frisco paid dividends on common and preferred in 1930 and part of 1931, although balanced on the edge of ruin. The Southern Railroad declared dividends in 1931 despite a deficit of $6.87 a share, and the Nickel Plate pursued the same course with a deficit of $7 a share. From now on, all such practices are out.

Another governmental insistence will be on the abandonment of excess and obsolete trackage. Much of the overload of fixed charges proceeds principally from the retention of mileage that has never paid, and never can be made

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Cartoons by Harold Talburt

A thorough study of each railroad will be made before governmental loans are extended

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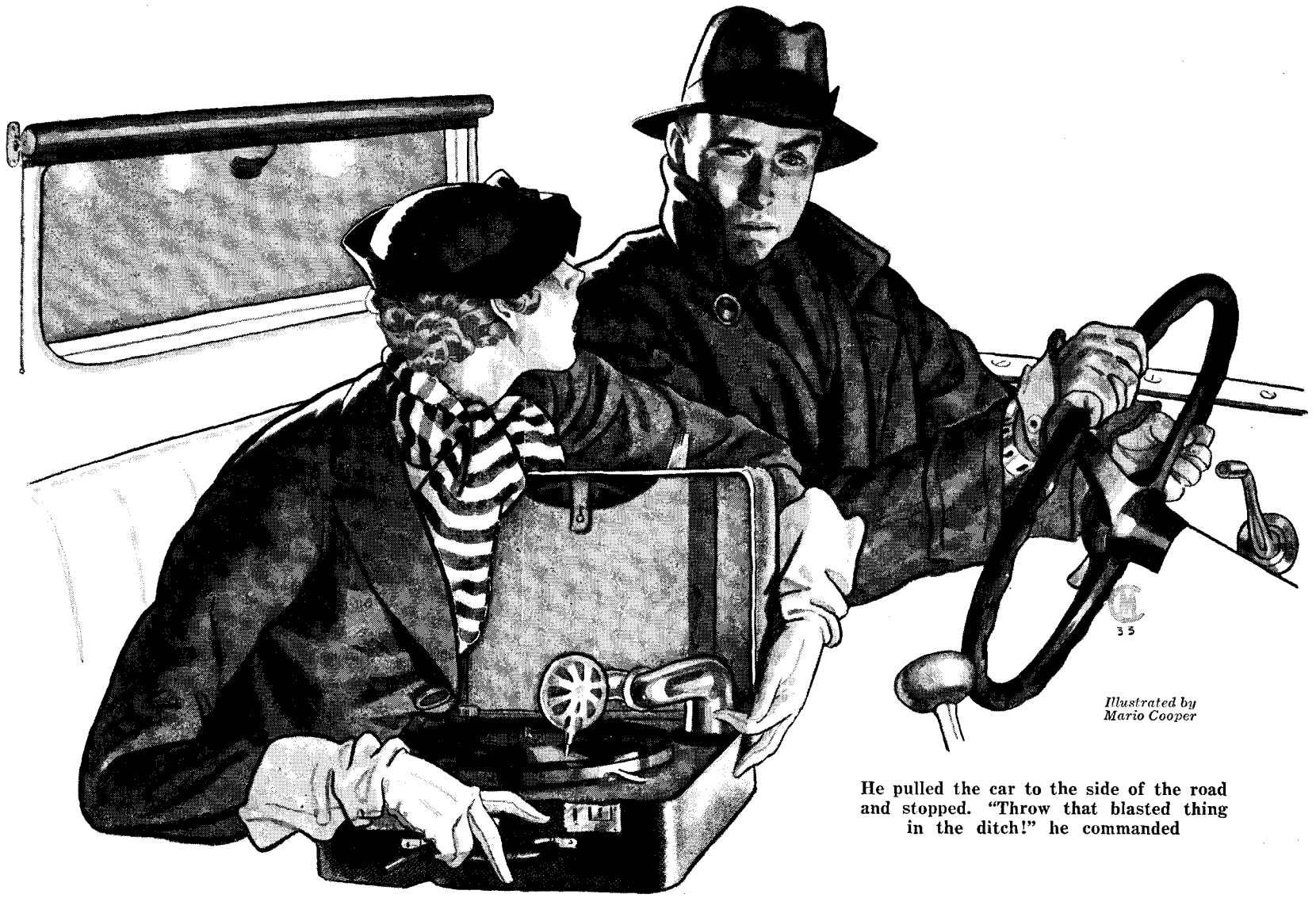

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

He pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped. "Throw that blasted thing in the ditch!" he commanded

Trial and Error

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

The story of a noble experiment, performed by a fearless scientist—a hero, in fact, who had nothing to fear from that buzz saw known as love

EUGENIE'S telegraphed invitation said Jasper would have the car at New Haven at two-thirty, but it was four now. Eugenie probably meant four. She was like that, inexact, unscientific. It was lamentable that a young scientist's only near-by relative, his aunt Eugenie, should be frivolous and unscientific, wasting her time with a fellow named Sturgis, who was quite as frivolous and old-fashioned as she was.

So Haliburton went on adding heavy volumes on psychology to the collection already in his traveling bags . . . Stimulus & Reaction, by Raymond; Measure of the Mind, by Luckner; Suggestion & Control, by Sigmund Baer. He felt scarcely justified in wasting time from his vital researches just because the Christmas holidays were here again, recalling the premature death of Keats at twenty-six . . . "before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain." Finally . . . reverently . . . he placed on top of the other volumes about a hundred pages of typed manuscript under the title: "Human Relations," by Webb Francis Haliburton.

But by the time Eugenie's chauffeur, Jasper, put his beaming black face in the doorway, Haliburton was ready to concede certain materialistic compensations for such people as his young aunt and her Sturgis . . . with their homes and big cars and pleasant backgrounds. In quiet and comfort he could think out his prospective chapter on Crowd Behavior and Group Illusions on the way down to town.

Jasper collected his bags.

" 'Cep'n I gotta wait a hour at Farmington fo' Miss Linda, Boss, I ain't so late. She Misto Sturgis' little sister, sah. She Missy Linda Sturgis, she is."

Haliburton had heard enough about the girl from Eugenie to dislike her, sight unseen. He jerked a questioning nod down towards the waiting car. "You mean she's down there?"

"Yes, sah! She is sho'ly dere."

The impudent emphasis was somewhat justified. Miss Linda Sturgis was indisputably there, in any sense. Flanked by more luggage than made any sense, a red portable phonograph on the seat beside her making the late afternoon (to Haliburton) hideous with Baby, Try to Be Good, she scrutinized him serenely with her dark eyes full of smoky insolence. She was tailored and trim. She was tight in her skin, in that way of youth. She was fair but not blond, smart but not chic, young but no infant, and the jaunty cock of her head might mean "I dare you" just as easily as "Don't you dare." She seemed reasonably pleased with Haliburton, not thrilled but apparently pleased.

HALIBURTON'S frank, blue, scientific eye appraised her leisurely and completely. "You're Miss Sturgis, I understand. Mind if I interrupt the—the concert and sit down? I'm Haliburton."

"Here! Stop that." The girl made a grab to rescue her precious phonograph from his profane touch, placing it tenderly on the floor at her feet. "I don't allow anybody to touch that . . . and I don't care two hoots who you are."

The car started just as Haliburton sat down, pitching them together and spoiling his poise. He said: "I care who you are, and I'd prefer you were anybody else. Eugenie has been pouring your charms, your Continental education, your accomplishments into me for two years. But to me you are just one more pretty girl."

Miss Sturgis smiled. "And you've seen prettier? Why don't you say so? You know, Haliburton, I'd made up my mind to detest you, but you are almost amusing."

"Whatever I am, Miss Sturgis, I am not amusing. Incidentally, neither are you."

"I'm not trying to be. I'm trying to be nice. Your aunt Eugenie and my brother George want us to fall in love, and I'm just giving them the benefit of the doubt." She bent over to put a new record on her phonograph. "Maybe you'd feel better if I played you It's Never too Late to Love."

"I wouldn't," said Haliburton. He snorted derisively. "All this idiocy about falling in love! . . . as if it were some mysterious accident. My dear Miss Sturgis, real love is not fallen into. It is built up, planned. Your brother George and my aunt Eugenie don't know the first principles."

"How dare you say that! Their love is a beautiful inspiration . . ."

"It may be beautiful but it's phony, like a mirage." Haliburton scorned the phony love of George Sturgis and Eugenie. "Love is neither an accident, Miss Sturgis, nor an inspiration, nor an art. It is an exact science . . . and when it isn't a science, it's a mess."

"What d'you mean it's a mess? I don't think I'm going to care for you after all, Haliburton."

HE SCOWLED. "Let's drop it. I have my own thoughts. You're pretty enough, Miss Sturgis, if that's any satisfaction to you, but you have a herd mind."

Miss Sturgis slapped Haliburton for that. She was a definite, realistic little person. In the Farmington class book she had been put down as the girl most likely to succeed, although the book doesn't say at what. Her sharp blow knocked off Haliburton's hat.

He merely laughed. The most elementary psychology had taught him that a girl may kiss you and be indifferent, but that when she slaps you, you count. In fact, holding her hands in legitimate self-defense, he had a different feeling about Miss Sturgis altogether. He felt almost . . . just possibly

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Nothing Left

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Grace Flandrau

THAT man Weiss, of the Farmers' National, he'll have the say, I'm afraid."

"Yes, and that's not so good for Ashton."

"Gosh, when you think of Leonard B. Ashton!—it's like the end of the world!"

"Well, he was just crazy. Actually borrowed money to buy his own stock and at prices like that! He ought to've let those branch banks sink," my brother remarked.

"What a comedown!" one of the women exclaimed. "Why, it's just awful—the high and mighty Isabel."

I turned to Bill Farrell. "Is she high and mighty?"

"Isabel Ashton? Oh, you don't know her! Well—of course lots of women are good looking but she carries it too far." He laughed.

"Poor old Ashton," my brother was saying, "I wouldn't be in his shoes."

"Do you mean on account of his banks or on account of Dexter Ford?" his wife inquired.

"There they go," Bill Farrell muttered to me, "at it as usual."

"Of course she'll leave Ashton now. I must say, if she intended to, it would have looked a lot better to do it before the poor old man lost all his money."

"Yes, this old man's darling business isn't always so hot for the old man!"

"I wonder if she knows—about the bank?"

"I guess he hates to tell her." My brother, holding the big silver cocktail shaker, tried to look sorry for Ashton but couldn't quite pull it off. He was too well off, I suppose, himself.

It had been clear from the beginning, although my sister-in-law Effie would never have admitted it, that to go to Ashtons' was considered just a little different from going anywhere else, that something more than mere wealth and position made it a privilege to be received by them. And I could see too that she was uneasy for fear we would be late for the luncheon. She never cared, I had noticed, when she went to other houses, whether she was late or not.

"I don't suppose," I said to my brother, driving over, "that Ashton will be there?"

"Sure; I guess he will."

"I should have thought, with such serious business going on—"

"He's done all he could. It's up to the other bankers now. They've been conferring on it several days. All he can do is wait for them to decide."

"Could they save him?"

"Well, this Weiss. . . . People think they could but Weiss hates him. Weiss is one of these new cut-throat banksters—as the fellow said. Hasn't got the traditions Ashton thinks a banker ought to have. Ashton never made any bones about what he thought of Weiss and Weiss hates Ashton. He's waited for this chance for fifteen years."

"And yet Ashton stays out here in the country as if nothing were going on!" Effie exclaimed. She had a complacent, proprietary air when she talked about the Ashtons. "I guess it's a matter of pride with him."

It was Ashton who received us. He was older, it was true, than most of the guests, but only by a few years, and still very handsome. He was tall and very thin and his eyes were young—ardent and true like a boy's. But his face showed a strain and he started every time a servant came near him. Did he still hope to pull through? How did it feel to be face to face with ruin, a man like that who had been rich and powerful all his life? I liked him better than anyone there and when he greeted a new guest I stayed near, waiting to go on with our talk.

Effie, I saw, was offended because Isabel was not at home to welcome her. "Ah, yes, Isabel," he once said casually. "She's around." But the cocktails were brought in before she appeared. We were talking, he and I, by the open French window when she came across the lawn with a young man beside her. "Isabel," he interrupted himself to murmur with a smile.

She caught sight of him and waved and he waved back. Her golden hair was long enough to blow a little in the wind. She came in, swift and light, without apologies, and all at once the room had a focus, an unmistakable center. Her coloring was as beautiful as a flower and her lack of make-up made her seem different, simpler and more alive than the other women. I assumed that the young man with her was Dexter Ford.

"We saw Bob take off, darling; the planes were too lovely. I almost wished I'd tagged along in the Barkers' amphibian."

"She's crazy about the air," Ashton said indulgently. "I've always been afraid she'd want to have an airplane of her own."

Ashton and his wife did not sit at opposite ends of the long refectory table but across from each other in the middle. Dexter Ford and I were side by side at the end.

"I hate to be so far from her," I said to him. "She's lovely, isn't she?"

"I believe you live in Europe," he answered, changing the subject rudely, I thought. Nor did he listen to my reply. He did not look at Isabel but his glance whipped back to Ashton and was as quickly averted.

Isabel was talking alternately with a man beside her and across the table to her husband. "Is this one of the things I can eat or I can't eat, darling?" Ashton was asking her.

"What is it, dear? Oh, grapes—"

I saw the three, husband, wife, old servant, half bantering, looking into the silver dish, when the footman approached. And when Ashton had put a spoonful of ice on his plate the servant said something to him in a low voice.

Carefully Ashton laid down his spoon and rose. He looked at his wife: "Will you excuse me, darling? I'm wanted at the telephone." Their eyes met, she did not speak or even nod. He left the table.

Almost with the audible click of little rapiers, glances met up and down the table, but conversation went on, casually. On the lake a speed boat swept by, shaking the very air with its roar.

"Isabel!" It was Ashton's voice.

She rose and swept down the long room and out. He was standing in the small corridor beside the telephone, invisible, I think, to everyone but Dexter Ford and me. Light fell on him from a window high in the wall and I saw that his hand trembled as he put it to his forehead. He was indeed trembling from head to foot, and for a moment I feared he would fall.

She went straight to him. For a long moment their look held, then her arms slipped around his neck and the shadow of the smile that had lain so lightly on her lips deepened to a bravery and tenderness I am sure it had never had before. She spoke to him, smiling, clinging with her arms, and little by little his trembling stopped. She went on talking, looking up into his face. And when she stopped he was, I saw, taller and straighter than before. He was proud and rich again, he was young. Tears were on his cheeks and she took her little pocket handkerchief and patted them away, then drew his head down to hers and kissed his lips.

All at once I realized that Dexter Ford had left the table and I did not see him again. He went away somewhere next day and Effie's friends all said it just showed what a fair-weather friend *he* was. But they were nice about the Ashtons, perhaps because they felt that now the Ashtons had nothing left—nothing, at least, for which anybody could envy them.

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

For a moment I feared he would fall. She went straight to him

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Figure it out

By Ruth Chandler Moore

If you want to improve your figure as well as your game, take these tips from athletes who win on form. It doesn't matter what game—the principles are the same. And they insure good form both ways

SPORTS don't always improve the figure—especially the feminine figure, where it's not so much the pounds as the distribution that counts. We all know the waddling golfer, the barrel-hipped tennis player, and the swimmer who carries her own spare tire. Why, then, do the rest of us exercise so valiantly to keep in shape? What's the use?

Lots. You can eat and grow fat or eat and grow thin according to the food you select. And you can exercise yourself lumpy or exercise yourself lithe according to the muscles you use.

It's true that brute force makes a champion once in a while—but never one with a figure you envy. On the other hand, if you saw the Olympic games last summer, you couldn't help noticing the prevailing whip-lash slenderness. Not a prize-fighter physique in the lot, and many of the new women title-holders as willowy as débutantes. They won by form, which means unified muscular

Standing in this position, feet slightly apart, press back against the wall. It's fine for hips

control. It's as effective as force any day, and more beautifying to the participant—for the same principles that make for steadiness and skill in sports make for trimness and litheness in the figure. So whether you're out for a major trophy, or are just an average person who takes her exercise with one eye on the scales and the dressmaker, you'd better take a tip from the athletes who win on form.

A few new posture habits—good ones that you ought to have anyway—as applied to stance, swing and poise may set you on the right road. For instance, watch Bobby Jones wriggle down into himself as he gets set to drive—he's getting his weight low to counterbalance that mighty wallop from above. Or study any picture of Helen Jacobs in action—you can actually feel the swing of her arms and legs around the strong axis of her spine as she goes after the ball. As for swimming—well, it's not for nothing that Katherine Rawls is nicknamed "Minnow." She has the perfect fishy twist through the body. These experts use their bodies the way they were meant to be used. Whether they realize it or not, there's engineering logic back of their technique.

Take golf first, partly because it's the universal sport and partly because it allows time enough to study body alignment from either player's or spectator's point of view.

Ernest Jones, golf "pro" at the Wom-

Now bend your knees and let yourself toward the floor, keeping the upper body straight

en's National Golf and Tennis Club, who has watched women stars walk over his course for years, picks Virginia Van Wie for perfection of swing, timing and muscular technique—and notice that she's one of the new champions whose form is perfect in both senses of the word. She isn't big and brawny. She doesn't seem to be making a tremendous effort. Where, then, does the power come from?

Well, the engineering principle is the same whether you're planning a mooring mast for a wind-tossed Zeppelin or a human structure capable of sustaining a mighty arm swing. In either case the reliability depends on the juncture between the foundation and the limber, swaying upright. And in the human body that means the hip region and the thigh joints. That's why Miss Van Wie holds her hips low and forward to make a smooth, sure connection between her foundation legs and her upright body. If your hips ride out behind like a bustle you can't swing—you're locked. You throw all the body-turn up into the waist region and you can't really swing from there at all. You can only pull your body stiffly from side to side, for there is no natural hinge up that high. For a wide, free swing, the turn must come at the thigh joints where Nature placed the master hinge of the body. And it

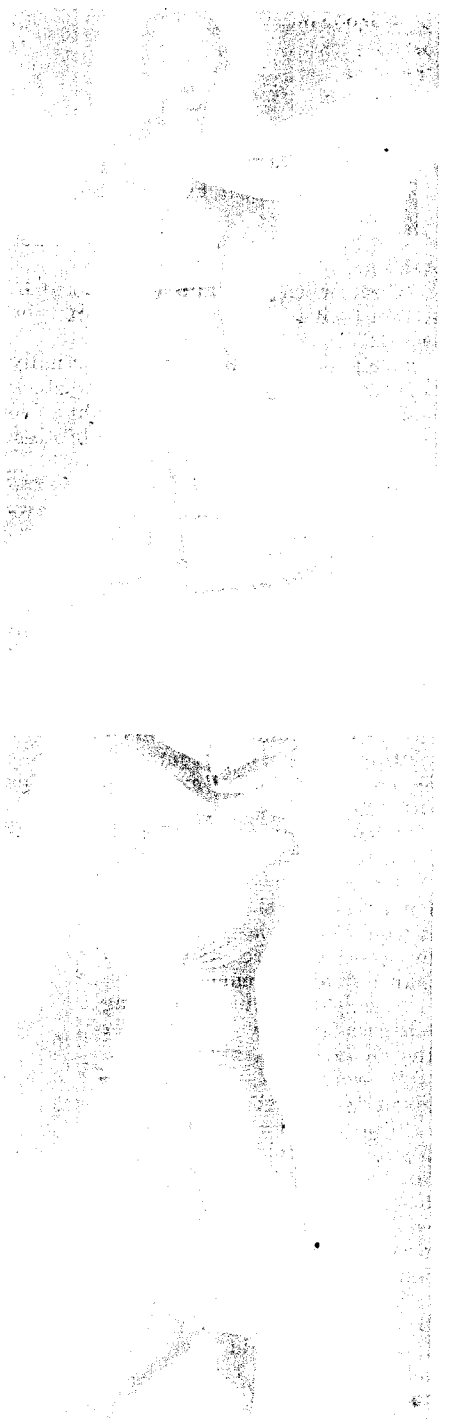
Illustrated by Clara Ernst

Only by holding the hips forward can true muscular freedom of the body be attained

will be a swing with a wallop behind it, because the mightiest muscles of the human frame lie in that same vicinity.

The Secret of Free Movement

Now these thigh joints—or hip joints as they are called—are vital to all athletic prowess. If you once get a picture of where they are you are well on the road to victory, whether you're chasing a score or a figure. Most people think their hip joints are the bony side protuberances just under the waist. We call those knobby things "hips," but the bones you feel there are really the flanges of the pelvis, and the real hip or thigh joints—those easy ball-and-socket connections where the tops of the



The development and proper control of the thigh joints are essential to athletic prowess

legs join the torso—lie deep in the groin and are set well forward. To find your thigh joints, sit on the edge of a hard chair. Spread the thumb and forefinger of one hand and dig them down between your legs against your body. Your thumbs will be pointing at one thigh joint and your forefinger at the other. You will be astonished at how low and how far forward they are. Yet that's the main hinge of the body, where all turns and swings should be made, and only by holding yourself low and forward to complete it, can you control your upper body easily and accurately.

This principle is used either consciously or unconsciously by all first-class athletes. Go to Princeton and run off the piously preserved movies of Slagle's famous run—that twisting, rolling gait the newspapers made so much of was nothing more or less than a free twist in the thigh joints. And if his hips had been riding out behind, instead of held low and forward, Slagle never could have reversed his field three times in the twinkling of an eye. The first sudden turn would have thrown his unbalanced body.

By working from your thigh joints in front, you develop a strong natural girdle to hold you flat and steady both fore and aft. Conversely, if you let

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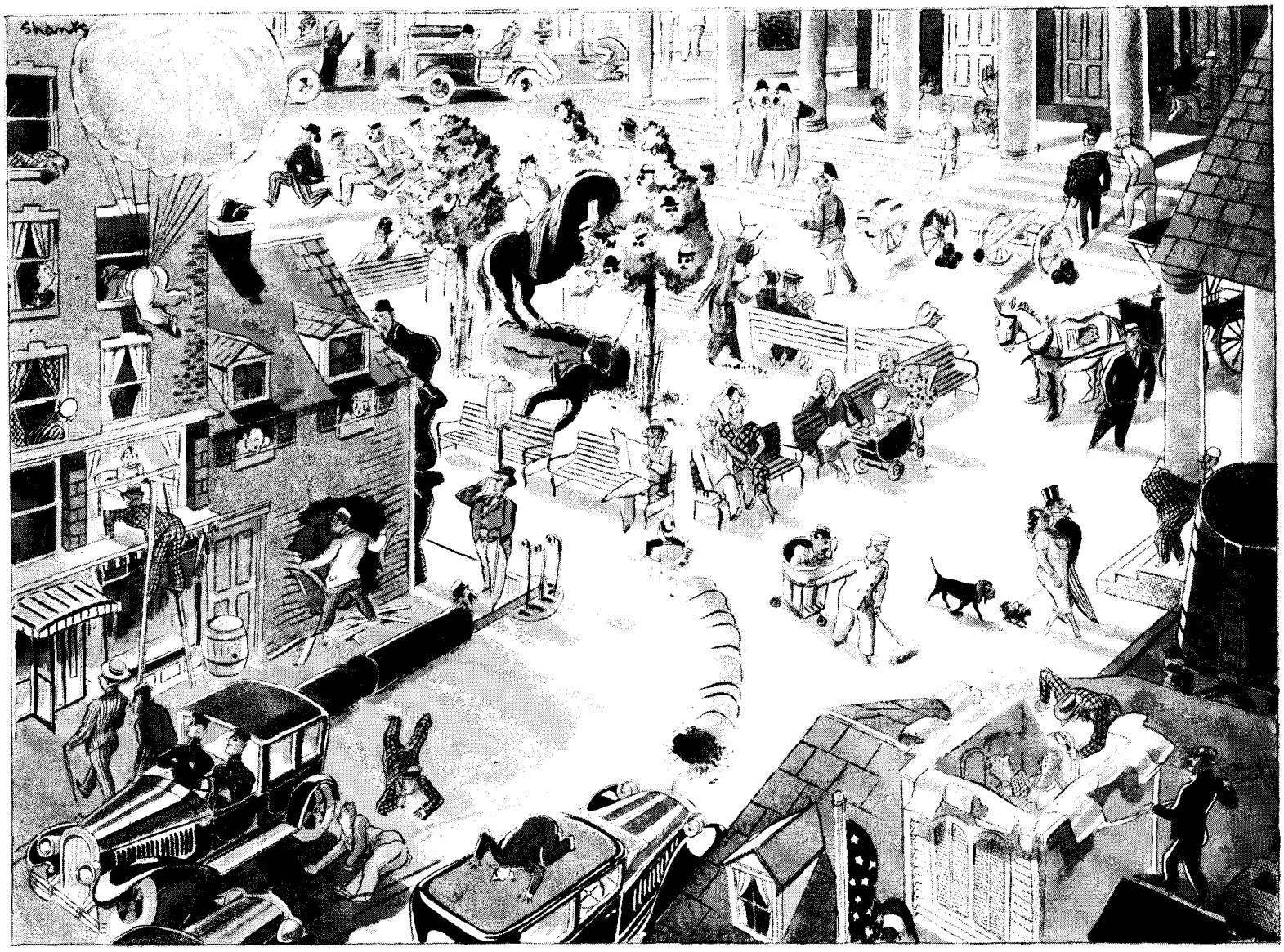

Washington is enjoying its extensive game of hide-and-seek with J. Edgar Hoover's boy detectives — *George Shanks*

Hist! Who's That?

By Ray Tucker

This article about the federal secret police was prepared in Washington and mailed to Collier's in New York. A half-hour after it reached the editorial desk a cloud of smoke appeared in the office and an operative of the U. S. Bureau of Investigation stepped forth and politely asked to see the article. He was unable to produce a card showing membership in the Editorial Workers' Union and Marching Club as formed under the Recovery Act, so the request was refused. When we looked up again he had vanished

J. EDGAR HOOVER has made "tailing" one of the most popular, though most unsocial, activities at the national capital. "Tailing," for the benefit of the uninitiated and uninvestigated, is the technical term for shadowing, and if you have not become acquainted with Mr. Hoover by playing hide-and-seek with his agents, he is the self-made sleuth who became Director of the United States Bureau of Investigation nine years ago. He did not invent "tailing," of course, but he carried on and enlarged the best—or worst—traditions of what amounts to a system of secret federal police.

During and before his régime as Uncle Sam's official snooper the bureau's shadows frequently had under surveillance such dignitaries as prospective Cabinet members, government officials, publishers, newspaper reporters, clerics, college professors, liberals, certain classes of the intelligentsia, alleged communists, labor leaders—and some criminals. To be "tailed" is a mark of some distinction at Washington.

If you want to enjoy the sensation, just write or speak in criticism of this shady stuff, or incur the displeasure of Mr. Hoover or some of his political superiors. You will be "tailed" immediately, and sometimes they investigate your wife, your friends, even your ancestors. It's a sort of game with Mr. Hoover and his boy detectives.

High office is no protection against "tailers." Ex-President Herbert Hoover was shadowed for a long period in the early 1920's, when William J. Burns was head of the bureau and J. Edgar Hoover was his assistant. Herbert Hoover was then Secretary of Commerce, and agents used to cluster as thick as blackbirds in the park across from his office building, following him wherever he went and reporting on the people he consorted with. They were set on him by certain prominent Republicans who, sensing his ambition to become President, wanted to discover for themselves whether he was acting like a Republican or a Democrat. On one occasion Secretary Hoover complained to President Coolidge, but there is no record of the latter, who enjoyed a joke as much as anyone, taking any disciplinary action.

Setting traps for the shadowers engaged in their ten-twenty-thirty sleuthing has become more popular than jigsaw puzzles in certain circles. Visitors to Washington must not conclude that the inhabitants have gone batty if they see prominent citizens skirt a corner on one leg, stand flat against a near-by wall and scan the faces of similarly frantic passers-by. It is the one sure method of catching the "tailer," who inevitably stops short at sight of his snickering victim, and thereby gives away the game. That means that he loses and has to start over again.

Gum-Shoe Subtlety

But the operatives, proceeding in accord with Mr. Hoover's elaborate manual of "what to do next," have a scheme ready for just such an emergency. When a "tailer" is caught by his "subject" or "objective"—see Bureau of Investigation Manual for the meaning of these terms—the next move is to have the shadowing done with deliberate dumbness. If the idea works, the "subject" is supposed to become so entranced at seeing his shadow that he again acts like a free-born American citizen; he develops such a sense of security that he is not supposed to notice another pair of shadows gliding along behind in a specially made set of gum shoes.

Sometimes the operatives don't operate according to the manual, and then they don't do so well. As long ago as 1919, they did such a poor job of shadowing Ludwig Martens, the Soviet's first "Ambassador" to this country, that the docile old Bolshevik invited his shadowers to walk and talk with him; it would be more cozy and chummy that way, he suggested.

Gaston B. Means, the bureau's star sleuth for years, now an inmate of Atlanta, once found that the agents were observing his domestic movements from a car parked up the street from his home—the usual, naïve way of watching a suspect. Dashing out of his house one day, he accosted his old friends seated in the bureau car—which was elaborately monogrammed—explained that he had phoned in vain for a taxi, and urged them to drive him and his luggage to the railroad station. They complied, falling for his argument that it would make it easier for them to keep him in sight, and he left town under their noses.

Mr. Hoover's "tailers" are rather immature—he boasts that he changed the personnel from the "Burns type of flat-foot" to "young lawyers and college graduates"—and they act as if they had acquired their ideas from reading paper-covered novels. Often they arouse everybody's attention by their slinking steps and shifty glances while following a "subject," and then identify

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Lady, don't you Grieve

By Roark Bradford

Bugaboo Jones and Iron Man again, in a whirlwind romance of the Mississippi

THE steamboat John D. Grace swung out of the mouth of the Boeuf River and into the clear waters of the Ouachita. She was loaded down with white oak stave bolts which old Captain Cooley had picked up along the banks of the tributary rivers so the people could have barrels to put their beer in.

The by-trip from the Mississippi River had been particularly tedious. The Boeuf was shallow and full of shoals. Bayou Bartholomew was narrow and crooked. If the roustabouts weren't at the winch cordelling over a shoal they were on the bank with a shore line, hauling the stern of the boat around a too-sharp bend of the river. In addition, the staves were green and heavy and stacked in almost endless ricks along the bank, so that the roustabouts spent uninterrupted hours of toting.

The thing that now turned ordinary steamboating into pure work was the fact that the stave-toting had been done in the solitude of the white oak forests of North Louisiana. There was no regular landing where the country people gathered and watched the big stout steamboating men who had come all the way from New Orleans to tote staves and make fast talk.

"Hit was jest like one long lonesome woodpile," Bugaboo Jones said wearily to Iron Man. The two roustabouts were on the main deck under the heel of the gangplank—practically the only spot on the boat not loaded with staves. The staves and the gangplank shaded them from the sun, but did not keep them from the light cool breeze from the river. Bugaboo was flat upon his back, more asleep than awake, and Iron Man was hunched forward, his hands cupped about a harmonica into which he breathed an occasional dreary note.

"Hit was too many staves," he agreed. "Efn hit'd been just one more stave and efn I'd toted hit on de boat"—he patted his harmonica against the palm of his hand and shook his head sadly—"well, de boat 'd 'a' sunk."

"A woodpile," Bugaboo pointed out, "is plenty bad. But when you totes on about two cords er wood, well, de woodpile play out, and you gits on down de river. But dem staves!" He shook his head, too. "Hit was plenty staves."

Iron Man concentrated upon his harmonica, and presently a definite, mournful melody came from it. Bugaboo listened for a few minutes.

"ME AND you bofe," he declared. "Only dat song you blowin' sound like a country song. Me, I'm gonter wait to I gits to N'Awlins to quit steamboatin'. Hit's a lady over back er town named Delia. She washes clothes for de white fo'ks—" At once his mind showed him a picture of himself strutting up the avenue with a big bundle of clothes that Delia had washed. And the picture engulfed his soul. He sang:

"Oh, Delia, you see how dey done poor me,
Tired and weary in de marrer of my bones
Ev'y stave like a coffin nail in my soul—
Oh, Delia, b'lieve I'm on my last go-round."

Iron Man continued his sad tune for several minutes, and then he put his harmonica into his overalls bib pocket. "De last time I hyared about dat clothes-washin' lady, back er town," he reminded Bugaboo, "her name was Ruby."

For answer, Bugaboo emitted a low, sputtering sound through his mouth. He was fast asleep.

The John D. Grace was blowing the signal for a landing when Bugaboo woke up. He sat up, stretched his arms, yawned and shook the sleep from his eyes. "Must be a woodpile," he hazarded pleasantly. Two hours of sleep had rested his muscles and driven the bad memories of stave-toting from his mind.

"Must be," agreed Iron Man, yawning and stretching.

"Well, let's git hit toted on," said Bugaboo, rising. "Rucker got to have plenty wood to steam dis old boat on down de line."

As he stood up and looked over the staves toward the bank, he grinned.

"Ah, Lawd!" he exclaimed. "Hit's a woman!"

IRON MAN grunted his lack of interest. He was too short to see over the stack of staves, and too unconcerned to climb up to see. "How big is de woodpile?" he asked.

"No woodpile," Bugaboo reported. "Jest a woman. Kind er young-lookin' lady, f'm hyar. Wid a red sunbonnet and blue dress and barefooted."

The boat came around and slanted her nose toward the shore.

"What de lady doin' flaggin' de boat?" Iron Man demanded.

"She ain't flaggin'," explained Bugaboo. "Hit's de man settin' in front wavin' his hat and flaggin'."

"De man?" echoed Iron Man. "Settin' in front? On what?"

"On a mule," said Bugaboo. "Settin', and jest a-wavin' his plug hat!"

"Uh-uh-h-h!" grunted Iron Man. "Hit's a flea-bit gray mule?"

"Sho'," said Bugaboo. "How come you know?"

Iron Man shook his head sorrowfully. "I wisht hit had been a woodpile a solid mile long. Dat mule is named Balaam, and de man on dat mule is named Sin Splittin' Samuel."

"Preacher, hunh?" guessed Bugaboo.

"Free Will and Runnin' Water," Iron Man amplified. "And I don't know nothin' 'bout de gal he got wid him, but I bet she cross-eyed."

"Cross-eyes is kind er bad luck," recollected Bugaboo.

"Sho'," Iron Man affirmed. "And a gray mule on a steamboat is bad luck, and a preacher on a steamboat is bad luck, and old Balaam is bad luck, and old Sin Splittin' Samuel is bad luck, and you git 'em all bunched up on you like dat, and dey's pyore pizen. I wisht to my soul I was up Boeuf River totin' staves wid one hand and cordellin' over de bars wid de yuther."

The mate yelled orders for swinging the gangplank into position and the roustabouts swarmed to their places. When the plank was down, the man on the mule engaged the mate in conversation about being taken across the river with his mule, and about letting the woman ride down as far as Jonesville. The mate explained in sizzling language the difference between a steamboat and a ferry boat, adding with heat what he thought of people who flagged steamboats just to be carried across the river.

Fortunately, the mate's blistering shouts aroused the captain, who came to the hurricane deck and recognized the Sin Splitter. "Let him on," the captain commanded. "Samuel used to be a regular passenger of mine up here twenty years ago. We'll take him to Jonesville— Howdy, Samuel?"

"Kind er po'ly, thanky," the old preacher beamed. "Old Satan been—"

"Well, get aboard," the captain interrupted, "and let's get on."

For a minute it seemed that there would be trouble. Balaam declined to walk down the long gangplank in spite of the Sin Splitter's clucking. But just as the mate was about to instruct a

Illustrated by Harry Barne

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"Nawp, fo' bits is de cheapest," snapped the preacher. And he began at once to recite the ceremony he used to unite couples

dozen husky roustabouts to seize the mule and drag him on by force, the preacher solved the difficulty.

"Climb down, daughter," he suggested. "Balaam ain't used to totin' double."

The woman slid to the ground, and Balaam, with a dignity matched only by that of his rider, clumped down the steamboat plank.

And with an equal amount of dignity, Bugaboo Jones caught the woman about her waist, swung her to his shoulder, and coonjined down the plank behind the mule.

The woman squealed and giggled. "My, but you's a stout'n, ain't you?" she asked.

"Don't kitten at me, gal," Bugaboo warned. "I'm totin' you down to hurry up. De mate got mad cause us landed hyar, and us can't lose no time."

"You sho' is hurryin' up, too," the woman beamed.

"I'm workin'," Bugaboo stated. "I might play wid you when de boat pull out, but I ain't got time now, wid de mate mad and cussin' and goin' on."

"I BET you'd play rough, too," suggested the woman. But Bugaboo set her down upon a stack of staves and trotted ashore once more to aid in untying the boat while his mates were hoisting the gangplank and shifting staves so the mule would have a place to stand.

When the boat backed out and headed down the river once more, Bugaboo was happy. The breeze from the water fanned his face, the boat's vibration rocked him like a baby in a cradle, and there, perched upon a stack of staves, was a moderately good-looking young woman.

Iron Man was humped over his harmonica, breathing mournful predictions of distress and trouble into it, but Bugaboo paid him no mind.

"Lady," he said to the woman, "what'd you say yo' name was?"

"I ain't said," she giggled. "But—" She broke into a singsong chant:

"Mister, my name is puddin' and tame
Look down de river and see de same.
Hotchity-potchity, ain't dat a shame!"

She shrieked with laughter at her cleverness and Bugaboo grinned. "Fast tawkin', ain't you?"

"Dat's what my husband say," she declared, still very tickled. "My husband say, 'Lessy,' he say, 'you must got rabbit blood in yo' tongue, you so smart wid de tawk.' Dat's what he say."

"Yo' husband, hunh?" Bugaboo wanted to be certain on the point of husbands before he got mixed up socially. "Whar yo' husband at, Lessy?"

Lessy was still pleased. "I don't know whar dat old devil at," she giggled. "He runned off f'm his crop, and I got word he was down at Jonesville, doin' public workin' in de sawmill for wages. Dat's how come I'm goin' down. De Sin Splitter was revivin' us up at Old Zion Sheep Callin' Church, and he say he'd git me down—"

"Aw," said Bugaboo. "You goin' after him, hunh?"

"Not me," Lessy declared heartily. "I wouldn't run after no man. But f'm de word I hyars, dat scound'el is gittin' a dollar a day. And I aims to he'p him spend hit."

"And yo' name is Lessy, hunh?"

"How'd you know?"

"I been singin' a song about you," Bugaboo explained. "I been singin':

" 'Oh, Lessy, I b'lieve I'm on my last go-round.' "

"Sho' nuff?" Lessy squirmed shyly. "You ain't lyin', is you, Big Stuff?"

Bugaboo turned to Iron Man. "Ain't I, Iron Man?" he asked. Iron Man did not deny it and Bugaboo continued: "He was playin' and I was singin'. And lonesome! Lawd! Lawd! Hit was so low down and weary, to my po' heart was drollin' pyore sorrow! And all de time I was so lonesome I was singin' so weary about you dat de tears was mighty nigh dreenin' outn my po' eyes."

THE gloomy picture in his mind made Bugaboo feel very sorry and sad. He dropped at the knees and sat down upon the deck. And because that was the way he felt about it all, he sang:

"Lessy, take dis ring I gives you,
Put hit on yo' right hand;
And when I'm dead and buried, po' gal,
Give hit to some yuther man."

Bugaboo's sadness touched Lessy's heart, and the song simply rolled her off the stave pile and down by the side of the big roustabout. She snuggled close against him and patted his shoulder reassuringly.

"Don't you grieve and do like dat, Big Stuff," she comforted. "Hit ain't gonter git lonesome like dat no more, cause yo' Lessy gonter track you 'round ev'ywhar you go."

For some moments Bugaboo stubbornly refused to be comforted. But Lessy's gentle voice, Iron Man's soft music and the rhythmic vibration of the boat's engine all combined to drive sorrow from the big rouster's heart. And as the sadness left, a peaceful sleep stole over him. Presently he was snoring steadily, inhaling through his nostrils with a soft, whistling purr, and exhaling through his thick, rubbery lips with a low sputter.

In another minute, Lessy, too, succumbed to the peacefulness of the scene, and, with her head snuggled against Bugaboo's shoulder, she added her own snores to those of the roustabout's.

Iron Man aided the tranquillity by falling asleep and breathing with a pleasantly discordant effect through the harmonica. And the old John D. Grace headed down the river, and took two muscle-weary roustabouts and one giddy woman passenger, and rocked the three of them like a baby in a cradle.

The next landing offered a woodpile. The boat had passed from the Ouachita

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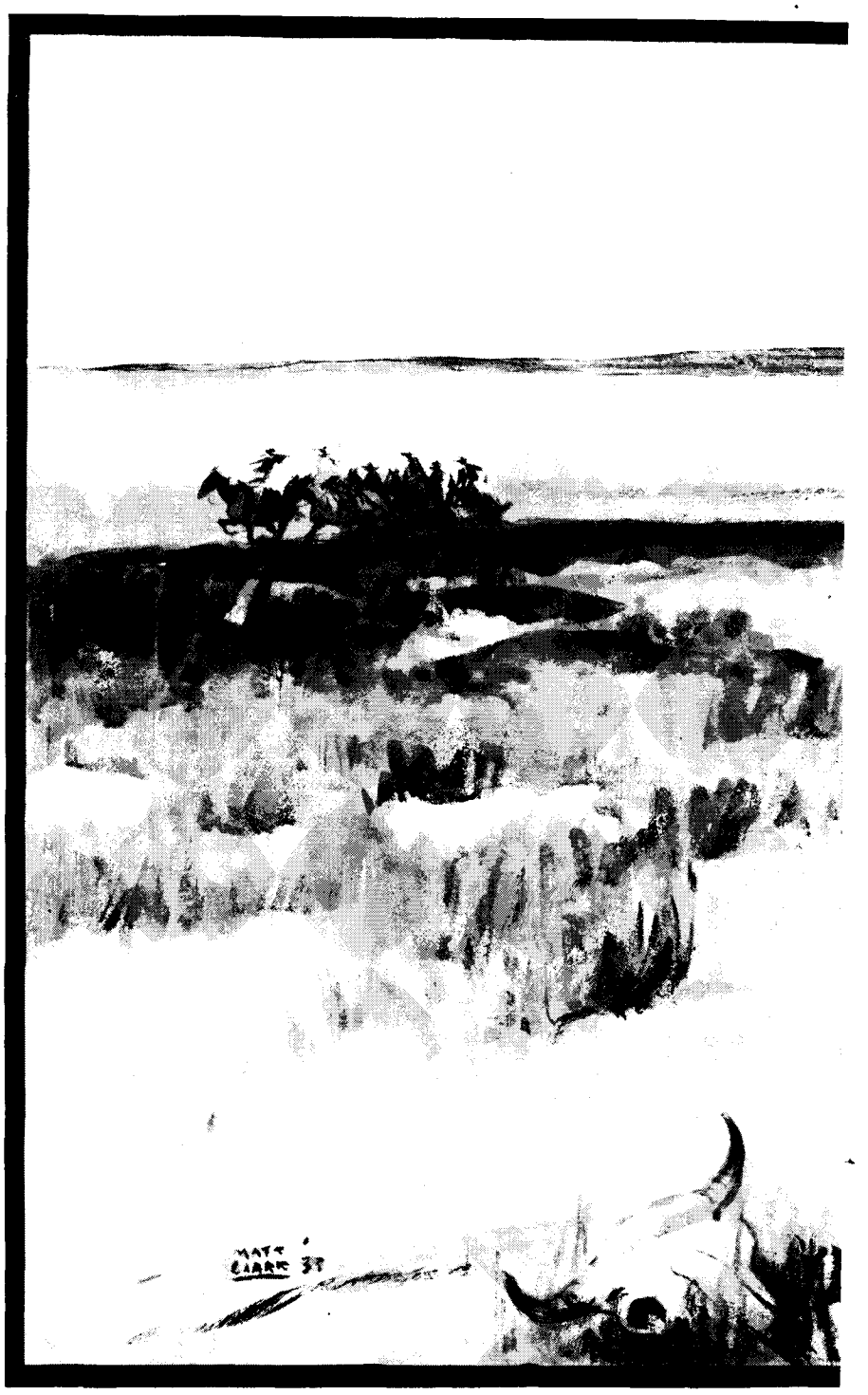
Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox



It became a parallel-running

The Story Thus Far:

STRUGGLING for control of the vast Powder desert region, two rival cattle outfits—the TS, owned by Tade Shadrow, and the Double-Ought, owned by Morgan and Bat Testervis—fight a sanguinary battle. The Testervis forces, taken by surprise, are routed, and Morgan Testervis is killed.

At TS headquarters, following the encounter, Shadrow and his lieutenants—Sid Maunders, a killer; and Lake Tolbert, his foreman—discuss the situation. In an adjoining room, Lynn Isherwood (Shadrow's niece and ward, who, knowing her uncle for the scoundrel he is, loathes him) listens. The trio discuss a young cattleman, Hugh Tracy, the man the girl loves. An ally of the Testervises, Tracy, they agree, must be killed. "Get him," says Shadrow to Maunders. "Take a dozen men, and *move out now!*"

But the killer does not "get" Hugh Tracy. Warned by the girl, who gallops to him, he makes his escape. . . . At Shadrow's home again, Lynn finds herself under suspicion. To her amazement, Tolbert (secretly in love with her) comes to her defense. "She took a ride, *sure!*" he says. "But she rode south—away from Tracy's. She's never been near Hugh Tracy." Lynn leaves the room. This time there is another eavesdropper—Hugh Tracy! Shocked by what he overhears—Shadrow calmly announces that he is planning to marry his ward!—he finds Lynn, tells her she must go away with him. Outside, in the darkness, they mount their horses. As they do so, a rider dashes up, sweeps Lynn from her saddle, rides away with her!

Tracy follows, as best he can, to a small cabin in the woods. The abductor is *Bat Testervis!* Getting the drop on him, Tracy disarms him, throws away his own gun; then—"Come on, Bat!" A desperate battle follows. Testervis, a powerful man, is *badly beaten. He limps away, encounters* Tolbert, tells him he is planning to deliver the couple into Tade Shadrow's hands. Whereupon, Tolbert kills him.

Testervis disposed of, Tracy makes a hurried estimate of the situation. Surrounded by enemies, he knows that his position is hopeless. And the girl is in great peril. "We must get away quickly," he says. They mount, ride all day.

Darkness comes on. A natural room in the side of a cliff offers an ideal spot for spending the night. Following a long talk, Lynn goes to sleep. But there is no sleep for Tracy. He thinks of what Lynn has told him—that she loves him, trusts him, has never believed the stories she has heard of his wildness and irresponsibility. He wonders what Shadrow is doing, where he has sent his patrols. Then, seated bolt upright, he watches the girl by the light of their fire—and waits anxiously for the day before them.

VIII

THAT last hour before dawn, when the courage and vitality of man ebbs farthest out and the banked fires of life sink lowest, was perhaps the most miserable experience Hugh Tracy ever had endured. It was his third night of sleeplessness, save for an intermittent cat nap or so; it was the fifth since he had set himself against the outgoing tide of fortune.

Worn ragged, alone with his responsibilities, he was bitterly assailed by the hosts of defeat and futility; and in this hour they were hard to shake off. All he could do was bite his teeth together and wait, and never was anything in all his career as enormously relieving as the first faint light breaking through the vault's aperture.

Instantly he rose, stiff and sore from his cold vigil, and went out. Actually there was no daylight yet but only a graying of the densely packed shadows. Great clouds of mist rolled sluggishly through the canyon, faintly to be seen, striking him with a perceptible impact and leaving a film of dampness on his face. Rolling a cigarette, he tried three matches before one would stay lighted in the fine rain. Gradually, the rims of the canyon began to shape up, rather low and comparatively far apart. Above the mists was an expanding brightness.

This last fact warned him to be on the move. Once the morning started to break it would come with a rush, summer's full rose dawn pouring out of the east. Turning down to another part of the canyon he got his tethered ponies—blanketed with dew—and brought them back; and going into the vault he woke the girl.

"Another day, Lynn. Starlight's soon gone."

It mildly astonished him to see how swiftly she awoke, and how alertly. Those brief hours of repose seemed enough to fill that slim, splendid body with force again. She came upright in the blankets, and her talk broke along the dismal cavern with a brisk gayety.

"I had a wonderful night. I went down and down and down to the bottom of creation and never stirred. Even dreamed of wonderful things."

"As how?"

"That all was to be well. There was an ending, a fine ending. I was standing in a peach orchard, eating like a pig. I guess that's why it seemed such a good dream. I never did, in all my life, have enough peaches to eat."

"I can appreciate the fruit," he drawled, "but a black potful of coffee would hit me better."

"What do you expect of a dream?" asked Lynn, rising. "You want these blankets, don't you?"

HE TOOK them, caught up the gear and went out to saddle the horses. In that short space of time the curling mists had perceptibly thinned. Long as he had been in the country, he never ceased to be surprised at the sudden march of day; and now he realized that it would be a toss-up whether or not he reached the desert strip while the dusk remained. When the girl came out he said as much. "We'll just make it—barely make it."

Mounted, she bent forward to see him more clearly. "You didn't sleep, Hugh."

"Afraid to. Ordinarily I can set my mind at any hour and wake within ten minutes of the time. But not unless I've got the normal amount of sleep under my belt. In that respect I'm a little short-weighted to date. Here we go."

He struck southward again. There was the beginning of a long grade and to left and right the canyon walls ran increasingly lower. Water boiled out of a rock spring; a four-foot rattler lay full length on the trail, touching off the ponies.

"An omen, if you're looking for one," murmured Hugh. They came to the top of the grade, out of the long canyon at last. A belt of timber was to the fore and the trail struck directly into it. And beyond the timber was the promise of a sweeping open. But to the west the trees ran up another small butte, a vantage point of some consequence; and Hugh led that way, finding the ground clear enough to advance on the trot until the incline grew sharply severe. Within a hundred yards they were above the fog.

They made slow time through a dense growth of buckbrush and were wet to the skin when they finally halted on the butte's bald top. Any way but to the west they had a clear view of the world; and here for the first time Lynn saw the southern desert strip which began at the very foot of the butte. Perhaps a mile beyond that flat surface the looming sides of another hill series stood half concealed in the shadows. To the east was a widening crack of clear violet light.

Tracy had crossed the open and now stood facing the northern sweep of timber—that area out of which they had come. "Lynn," he called.

THE girl swung about and cantered to where he was. He lifted a pointing arm and she saw what he meant. Over there in a clearing the crimson wedge of a morning fire split the twilight.

"It's Shadrow—twenty minutes behind us and in no hurry."

"Well?"

"I said he was in no hurry. If he was he'd be on the rustle by now. But he's made a point of lighting that fire for us to see. We won't go that way, will we? We'll head for the desert. He knows that. He's all ready for it."

"You really believe he has his men out in the desert?"

"Certain of it. Either on this edge

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Illustrated by Matt Clark

fight that forced him deeper and deeper into the desert's open strip

in the trees, or else on the far edge."

"No other way we can go?"

"Not now," said Hugh.

The girl looked at him a long while, a certain quiet concentration in her eyes. "It is you they'll shoot at, Hugh. Not me."

"The last run," he reflected, "is out there. Not so much of a run and soon over. Beyond, we're safe. Shadrow can't drag his men any farther from TS without exposing headquarters. It's a guessing game and our guess is as good as his. He can't tell at just what point we leave this line of timber. So if he's posted some of the crew it's more likely they'll be on the opposite side, watching us come. I'm going to walk down the slope and have a look before we start."

The girl nodded, clouded thoughtfulness across her brow. Tracy looked up at her quickly. "Afraid of it, Lynn?"

"For you."

"That's out. They've tried for me too many times. Their luck's gone. Wait right here."

He walked away in long strides and soon fell down the slope, losing sight of her as the trees took him. The trail dropped sharply, dipped into a ravine and out again. Three hundred yards brought him to the sandy margin of the desert floor; and, paused there beside a pine trunk, he made his survey of the roundabout area. It was, he realized, not much of a scout and reassured him only to the extent of the immediate vicinity. Backed up by his hunch in the matter, he decided that Shadrow had not placed any of the hands at this initial point of departure. Out on the desert he could find nothing unusual. "No," he mused, "it's the way I figured. He'll have his dogs crawlin' yonder at the foot of that ridge—watchin' me come." There was nothing to be done about it, and no more calculation could help; so thinking, he turned back at the half run. He had wasted a good quarter hour and the pale eastern glow was gradually coming upon the land. On the edge of the butte's bald space he halted dead.

Only his horse stood there. The girl and her horse had gone.

"Lynn."

THE echo beat back from the glistening green margin of the timber of the clearing and warned him to be still. Then his turning glance reached as far as the pony to discover Lynn's felt hat hanging on the saddle pommel. Rushing forward, he seized the hat; as he did so a dislodged slip of paper eddied gently to the earth.

He knew then what had happened; for even as he reached down he understood that this act of the girl's had been thought over last night in the vault, thought over and prepared for. That slip was the blank check he had given her; on the reverse side of it this was written:

"My dear: You should have seen this last night. It was what I was trying to tell you. All of my love and all of me—as long as you ever shall want me. No matter what happens, you have a right to know that. But there is no other way—and this seems the only decent thing for me to do. Should anything happen to you I could never, never smile again. LYNN."

He was instantly in the saddle, racing for the northern edge of the butte. But on the point of dipping down its far slope, he reined in. From this eminence he could see three or four trails winding through the trees, and on none of them did Lynn appear. She had gone on, into the deeper timber; and by now must be halfway to Shadrow's camp fire.

"Lord love her," he muttered, "she has done the wrong thing, trying to help me."

For it was all very clear to him. She would go to Shadrow to check the pursuit, to argue with her uncle, to take away at least half of the man's reason for being on the trail. These were her aims—and she would fail in them. The TS owner would never stop, once having come this near to success.

"And she was thinking I could ride away, to come and fight another day," said Tracy, staring up to the brightening sky. "No. There is no new deal. Can't be and won't be. He's got her again, for whatever he pleases to do. Now I've got to hit back—quick."

ACROSS the still air rolled the sound of a shot and as if it were a signal for him instead of for others—which he knew it to be—he swung across the butte's top and quartered down in the direction of that canyon out of which he had earlier brought Lynn. "Tade," he muttered, "is notifying the surrounding scouts to be up and hunting." Then, twenty feet forward on his course, he sharply checked, once more arrested by the long reach of two rifle echoes. One seemed to rise out of the canyon below; the other came from the opposite side of the butte, more remotely placed. Whatever his improvised plan, he discarded it now; no clearer signal could have told him that he was boxed in on at least three sides of the butte. His original thinking had been right—there was but one way out, and that ahead, across the desert.

Wheeling, he descended to the very margin of the desert and, glancing to left and to right, rode from the protecting trees and aimed for a visible fissure in those yonder hills a mile away.

Even as he left shelter behind he understood clearly what was to come about. Having driven him from cover, they could now crack him down. His strongest worry was for his exposed rear. Along the near edge of timber just left behind, an ambushed gun might well enough reach him. Crouched in the saddle, he played the horse for all that it would give, instantly feeling that the beast was beaten before it started. Being a TS animal—the one he had taken from the ranch porch—it suffered the usual Shadrow practice of underfeeding and had further been punished by the last thirty hours of hard usage. There was no freshness in the pony, its stride was ragged, and already it began to draw deeply for wind.

Meanwhile, Tracy's attention failed to catch the half-expected detonation out of the rear. Looking about he saw only the unbroken fringes of the trees, some three or four hundred yards away by now; and a little reassured he pulled up to a canter, nursing what little reserve there was in his mount. At this pace, he gained the long furrow of a small arroyo, dipped into it and rose out again.

Beyond it, halfway over the flat, he saw them come at him.

IT WAS exactly as he believed and feared. Considerably to the right of that fissure toward which he bent his flight and perhaps a thousand yards distant, six riders spilled from shelter and drove diagonally across the desert for him. Directly across his path rose a sudden-ripped jet of dust and afterward a rifle's laggard report reached out. That was long-distance shooting—and from behind. Twisting, he discovered a pair of horsemen following from the canyon country at a dead tilt. Thus his position stood, bracketed and unsheltered, cut off from protection either way.

A second puff of dust streaked the desert, more off-target than the first had been, and again the echo followed from behind. Those pursuing two were trying for the odd chance of a hit at a moving bull's-eye now better than nine hundred yards distant. But these men he ruled out of his mind immediately.

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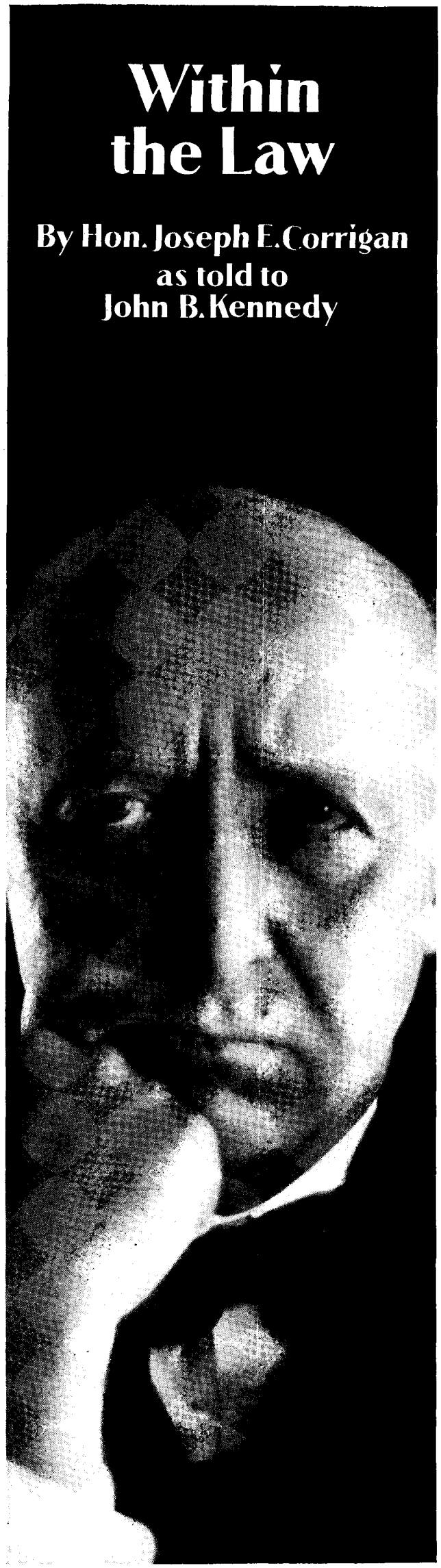
Within the Law

By Hon. Joseph E. Corrigan as told to John B. Kennedy

More than half of the twenty thousand witnesses who have testified before him were liars under oath, according to this veteran judge's own statement. That gives you some idea of how law machinery functions today. Here are some of the repairs Judge Corrigan suggests

Culver



Joseph E. Corrigan, Judge of the Court of General Sessions of the State of New York and an advocate of criminal court reform

SHE was only fifteen years of age, although prematurely developed. A beautiful girl, with rich, golden tresses and dark eyes. She was a floor clerk in a store. Her family was respectable, even strictly religious.

The occasion was supplied through no fault of this girl's. A floorwalker in the store where she worked offered to escort her home one evening. Before taking the subway he suggested that they stop at a soda fountain. They did. The girl was unaware of even the crudest tricks of procurers. It was easy to distract her attention while a powder was dropped into her drink.

The next morning she awakened in a strange house in the Thirties—then a raffish neighborhood frequented by what were known as sporting characters. She was kept in that house for several days against her will. Then a chance visitor, who happened to be a friend of her family's, recognized her. He heard her story, left the place and promptly communicated with the police. A raid and arrests, followed by indictment and trial. The defendant was the terrible old harpy who ran that house. The old woman was well known to the police; but you wouldn't have thought so had you seen her in court. Her attorney, one of the wiliest criminal lawyers in New York—where there are many—had dressed her up to make an impressive show. Instead of the vivid red hair and painted hawk's face with which the old vice agent prowled places where young girls were employed, in search of prey, her cheeks were pale, her head adorned by a soft gray wig covered by an old-fashioned poke bonnet. Seated beside her counsel she had the appearance of an infirm and thoroughly respectable old lady.

The chief witness against her was the girl, whose beauty had been indelibly marred by her frightful experience. This child told her story so simply that it sounded incredible. It was difficult for the jury to believe that this prayerful old woman was the monster the girl depicted. The assistant district attorney who prosecuted felt, as we all did, that this was an atrocious case, and in his address to the jury denounced the defendant with all the eloquence and vigor at his command.

The jury convicted. Later the Appellate Court reversed the case, because the prosecutor's address to the jury might have inflamed their minds to the detriment of the defendant.

When you realize that in almost every case the defendant's counsel begs the jury to send the defendant back to his poor old mother, his adoring wife or his weeping children, not because he is innocent but because his absence may cause them some inconvenience, it seems odd, to say the least, that the district attorney may not make some appeal to sentiment and human feeling.

I remember meeting the girl victim of this gross miscarriage of justice. It was in a corridor of the court. I tried to cheer her up.

"You're only a child," I said, trying to comfort the pitiful little figure. "You'll get over this. Things will be brighter later on."

"Will they?" she said. "I don't think so. My family refused to take me home. What's going to become of me?"

That was a question I could not answer.

Make Them Talk

But it provokes a question I can and will answer. What can be done to make it reasonably certain that known malefactors cannot escape punishment through technicalities of the law? The answer is—abolish the technicalities. When a hardened sinner like that old procuress could, for profit, take a fine young girl and utterly ruin her, what deterrent is it to those of her kind to see her defeat justice because the district attorney has used language in his address calculated to arouse the feelings of the jurors?

The Constitution provides that no one may be forced to testify against himself; state laws have gone even further and declared that the failure of the defendant to take the witness stand may not be used against him. Some years ago in a celebrated case a prisoner did not testify and the trial judge charged the jury that no inference could be drawn from his failure to do so. He had not been asked by the defendant's counsel to charge on this point, and the conviction was reversed because, by giving this charge, the attention of the jury might have been drawn to the fact that the defendant had not testified. Certainly, if the object of a trial is to ascertain the truth, and the person best qualified to tell the truth prefers to remain silent, the judge or the district attorney should be allowed to point out to the jury that he probably remains silent because he has something to conceal and dare not submit himself to cross-examination. In Maine this procedure was followed for a few years. It resulted in such an increase in convictions that the legislature changed the law to its present form.

I was confronted with a dramatic situation in a celebrated gang-murder trial.

The Notorious Coll Case

In August of 1931, New York and the entire country were shocked by the brutal killing and maiming of children. The scene was an Italian section in Harlem. Children played in the streets—there was nowhere else for them to play. Suddenly a black limousine turned a corner and slowed as it neared the place where they were. The car came alongside. As it passed, a withering fusillade poured from its windows—shotguns, sub-machine guns and revolvers—and when the gun car had sped on, it was found that one boy of five had been killed while seven children ranging in age from two to eleven were struck by flying bullets.

A few days after the killing a young man appeared at police headquarters and announced that he had been an eyewitness to the crime. Meanwhile, police found and arrested a notorious gang leader, Vincent Coll; his henchman, Giordano, and two women with the men.

Coll was wanted for more than one crime. His police record bristled with arrests for crimes of violence. The volunteer witness of the baby killings was taken to a line-up of a dozen men and he picked out Coll as one of the men he had seen in the murder car. Coll had disguised himself by dyeing his brown hair black and growing a short black mustache. But the witness—George Brecht by name—swore that he remembered Coll by a deep cleft in his chin and the general cast of his countenance.

The murder was committed in midsummer. The case came before me for trial in mid-December. The police produced their identifying witness, George Brecht. He withstood for five hours an ingenious and penetrating cross-examination. I've heard hundreds of witnesses in a long career as magistrate, and this young man impressed me as telling the truth. He refused to give the place of his birth, revealing only that he came from Missouri, and claimed that divulging the place where his wife and two children lived would jeopardize their safety—as gangs are known to be vengeful.

Counsel for the defendant claimed that he must be made to tell where he came from so that his past might be investigated. If I ordered him to tell, and he refused, I would be forced to commit him for contempt and the case would fail. I declined to make him tell. He was then asked if he had ever been a witness before. He swore he had never even been in a court before.

The afternoon before it had been planned to sum up and give the case to the jury, a probation officer came to my chambers and there identified this

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Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

"This is him, Phoebe," said Omar, during a lull at the Coffee Cup

Omar, the Mental Giant

By Frank Condon

Harmony Childs and little Omar Gill again, in a very romantic drama—too romantic, in fact, for a sober crapshooter like Mr. Childs

WE WERE in Chicago, leaning back in some leather chairs in the hotel and surveying the fiscal future with a jaundiced eye. Harmony Childs suddenly began waving an evening paper and registering surprise.

"There would be only one Eddie Knudsen," he remarked, "and if it is true that Eddie has sixty-four hundred dollars, we better be getting on a train."

"There could be two Eddie Knudsens," reflected Omar Gill, who always knows the right thing to say.

"The Eddie I know," continued our leader in light crime, "is the only one that would be buying tickets on the Irish Sweeps. Begin loading the handbags, because we are about to start for the town of West Branch."

"He lives in West Branch, does he?" Omar inquired.

"No, he lives in South Africa. So we are going to West Branch. Even you could figure that out."

The item that excited Harmony was a brief dispatch saying that Eddie Knudsen of West Branch had just won sixty-four hundred and nine dollars and eleven cents with a lucky ticket on the famous Irish horse race, and the paper added it was a fortunate occurrence for Eddie, as he had been out of work for two years running.

"Two years running and the rest walking," grunted Harmony. "That part is wrong. Eddie has been out of work always, and not since anything."

"You know him pretty well?"

"I do indeed. He is a gambler, a man without any ruggedness of character, and his weak spot is dice. . . . He cannot keep his hands away from a pair of dice and never could. . . . And as he has no great skill with dice, we are heading for West Branch."

"Oh," I said, and the scheme was clear.

There is one pastime that Harmony Childs understands from soup to nuts—that wherein a pair of dice figures prominently. Any good dice expert can tell whether it is a seven or eleven after the dice are rolled on the floor, but it takes genuine genius to know it will be seven or eleven one or two seconds before the dice are thrown. This is a prime advantage when shooting craps for money. We piled into a night train out of Chicago, arrived in West Branch, and Omar immediately began finding fault, as he always does.

IT WAS explained to him in words of one syllable that we had not come to West Branch as eager tourists, but that it was our leader's intention to get the sixty-four hundred away from Eddie with no loss of time, board another train and be gone. We stowed ourselves away at the Riverside Hotel, in three adjoining rooms, and Harmony set forth to lay hands on Eddie. Omar made a hurried and peevish inspection of the city and reported it was one of those towns where you would naturally stay just long enough to have a suit pressed and maybe a shave. At noon, Harmony showed up, accompanied by an eager-looking youth—an individual with long, wavy black hair, which kept flopping down over his eyes—who looked sort of thin and Irish and insane. Harmony introduced him and we ate lunch in the rooms, after which Harmony brought out the dice, using no diplomacy at all, none being necessary.

If you have ever seen salmon leaping up waterfalls to lay a few eggs you have an idea of Eddie Knudsen when confronted by a couple of dice. Omar and I departed for a stroll, and our expert began working on the sixty-four hundred, which was practically intact.

It has been our invariable custom to divide any loot three ways, and we have stuck to the plan religiously, always handing Omar his third, even when he deserved to be handed a stiff poke in the jaw. Whatever is achieved by one of us, the other two share equally, despite the fact that Omar Gill has no sense whatever, has always been a liability and a drawback, and would have been kicked out of our company years ago except that we never had the heart. Even if we were honest, in some strictly honest calling, he would still be a liability. He was born dumb and has never changed, and yet he is a likable little shad, and makes us laugh, even when steering us toward the nearest jail.

He does not realize how dumb he is, thinks of himself as a superior intellect and further fancies himself as a ladies' gentleman, one that drives ladies wild if they look at him long enough, which is far from the truth. He has had a number of astounding romances and so regards himself as a Lothario, yet I have always wondered why a woman would look at him, as there is always something better to look at. As a result of this leaning toward sentimental doings, he has seriously interfered with our plans, and was once shot at by a husband.

IN THE West Branch enterprise, we seemed fairly safe from Omar's friendly activities, as he knew nobody. The first day rolled by, and at supper time Harmony had six hundred of Eddie's Irish sweepstakes and was riding easy.

"There is no use hurrying him," he explained. "He is a nice boy and I feel sorry and will give him a fair run for his money."

After that he averaged between six hundred and nine hundred a day, which is good enough in these times. It was like picking the presents off a Christmas tree, for Eddie was a simple soul and never for an instant suspected that he was being handled. That is the way it is with lads who are inflamed by a pair of dice. They always have a fever

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1933, by Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

A TRAGIC situation confronts Fanny Furness. Chris Thring, whom she loves —Chris, who, with Madge Rountree and Mack Wise, had come to New York with her from California—is obviously interested in Madge. And so is Mack!

All four have jobs: Mack, with a broadcasting company; Chris, with a law firm; Madge, a clever actress, with a group of players in Greenwich Village; Fanny, with a theatrical producer—in his wardrobe department. *Fanny alone is unhappy.* Rooming with Madge, she sees much to make her unhappy. And presently she moves to a tiny room of her own.

Weeks later she learns from Chris—a miserable Chris, who announces that he is resigning, shipping on some boat for almost any faraway port—that Madge and Mack have gone to the coast, where they are to be married. More wretched than ever, she buries herself in her work, attracts the attention of Robert Kreutzmann, her employer. Kreutzmann is putting on a new play. He needs a player in a minor rôle. Fanny gets the job!

Rehearsals begin. The opening night approaches. The great day arrives. But Fanny Furness does not appear. She has learned that Chris Thring is in New York —with no money, no friends and desperately ill. And she has gone to him, called a doctor, taken over the task of nursing him. . . . Chris, "almost sure to die," according to the physician, recovers. Not, however, until, during his delirious ravings, he has talked constantly of Madge and his love for her.

Chris convalescent, Fanny receives a welcome surprise. Due to the sudden death of a star, the play has not opened. Rehearsals continue. And Fanny makes her début on Broadway. Then come the happiest days of her life. With Chris constantly, she adores him; and in time the boy finds the affection he feels for her developing into love. A few weeks after Chris is on his feet again, they are married.

The young couple's combined resources are small. But life moves gracefully along; and all is well. There is, however, another sharp surprise awaiting Fanny. She receives a letter from Madge. The little actress, it appears, is still in California. She and Mack have not been married. She is planning to return to New York. She is planning to return to marry the man she loves: *Chris Thring!*

Reading that letter, the light seems to go out of Fanny's world. She sees the little idyll that she and Chris are sharing shadowed by the figure of Madge. Madge, whom Chris had certainly loved, less than a year ago!

Standing in her dressing-room at the theater, she crushes the letter; then prepares to step out on the stage.

VI

THE day that they moved—a warm, wet June day, with all the thick, clothy new leaves on the park trees hanging limply, thickly beaded with crystal, and the sun smoldering out of sight behind heavy gray clouds—Chris wanted to celebrate with a dinner at Montefiore's. But Fanny resolutely resisted. She reminded him that they would both be stiff and weary by the time moving was accomplished, and far more ready for scrambled eggs and tea in the privacy of home than for any public appearance or effort. Chris meekly agreed; he had come to agree in almost everything with Fanny.

"Hag-ridden, that's what I am!" Chris said, packing the books, roping the disreputable old suitcase that Fanny had brought home from the Salvage Shop; it had been abandoned there, full of handsome clothes, and she had gratefully annexed it.

They were moving in one tremendous taxi load. Besides their suitcases they had only the blankets Mamma Behrmann had given them, the green lamp, the kitchen equipment and china from the "dime," and the books. Their only two bulky pieces of furniture: Fanny's chair—originally priced perhaps at one hundred dollars but bought by Fanny in East Twelfth Street for three—and their table they had somewhat hysterically transferred to the new quarters by hand, under cover of the darkness the night before.

This had been Fanny's inspiration. The cheapest furniture load was ten dollars; the man said he would take half a load for them for seven. This was preposterous; there had been a dark hour when they had discussed the abandonment of these treasures. Then Fanny had said:

"It's fourteen blocks—awfully far. But if you could—could sort of—of push the chair, I'd take the table."

To this Chris' rather slower male mind had not immediately risen. He had looked at her blankly.

"How d'ye mean—*push?*"

"Just—just shove it, through the street, I mean. We could wait until tonight," Fanny had said, brightly casual. "That—that wouldn't cost *anything*, and we could take all the rest in a taxi for thirty cents."

"But, good heavens, Fan—walk with a chair through the streets?"

"Well—" she had said temperately.

"I dare you to!" Chris had said, unconvinced. But after a moment he had begun to laugh.

AND in the end, stealthily, like thieves, they had maneuvered the chair downstairs, and while Fanny calmly, even defiantly, stood watch over it on the sidewalk he had gone upstairs again for the table, and their odd progress had begun. After two blocks of wheeling the great, cumbersome, shabby thing, Chris with great simplicity had balanced it on his head, and Fanny had instantly followed suit with the table, and they had stridden along through the summer night, conversing naturally enough under the interested glances of the step-sitters, the moving summer night crowds.

"By gum, Fan, you have no shame!" Chris had said.

Their new home, also on the far East Side, consisted of half a floor. The apartment was a "walk-up," and the Thrings were on the top; they climbed three flights to reach it. There was one large room filling the whole front of the house and facing east across a crowded street; a dark, tinny bathroom, dating Fanny said, from the "fiber-chamois dynasty," and a small central kitchen with the Black Hole of Calcutta behind it. The Black Hole had rated as a bedroom once, but some municipal regulation as to windows had destroyed its value along that line, and it was now a storeroom.

The flat was called, on the dingy sign that swung between delicatessen store and the shoe shop down below in the street, "a modern three-room apartment, all conveniences." But Fanny, by the time she found it, had known exactly what to expect as to blackness of the old gas range in the kitchen, absence of ice box, dank forlornness of wallpapering—woodwork—smells. But she saw also the unusual size of the front room, its possibilities when a couch was set up and a rug laid. Lighted by the

They strode along through the summer night, conversing

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Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

naturally under the interested glances of the crowd

green lamp—there was an electric light but its dangling raw bulb seemed somehow to lessen rather than add to the brightness of the place—lighted by the green lamp, furnished with the table and chair and a couch, with the china set forth on the corner shelves and the books ranged neatly above the black fireplace opening, it would be charming.

THE couch and rug and two other chairs were there when they arrived with their taxi load of possessions late in the wet afternoon. Fanny had had to work that morning; she was "on call," like a trained nurse, at the broadcasting company, and this morning "Aunt Sally Lou," who talked about moths and gingerbread and children and company dinners and spare rooms for the "Homeshops, Inc.," every Thursday, had been ill. So Fanny had been sent Aunt Sally's notes the night before, and felt that she had done rather well in the long hour, introducing her singers, reading her little opening prayers, assuming something of "Aunt Sally Lou's" air of wisdom. It excited her pleasantly to go to the station at all, the thought of getting into what she called a "practically ideal" home of her own excited her, and the cool, thick rain after days of wet heat was refreshing. Fanny fairly danced home at three o'clock, to find Chris in his shirt-sleeves, packing furiously. He had the afternoon off; Fanny's play had closed weeks ago, and she was what she elegantly described as "free-lancing," and they were both in wild spirits at getting away from Mrs. Varsi's.

"Goodby, my doves!" Fanny said, at the high open window, looking out into the soft, steady rain that throbbed with their pulsing voices. And when they reached the Avenue A apartment her first exclamation was one of delight at finding more doves, walking on the wet roof of the lower house next door. "Look, Chris, lean out here—you actually can see the river—quite a strip of it. And imagine—hot nights, we can be there in a second, right close to home! Chris, imagine this, in New York, for seventeen dollars!"

"It's wonderful when you get up to it. But those broken letter boxes and those smelly dark halls!" Chris was going to say. But he stopped on the first two words. It really was an attractive little domain to have all to themselves. Chris worked steadily at moving in, his hands grimed, his dark hair stuck to his wet forehead, his old trousers marked with dust and plaster and ashes and rain.

They had opened wide the front windows, and the warm wet air came freshly in, laden with the murmur of the street below and the sound of elevated trains rushing by and of boat whistles on the river. Whenever they passed them, Chris and Fanny lingered at the shabby, nicked old sills, and looked out at their view.

CHRIS went out for a broom, hooks, soap powder, matches. When he came back they screwed the hooks into the wall of the Black Hole, and hung all their clothes there. Fanny tied rubbish and wrappings into a great bundle, and he carried it downstairs; she aligned the books in their places, and laid the strip of checked red cloth and the two blue-glass candlesticks on the table.

"Shake him," she said, of the lamp, "and see if he spilled his insides."

Chris shook him. He was heavy and solid. Presently the kettle was singing, and Fanny announced that she was going to try the dark, fearsome tin tub. She gave Chris a marketing list: butter, peaches, ice, one lemon, rolls, some sort of cookies, fish.

"Do it while I'm getting clean, darling; you can scrub afterward. I brought potatoes from the other house—two cold boiled potatoes. I'll bet it's the first time boiled potatoes ever were moved from one place to the other! And we'll have chowder with the canned milk and my last onion, and then peaches and iced tea and cookies."

"Oh, Fan, put your hat on and come out and do it with me! It's our first shopping, and it'll be fun!"

Her tired, dirty face brightened. She loved Chris to feel this way. He had been apprehensive, timid, uneasy, in the beginning; now the adventure was beginning to capture him, and it was good to see his delight in the new home, in the sense that they were going to win through somehow. Crazily, desperately, no one knew how, but they were holding their own.

"My dear husband," said Fanny, "give me a minute and I'm with you."

The minute was hardly enough, although she was ready at the end of it. Her hasty ablutions, her hurried jerking on of a hat and snatching from a suitcase of unmated gloves, left much to be desired. But Chris loved the eager, thin face now with its aureole of hair that was never neat and its glowing blue eyes, and he had already reached the point when he was admiringly grateful that Fanny sometimes did look charmingly groomed and dressed, rather than critical when she was not.

They descended to the street, finding little to say of the halls, but much to admire when they were out in the summer twilight. The rain had stopped for a moment, and the streets were filled with children, babies, men and women surging to and fro over the steaming sidewalks and running gutters in the grateful end of the day.

FANNY shopped expertly from the curb carts. Her method was to put what she wanted into half a sheet of newspaper on the scales, while the merchant was otherwise occupied, and then ask him crisply, "How much, Frank," or Tony—or Mr. Kelly? She always got their names from their carts, and she always smiled. The answer invariably amazed Chris. Tony or Frank would estimate with a glance the head of lettuce, the three tomatoes, the lemon, the five peaches, the battered two ears of corn, and answer, "All right—you wait on yourself, lady—ten centa."

In the market her meat bill was forty-one cents for two sausages, a small chunk of pot roast and four strips of bacon.

"Have you a cent, Chris? Or I have to break my five dollars."

"I haven't, darling. The taximan couldn't break mine."

"We're embarrassed by frozen assets. Wait—I have a penny!" Fanny said, stooping, fingering her own knee, producing it.

"If you'll tell me," Chris asked in a horrified undertone, when they reached the street—"if you'll tell me why you keep a penny in the top of your stocking I'll be obliged to you."

"For a garter-button, Chris. Can it be that you don't know that when garters break pennies work to a charm!"

"No," said Chris. "I didn't know it."

"And you a Deke! Whatever do they teach you in college! Look, Chris, we have a darling old church up our street. And look at the dock and the river. This is a sweet street."

"Except that so many people thought of living here too."

"Oh, well, they make it interesting. You know," Fanny said, climbing their own stairs again—"you know, Chris, you couldn't get me to live in a place like Sutton Place—with nothing left to

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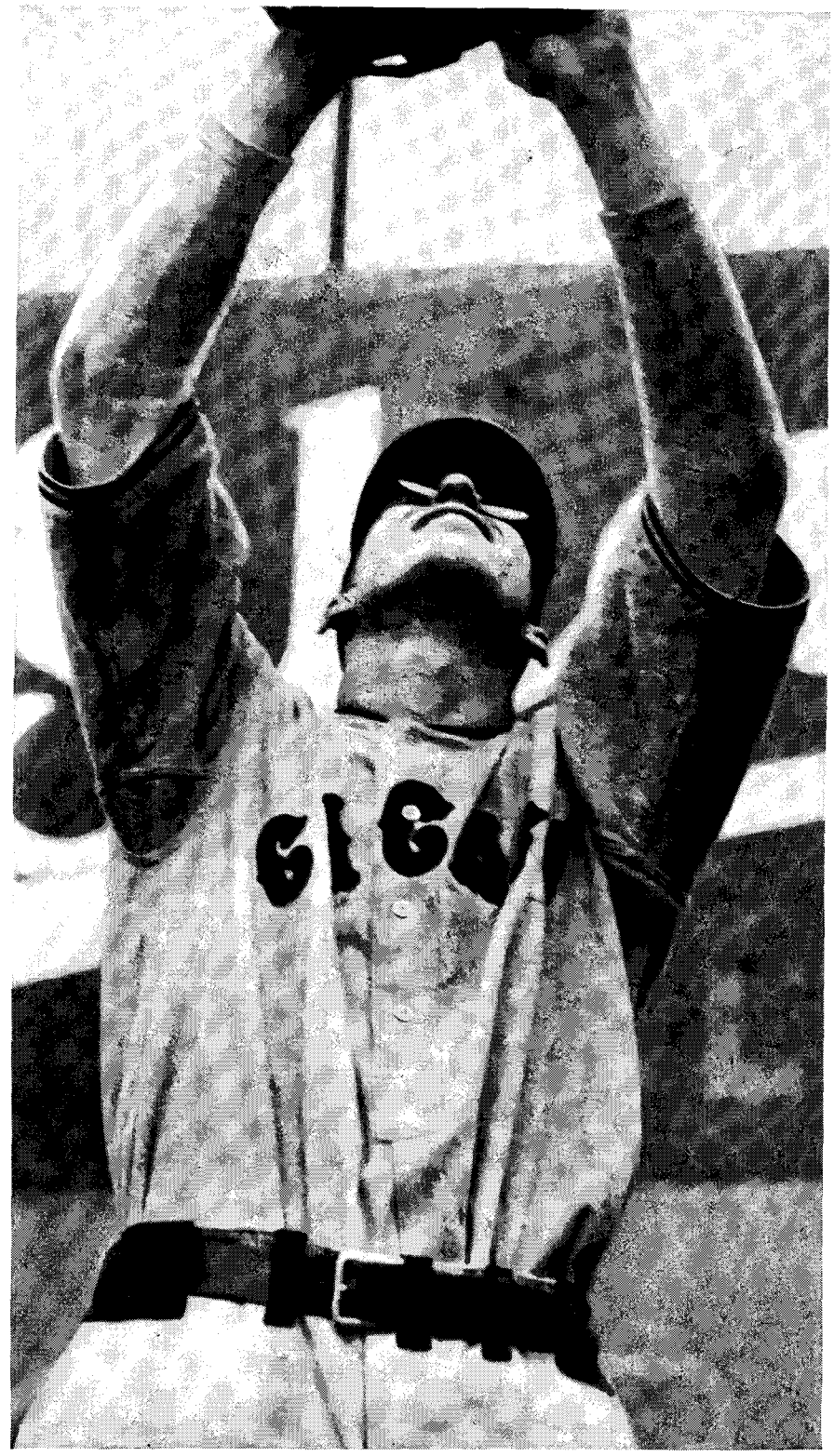
You might not know what Babe's going to do, but you can bet he'll do it differently

The Great Hoiman

Baseball can't get along with him or without him

By Kyle S. Crichton



Babe Herman does his eccentric best with Chicago's Cubs, while Brooklyn mourns for its departed idol

WHEN Babe Herman broke in with Brooklyn, he wore his baseball pants draped around his ankles in a fashion which led one to believe that he was wearing a suit cut down by his mother from something thrown away by his old man. That was the Babe at his earliest, before Flatbush took him to its bosom and started referring to him lovingly as the Great Hoiman.

Mr. Herman was delayed in reaching Brooklyn by the fact that various managers wanted him to get the benefit of travel before he settled. Wherever he happened to be, they insisted he should try something else. He broke in with Edmonton in the Western Canadian League in 1921. Next year he was momentarily with Detroit, who shipped him to Reading, who shipped him to Omaha. Next year he was momentarily with the Boston Red Sox, who shipped him to Atlanta, who shipped him to Memphis. Next year he was back again with the Red Sox for trial, who shipped him to San Antonio, who shipped him to Little Rock. In three years he played with eight teams and used up five yards of railroad tickets. Seattle took him in 1925 and he stayed there all year, not being able to believe it. He came then to Brooklyn, which is really where this tale begins.

In those days Babe was a first baseman and looked like somebody invented by Ring Lardner. Old-timers contend he was the worst first baseman who ever lived. For a while there was something of a contest with George (High Pockets) Kelly of the Giants, who had been so bad when he broke in that people came all the way from Mandan, N. D., to marvel at him. But George had ruined the comparison by getting good. Babe also ruined it by getting worse.

He wasn't so bad at taking throws but whenever the opponents got two men on base and Babe got hold of the ball, the players in both dugouts dropped down behind the concrete and hid, fans in all parts of the field cowered in fright, and the groundkeepers hastily locked the gates to keep the ball in the park. Babe not only threw to the wrong base but he never even threw *there*. He is credited with crowning a gentleman in the top row of the left field bleachers in Philadelphia in attempting to stop a runner going from first to third, but it may not be true. It may have been St. Louis instead.

Another trick Babe mastered was chasing base runners with the ball in his hands. There has always been dispute whether Babe got this from Heinie Zimmerman or vice versa, but Babe was a master of it. When there was a run-up between first and second, Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who managed the Dodgers in those days, would put his head under his arm and moan and refuse to look out on the diamond until somebody on the bench said, "It's all right, Robbie."

"Where is he?" Robbie would ask.

"On third," they'd say, and Robbie would heave a sigh of relief, happy that the runner hadn't scored.

Dynamite on the Base Lines

But Babe was a great runner on his own behalf. When he got started around the bases on that string-halted lope of his with his knees hitting his eyebrows, strong men wept with joy. Babe is the only man in baseball who has tripled into a triple play. With the bases full one day the Great Herman plowed one up against the center-field fence and started on his flight. Dazzy Vance, resting on third, thought it was going to be caught and didn't move. Chick Fewster came batting along from second and passed the dallying Mr. Vance and was automatically out. Mr. Herman, under full sail, passed the runner who was on first and *he* was automatically out. Mr. Vance, finally stirred into action by the howls around him, was tagged out while wandering aimlessly up and down the third-base line. Three on and a good triple and three out! What a team, that Brooklyn.

It must have been about this time in 1926 that the Dodgers, a trifle frightened by Mr. Herman's throwing and thinking somebody might get mangled by his base running, shipped Babe to Minneapolis. To show just how thoroughly through they were with Mr. Herman, they sneaked him in on a deal by which Brooklyn gave six players and money for Johnny Butler. The Dodgers gave Cotton Tierney, Horace Ford, Wilbur Hubbell, John Hollingsworth, Dick Loftus and the Babe, slipping the latter in at the end in the hope that Minneapolis wouldn't notice him.

Just about the time Robbie was beginning to smile again and take deep breaths, Mike Kelly of the Millers shipped Babe back.

"Are you sure you don't want him?" asked Mr. Robinson tremulously, hoping that he might be able to talk Mr. Kelly out of it.

"We don't even want him in the state," Mr. Kelly is reported to have said. "The whole Northwest is up in arms."

Outfield Antics

So Mr. Herman came back and sat on the bench and chewed his gum and occasionally went up to tear a second baseman's leg off with a pinch-hit. He could always hit and that was what made Robbie decide to turn him into an outfielder. The picture abruptly changed. The fans who had formerly crouched in terror when Babe started throwing the ball now became sick with sympathy every time a fly ball came near him. It was an even bet that Babe would either catch it or get killed by it. His general practice was to run up when the ball was hit and then turn and run back and then circle about uncertainly. All this time the ball was descending, the spectators were petrified with fear and Mr. Herman was chewing gum, unconcerned. At the proper moment he stuck out his glove. If he found the ball there, he was greatly surprised and very happy. Otherwise, just surprised.

But all the time he was either striking out spectacularly in the pinches and being booed so loudly the echoes could be heard over at South Amboy, N. J., or he was smacking the apple up against the score board and over into Bedford Avenue. That made up for a lot of balls that were ruined by hitting Babe on the head in right field. But he eventually turned out to be a good fielder. He learned how to play the right field wall and he had a great arm. What if he did occasionally steal second with the bases full? Most ball players, Uncle Wilbert said, never got to first base.

It was a great team—that Brooklyn

(Continued on page 35)

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Here's a Budget-Breakfast that sends a man to work singing . . !

BUDGET-BREAKFAST No. 7

Pear

Grape-Nuts with Milk and Sugar

Poached Egg on Toast

Coffee or Postum

WHAT a problem it is to get up a breakfast that keeps within the limits of a careful housekeeping budget, that is tastily tempting—and at the same time supplies the ample nourishment a man needs in order to capably face his day's work.

But . . . It *can* be done! Yes, easily! You can now serve nourishing, money-saving breakfasts which will make a man grin, "That's great!"

These doubly-welcome meals are the new "Budget Breakfasts." And it is Grape-Nuts that makes them so wonderfully helpful—not just because Grape-Nuts costs you so little and furnishes so much energy, but because it provides such varied nourishment.

For, Grape-Nuts cereal is *concentrated* nourishment. It is so nourishing that a single portion of crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts, served with milk and sugar, supplies more *varied* nourishment than many a big meal!

And that's a big bargain—because the ample portion of Grape-Nuts for you to serve is just two rounded tablespoons!

Start serving these low-cost breakfasts—Grape-Nuts "Budget-Breakfasts"! Order Grape-Nuts from your grocer today, for breakfast tomorrow. A General Foods product.

Don't miss the fascinating Grape-Nuts show in the General Foods exhibit in the Foods and Agricultural Building at the Chicago World's Fair.

Grape-Nuts

FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW

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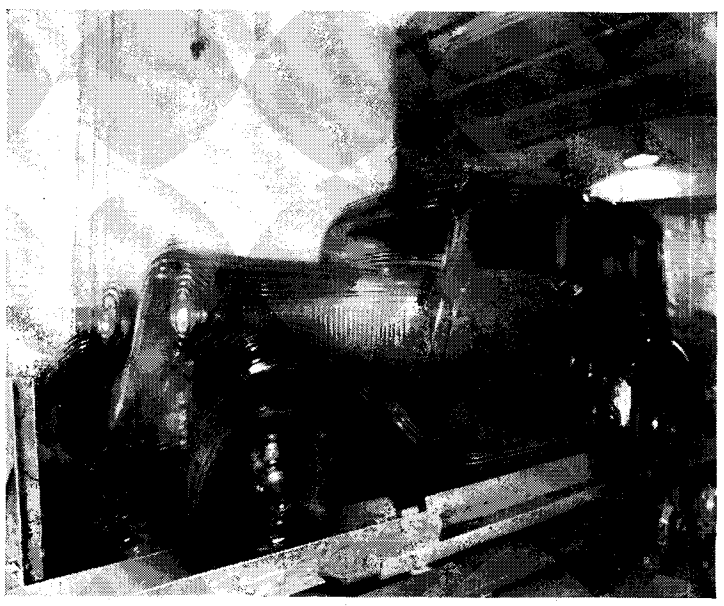
"SHOW-DOWN" PLAN VALUE IN DO



THE BELGIAN ROLL—Here's a fiendish testing contrivance designed by Dodge engineers deliberately to shake cars to pieces! A single minute of battering torture on this car-wrecking machine is literally equal to hours of terrific bouncing and jouncing on the roughest rutted roadway. Yet hour after hour, day and night, the big new Dodge Six goes through harrowing punishment of this sort—and even worse! Punishment that has sent lesser cars to the repair shop, in as little as 11 minutes!

No Wonder The Big Swing Is To Dodg Yourself The 21 New Points Of Econor

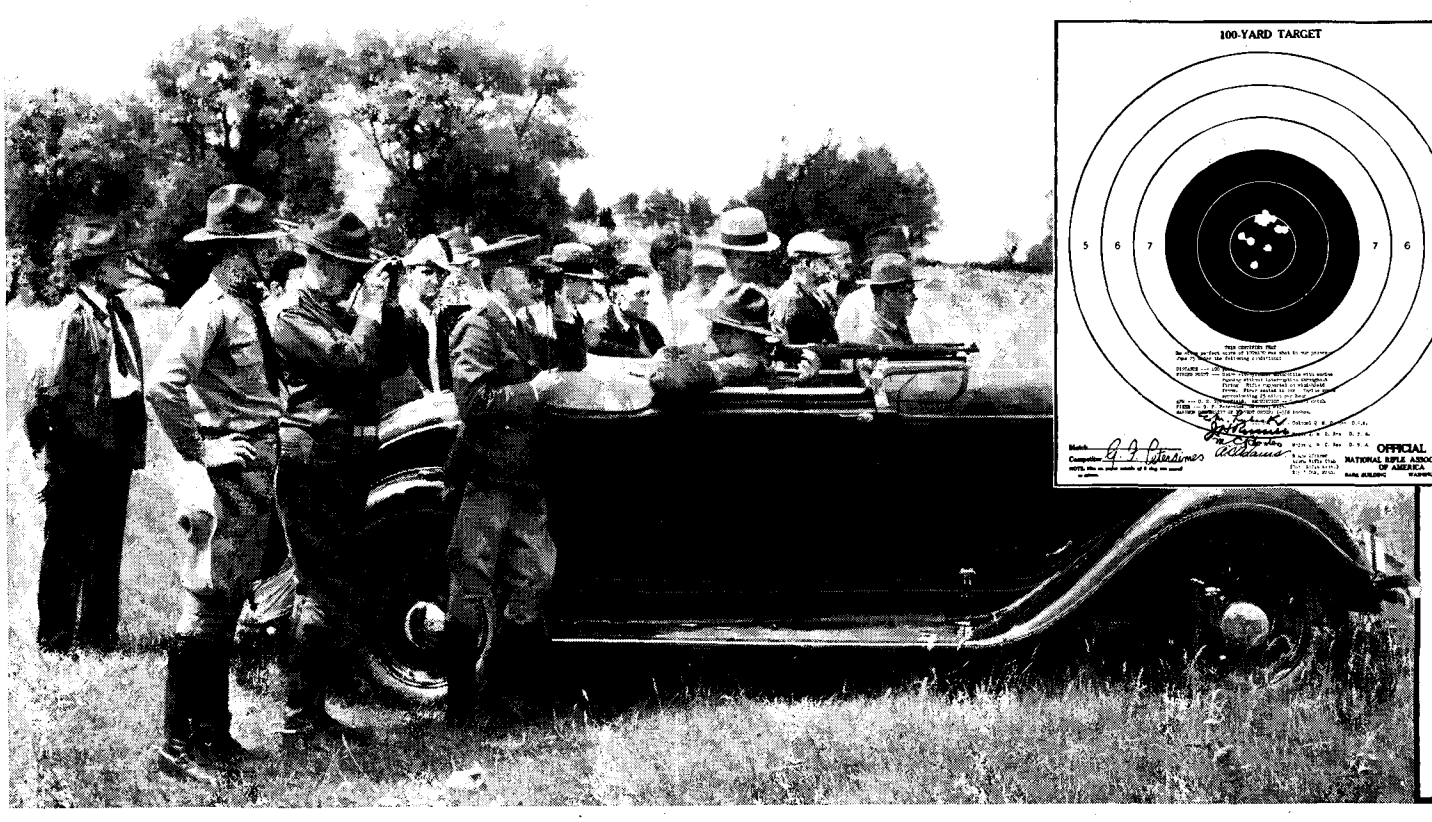
THOUSANDS and thousands of motorists have quit buying cars on the old guess-and-gamble basis! For the Dodge "Show-Down" Plan has made it possible to know exactly what you're getting—before you buy!

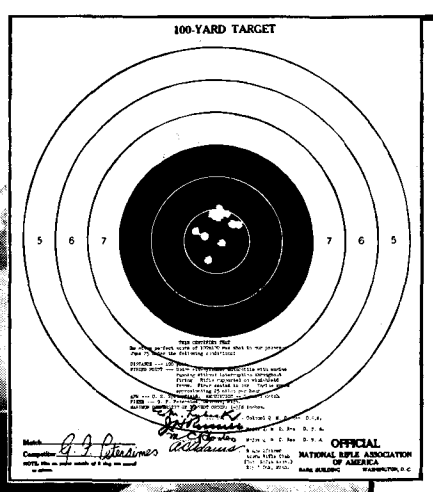
We knew the Dodge Six could win out easily against competition, because we had tested it against all kinds of cars—some costing two and three times as much — and the big Dodge Six came through with flying colors every time. But we didn't expect you to take our word for it—that's why we brought out the "Show-Down" Plan. So you could see for yourself! So you could be your own judge of automobile values today!

Dodge engineers put this big new Doc Six through every kind of test . . . not j once but again and again, dozens of tim They rolled it over and over down a hills to make certain its Mono-piece steel bc would be the safest kind of body any car c have—would protect you in every emergen

They burned tires by the score, pr ing that Dodge hydraulic brakes will stop a dime . . . never failing. And proving tl Centrifuse brake drums positively *do* l longer—make brake linings last longer, t

They sent the car careening through sli ery mud and clinging sand—to make ab lutely certain that the rugged Dodge Six c





EXPERTS PROVE FLOATING POWER BANISHES VIBRATION!

At the Acorn Rifle Club, Royal Oak, Michigan, G. F. Petersimes, expert rifleman scored a perfect 100 x 100, firing with a U. S. Army rifle at a target 100 yards distant—*and using the windshield as a rifle rest while the motor in this Dodge Six was running!* Think what this means . . . how absolutely vibrationless the Dodge must be! Or imagine such flawless shooting in a car that didn't have patented Floating Power engine mountings which smother engine vibration and make this new Dodge run as smooth as silk. This test was made in the presence of Army officers and shooting experts affiliated with the National Rifle Association of America.

WITH 115-INCH WHEELBASE AND PATENTED FLOATING POWER .

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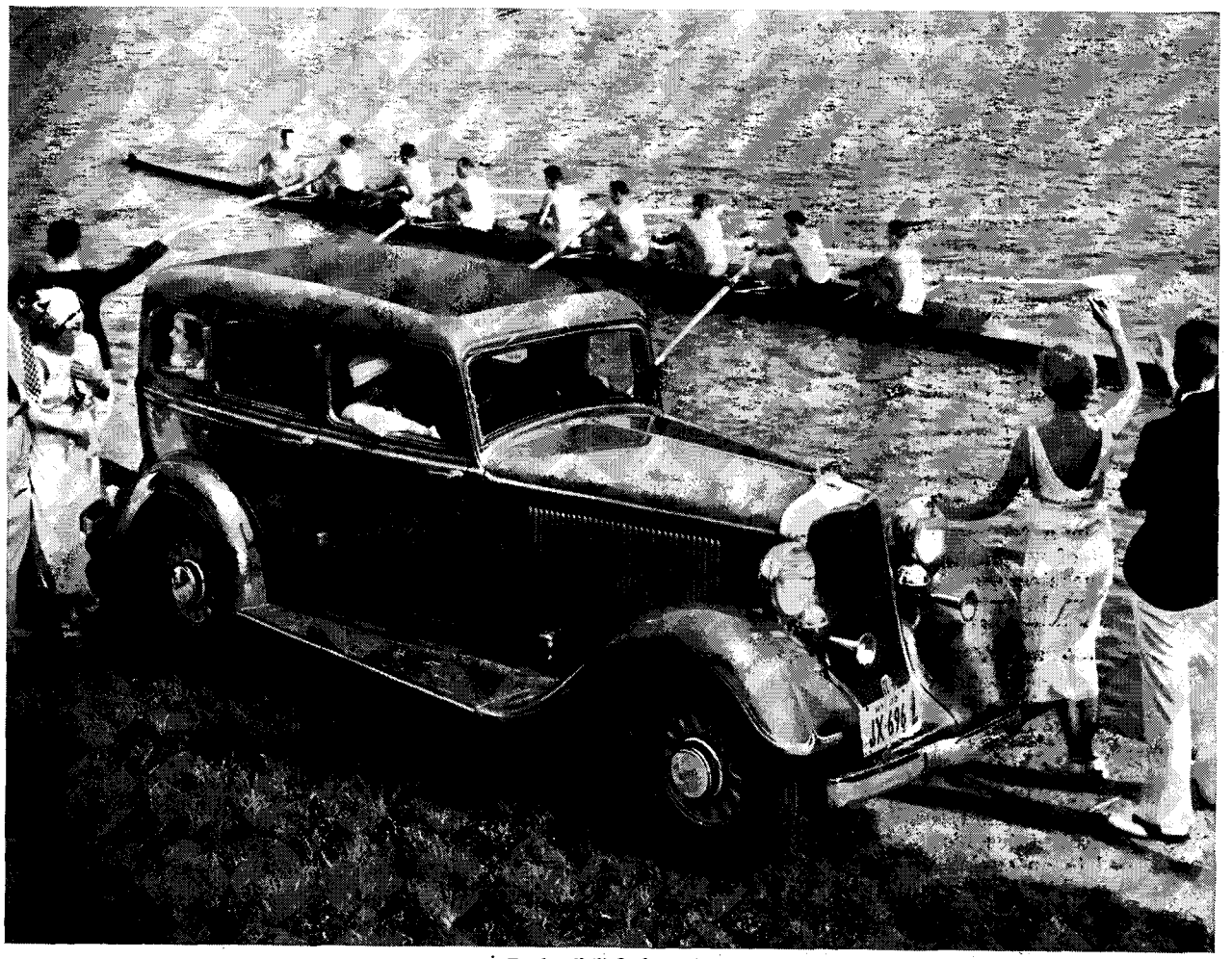
PROVES EXTRA

DGE "6" at $595*

his Year! See For
nd Performance!



Dodge "6" Sedan—$675 F. O. B. Factory, Detroit (special equipment extra)

ce terrific punishment. Dodge went through urs of torture that sent lesser cars to the pair shop in minutes.

They tore along on treacherous embankents with the car tilted at an angle of 45 grees . . . they zoomed around wicked rves—just to test the double-drop, X bridgepe frame. They proved it's ten times onger than ordinary frame construction; that gives the new Dodge a low center of gravity at lets you take sharp turns with safety.

They drove cars hundreds of thousands of iles to find out how Floating Power engine ountings, by destroying vibration, save ear and tear on the car and prolong its life.

And these are only a few of the 21 amazg points that make the big new Dodge Six e wonderful value it is—for just a few ollars more than the lowest priced cars.

You Be The Judge!

ou don't have to take anybody's word for Get all the facts for yourself with the odge "Show-Down" Plan. Comre Dodge with others point-point. See how much sturdier is! Feel how much smoother ou ride! Learn about the onomy of this new Dodge—ith direct savings to you of $150 actual cash!

It's hard to believe that any r could give you so much at ch a low price—so see for ourself! Go to your nearest odge dealer and ask him about e "Show-Down" Plan. It's mple. Easy. Takes only a few inutes for you to convince yourlf. We believe the big new odge Six can *actually sell itlf!* But you be the judge!

(1) A DANGER SIGNAL!—When a car tips going 'round a corner it's top-heavy. Its so-called "center of gravity" is higher than it should be. So . . . it keels to one side—and you keel with it. There may be danger in a car that tilts *too* much.

(2) THE SAFE WAY!—You can take sharp curves with safety in the new Dodge Six. For Dodge has a double-drop frame which gives it a *safe* low center of gravity. This is an X bridge-type frame, too—ten times stronger than ordinary frames.

NOW GET THIS "SHOW-DOWN" SCORE CARD *Free*

ASK your Dodge dealer for a copy of this free "Show-Down" score card. All the amazing facts about the rugged new Dodge Six and its competitors are shown in it. It's put in simple, non-technical language . . . lets you compare Dodge with other cars in plain black-and-white. Take it home with you. Make all the comparisons yourself!

DODGE SIX—$595* AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

ST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST PRICED CARS . . .

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Within the Law

Continued from page 20

police witness as a juvenile delinquent who had passed through his hands some years ago in St. Louis as the result of a diamond burglary. Also, it was revealed that he had been a witness against two members of the notorious Cuckoo gang in St. Louis when they were tried for murder, thus proving that Brecht had been untruthful on the witness stand.

In view of these facts the district attorney admitted that his case against Coll collapsed and made a motion for dismissal. I was obliged, on the evidence of this external discredibility of the star witness, to direct the jury to acquit. Coll and his henchman, Giordano (who was already under sentence of death for another gang murder of a barrel-checker for the Dutch Schultz gang), were freed of any connection with that crime.

This case brings up a most interesting point. Was I right in sustaining Brecht's refusal to reveal his dwelling place, or was the man on trial for his life entitled to that information? Had Brecht told the truth in the beginning, the jury might have believed him, but when he lied to them the case was hopeless.

I am not arguing for more power for judges, but for more information for juries. Even if the defendant takes the stand, he may not be asked about previous arrests; only about previous convictions. This seems silly. The jury should, I think, be apprised of the prisoner's background. Of course, many people are improperly arrested and subsequently discharged, but when you find a man who has been arrested ten or twenty times and has "beaten the rap" each time, there is, at least, some reason to suppose that he is not an angel and some reason to tell the jury just that.

Vincent Coll's was a long criminal record; he died in a telephone booth under a fusillade of machine-gun bullets from rival racketeers, and, at the time this is written, his wife is under indictment, with several of Coll's colleagues, for murder.

Between the Devil and the Deep

In the Federal courts the trial judge is allowed considerable leeway in commenting on the facts. In New York he may, as they say, "marshal the evidence," but in most states his charge must be confined to an explanation of the law. In these latter we might almost as well install a phonograph, and put on the appropriate record for each crime.

Even in the lower courts the magistrate is between the devil and the deep sea. Between the police, on the one hand, trying to get a magistrate to keep all suspects locked up indefinitely, and underworld attorneys trying—with more success—to get disreputable gentlemen and ladies freed at once with an apology from the bench and a medal from the state—the course of justice is like that of true love.

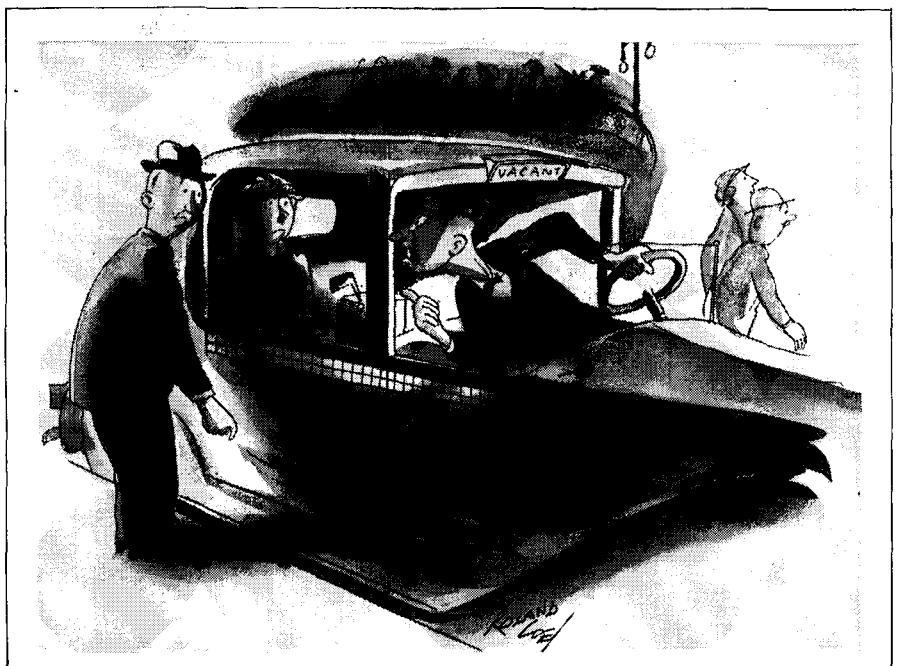
Once the police raided a well-known dance hall. A score of girls were brought into court. The arresting officers wanted me to hold all of them on charges that practically branded them as prostitutes. I looked them over. They seemed to me to be decent girls. The only evidence against them was that the place was frequented mainly by Filipinos. There was no evidence of misconduct by anyone, so they were all discharged.

An indignant police inspector said that I was making it difficult for the police to suppress disorderly dives. But I heard afterwards from several of those girls. One letter was typical. The girl said she worked in a store during the week and went to the dance hall to make pin money as a hostess. She was engaged to marry a very strait-laced man and thanked me that the engagement was not broken, as, if her fiancé had read her name in a list of those arrested in a dance-hall raid, he would never have seen her again.

Friendly Enemies

If a judge gets the reputation of being "regular," that means just the opposite of what it should mean, for you are called "regular" when you'll break a rule or two to oblige counsel, not when you insist on the rules being strictly followed. If a judge gets a reputation of being "hard," certain attorneys go to all sorts of pains to prevent their cases coming before him. They'll seize upon a brief vacation or any other legitimate absence of such a judge from the bench to have their cases called up before another judge who may be more lenient.

No judge wants a reputation for hardness. For insistence on the rules of procedure—yes; for refusal to make any kind of bargains with known criminals—yes; for being willing and ready to hear any pertinent evidence or information even after a case is in and sentence is about to be imposed—yes. That isn't hardness.



"Just tell my wife where you wanta go—she'll give me the directions" *Roland Coe*

When I became Chief Magistrate of New York City something like consternation was caused when it became known that one of my first official acts was to commit an old and trusted court functionary to jail. I had scarcely taken the job when I heard rumors that there was a shortage in the Family Court fund in Queens. This fund is made up of the money sent in by husbands for the support of their wives and families. The wives are supposed to call for their allowances, and because, for one reason or another, some of them fail to do so, the fund usually shows a surplus. Hence, it is particularly subject to spoliation.

My investigation showed that the fund had been short but the shortage had been made good. Still I was not satisfied. I sent for one of the assistant clerks in Manhattan. He came into my office and at once admitted that money from his fund had been used to cover up the shortage in Queens. Of course, I had to call in a policeman and order his arrest. He subsequently was indicted and pleaded guilty.

The attention of the country has for long been focussed on scandals connected with the New York courts. These, in my belief, are certainly no worse than the courts of any other large metropolis. The scandals had grievous grounds; that I know from my own experience in personally examining the records of certain magistrates. But in most of the cases of judges subjected to unkind criticism it will be found, on their records, that they were what is known as "friendly" judges, and that their friendliness had been abused.

In the sense of being friendly to the point of letting bondsmen, clerks and shysters run a court—no judge with any sense will do that. He's bound to be tripped or trapped. Criminal law practice is and always will be—just as it always was—so infested with swindlers, blackmailers and racketeers that the judge who wishes to make and keep himself respected must be reserved and, to a degree, strict even at the risk of being considered "hard." Even so, many legitimate kindnesses may be extended.

I once found "friendliness" abused. It nearly cost me my life. An old German owed his landlord rent. He was ejected and the landlord retained his tools under lien. The old German tried to regain them by force. I tried that case. I endeavored to tell the German that he was wrong. No matter how much he needed his tools the landlord had a right to retain them until the rent was paid. The case was so decided. The German boiled with rage, but I tried to placate him.

He Did Not Forget

That case was forgotten in the rush of others. The German had not forgotten it. Attendants told me he was seen hanging around the court building. I thought nothing of it. There are too many other things in a judge's life to think about.

One morning I stepped off the elevated and walked toward the courthouse. Looking up, I saw the German standing by the entrance. For a moment I had a premonition of trouble. But he had seen me as I had seen him. It was no time to falter. Quickening my pace, I hurried by him, uttering a brief greeting as I passed. He shouted. Instantly something struck my head, and knocked me dizzy. He had whacked me with a club he had concealed beneath his coat.

The newspapers screamed headlines about this attack on a judge. I still carry a nick in my skull to remember that old German by. He was committed as insane.

In passing, I may be permitted to marvel at the few attacks made on judges supposed to be "hard" by criminals who meet with justice at their hands. Considering the risks run in sentencing gangsters and others with vengeful friends, the protection accorded our judges is not all it should be.

Most jurors strive conscientiously to follow the testimony and to deliver fair verdicts. True, there is always present the danger that a jury, especially in a gangster case, may be intimidated or otherwise tampered with. Sensational reporting of cases in the press doesn't help justice. I've cautioned a jury, in the line of duty, to abstain from discussing or reading about a case they're trying—only to have every man jack of them dash for a newsstand the moment they reached the street.

Some lawyers have achieved reputations as jury fixers. Undoubtedly, juries are fixed in some cases, for the easiest way to hang a case is by hanging the jury in disagreement.

A Cure for Juries

You can usually tell from the bench when some juror should be suspected. His face will betray cynicism at some point during the presentation of the state's case. He will ask innumerable pertinent and some impertinent questions.

In a particular case I remember, one juror questioned a leading witness so much and so closely that it amounted to another cross-examination. That case was frozen in the jury-room for hours—ending in disagreement.

There's a cure for the evils in our jury system. We can have a two-thirds majority vote. This would make jury-fixing, if attempted, far more expensive and far more hazardous. First, however, the judge should have more power in guiding the jury.

Even a stupid man who has occupied the bench for a number of years will acquire a mental technique in detecting liars on the witness stand. Your perjurer often betrays himself or herself—and ladies are as practiced in the art as are men—by falling back on the "don't remember" gag of stalling for time.

The simplest sign that a witness is stalling is when he repeats an examiner's question, such as:

"Where were you on the night of Wednesday, December 10th?"

"Where was I on the night of Wednesday, December 10th?"

An honest witness will answer immediately or pause for a second, without speaking, to dip into memory.

Some years ago I defined in an interview this elementary test for truthful witnesses. I was much surprised to receive a letter from a woman in Chicago. She said she had read the interview carefully when she was about to be summoned as a witness in a criminal case. She had fortified herself with foreknowledge of the test I had given, plus prayer and fasting, and she had successfully withstood a stiff cross-examination while committing perjury throughout!

I suppose that during more than twenty years on the criminal bench as

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many thousands of witnesses have testified before me. I don't *suppose*, I'm pretty sure, that more than half of these were liars under oath.

This farce will continue unless and until we put some teeth into the laws against perjury. A number of excellent suggestions have been made, only to meet defeat at the hands of the lawyers in the legislature. I suppose they do not want to make it easier to convict their clients.

Under our system society is waging a losing battle with crime. Corruption due to prohibition has much to do with this; but not all. Our laws give commercialized crime opportunities denied elsewhere. Consider blackmail—one of the most profitable rackets. About twenty-five years ago the papers in a famous divorce case heard before a referee were sealed. The newspapers were eager to learn of the co-respondent. Some bright reporter argued that, as every criminal case must be tried in public and as the only ground for divorce in New York is adultery, if you could make adultery a crime, a divorce would be followed by a prosecution, and everything made public.

Hence, a great moral issue was raised, and a bill was put through at Albany, signed by Governor Hughes, and adultery made a misdemeanor.

The "Badger Game"

Alas for the yellow press and the moral issue! The courts promptly and properly decided that evidence sufficient to justify granting a divorce might well be insufficient to warrant a conviction of crime, because a civil case is decided by a preponderance of evidence, but a crime must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt.

The net result was that half the ladies of easy virtue bought wedding rings, blackmail still flourishes, so does adultery and, so far as I know, the only person convicted in this country was a notorious Negro pugilist living with a white woman.

One glaring case of the "badger game" came to my knowledge not long ago. A very wealthy man formed the acquaintance of a charming French woman. So far as I know, it was platonic. He was invited to her apartment for a cocktail on his way uptown of an evening. He shouldn't have gone. The lady was in negligee, and as she reclined on a couch while he sat at a table sipping a drink, two thugs burst into the room. One, the "prop" husband of his hostess, brandished a gun. They demanded three hundred thousand dollars after the gentleman pointed out that he was more useful to them alive than dead. He finally paid forty thousand dollars.

I heard of the case and caused an investigation. But the woman, as clever, evidently, as she was charming, had fled back to France with her competence. Wisely, she refrained from trying to encore a good thing. Her male accomplices couldn't be found.

Now, if this victimized millionaire had been protected—as in France and England—by a publication law which protected identities in sex and blackmail cases, he could have invoked police aid at the outset, before paying a cent; and three more rogues would have been put where they belonged—behind the bars.

Fear of publicity in sex cases is one of organized crime's greatest assets. It must be almost as profitable as gambling rackets, which, with booze, pay the largest dividends to underworldlings.

Empower magistrates and judges to withhold names in blackmail cases until conviction, and the blackmail racket dies.

Of course, in a civilization that is largely governed by judge-made law, the people are rightly jealous of according more power to the judges—not differentiating between power of administering the criminal and the civil law. And it's quite true that some judge might at any time abuse his power. We've known of such cases. They're painful memories. But politics rarely, if ever, interferes with the courts. Politicians may appeal to a judge to be considerate in sentencing an offender. So do all his friends, political or otherwise. In the recent Ryder case, as an example, when it was my duty to sentence this amazingly bold bucketshop-keeper who had swindled hundreds of investors everywhere, I had hundreds of letters from respectable people urging me to be lenient with him—one from an outstanding cleric known for his frankness in criticizing the political machines.

In my own experience I've known an anonymous letter (and trial judges obtain much information from anonymous letters) which, through circumstantial narration of facts which I verified, influenced me in determining the sentence.

Under a system where judges are well paid and where their future is assured by a liberal pension system, we can afford to grant them the power they need to help the police in reducing crime by making punishment swift and certain for the convicted criminal. Too many criminals are released when, had the trial judge been permitted to say what might have been said to the jury, they would have been convicted.

Briefly, assuming, as we must, that crime for profit will be always with us as crimes of passion must be, quick and effective ways to curb it are these:

Restore the lash for known gangsters. They have it in Canada for robbers, and it works. The lash may brutalize those who have to apply it or leave them open to revenge. But we invented an electric chair, so we can invent a mechanical lash whose operator or operators will be unknown.

Make refusal to take the witness stand in self-defense a fit subject for comment by the state's attorney and the bench, and give the bench discretion to characterize as well as to analyze testimony. Also, stiffen the law against perjury so that while a witness might not have an incentive to tell the truth, he should, at least, have an incentive not to lie.

Branding Criminals

Reform the jury system so we may have a two-thirds vote on the verdict.

Don't treat the commercial criminal as a sick man. He isn't. He's out for easy money, which won't be so easy when it's made hard to get and harder to keep.

Hold the police to strict accountability for the operations of known criminals.

There's a racketeer I know by reputation and sight. It gives me no pleasure whatever to see him riding about in an armored limousine when I'm convinced he should be behind armored walls. Were I police commissioner I should take men of that kind and make object lessons of them. Select six ambitious detectives. Assign to them the job of watching a known racketeer for a period of, say, six months. During that time it's obvious that he must replenish his income. This he cannot do legally. Let these six detectives find out when, how and from whom he derives income. He must commit crime to prosper.

If the six selected can't get evidence to convict him in six months, let them go back to pounding sidewalks while another six replace them. The racketeer would quickly find a less exalted and less exciting livelihood more desirable.

"... What, Signor, thees spaghetti I love so much weel stain my lovely teeth?"
"EVERYTHING you eat stains your lovely teeth, Signorina."

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—

Colgate's removes all seven

When it's mealtime in Italy, or America, or anywhere the wide world over—it's staining-time for teeth.

From spaghetti to vodka—from hors-d'oeuvres to sauerbraten, everything we eat and drink leaves some kind of stain on teeth. Yes, even the simplest foods.

All told, *seven* kinds of stains discolor teeth!

Some, such as blueberries, can be seen right after eating. Others are not immediately visible. Yet even white bread can eventually cause a stain that dulls teeth.

Most toothpastes — because they have only *one* cleansing action — fail to remove all these stains. For all stains will not yield to any *one* action.

So it may be that you're not getting your teeth as lustrously clean and sparkling as they can be.

What to do about it? Get Colgate's. All seven stains yield to Colgate's—completely yield—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions—not one.

An emulsive action that loosens some of the stains and washes them away.

A safe, gentle, *polishing* action that polishes away the stains that are left; leaving your teeth bright, gleaming—beautifully clean.

Try it, and see for yourself. Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream today. Use it night and morning. In 10 days look at your teeth in a mirror—and see what a difference *two* cleansing actions make.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

Colgate's removes all seven

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Take it and Like it

Continued from page 9

but with his return she wondered why he had deserted her and where he had been. He stood with his back to the policemen but even so, at sight of him, an odd tension seemed to tighten their nerves—an impulse less than suspicion, yet more than startled awareness of an unexpected presence. Abruptly Lamb knelt to touch the body, to turn its head, to try to flex the joints of its one whole arm. He straightened.

"You goofs still drawing pay for being dumb?" he inquired. "Look at him, look in his mouth. It's Whale-Oil Goldie and he's been dead for hours. Whoever bumped him with a rubber hose had been waiting since midnight for a car to come out of the gate so they could have their little joke. Miss Taylor didn't kill him any more than you did; she has forty witnesses to prove she didn't leave the party till fifteen minutes ago. Jeez, Bergensen, how does it feel to be as dumb as you are?"

As if impelled by the same identical spring the two policemen closed in on him, one on either side, each seizing a wrist. A strange convulsion swept through Lamb's upright body. He longed to make a fight of it. His hand, his fists and his jaw cried aloud as with parched tongues for the mercy of a battle. He went through a monstrous struggle to keep himself from yielding to that call and so engrossed was he by the superhuman effort that his arms, held closely to his sides, became rigid as bars of iron.

"Loosen up, Eddie," grunted Sergeant Bergensen, flipping a brace of handcuffs from his hip pocket. "Do you want we should break your arms to get the hardware on you?"

DICK stepped forward, laid a heavy hand on the officer's shoulder and yanked him around. "What are you doing?" he demanded. "What's the charge? Is there a warrant out for this man?"

"Say, Mister," said the sergeant slowly, his temper under control, "lay out of this, will you? You don't know when you're lucky. Take your girl and go home."

"I'll tell you how much I'll lay out of it," said Dick. "I'm Richard Buckalew of the District Attorney's office. I know that goes with the ignorant public, but it won't go with me. As far as I know this man hasn't done anything wrong unless it's a crime to call you dumb. If you have a warrant, show it. If you haven't, let him go or—"

"Easy now, Chief, easy," said the sergeant placatingly. "Perhaps there ain't no warrant at the moment, then again perhaps there's a dozen. Anyway we got to know a few things like where this bo's been hiding out on us for the last two years, what he's been doing and how he come by the hotcha clothes."

"I can answer all that right now," said Dick, "as simple as rolling off a log. He's Mr. Waddington Byng's head butler."

"Butler!" repeated the sergeant, seizing on the word like a hungry dog on a bone. "So it's that old game, is it? Well, Mr. Buckalew, you just lead us to Mr. Waddington Byng and I'll guarantee, if there ain't a warrant now, there will be as fast as ever he can get headquarters on the wire."

"That suits me; let's go." The two officers started to shoulder Lamb toward their car. "Oh, no you don't," continued Dick quickly. "Either we all ride, with me driving, or you can park your bucket inside the gate and we'll all walk."

"How far is it?" asked the patrolman querulously.

"Not over three hundred yards."

"All right," agreed the sergeant.

The car disposed of, they started out, the two officers with Lamb between them in front, Dick and Dana following close behind. Dick was intent on his assumed task, but Dana felt free to cast an occasional surreptitious glance at his frowning face. She was confused—torn, tossed and bewildered—by the kaleidoscopic sequence of events. Inside her brain a shutter was flicking, casting on a phantom screen images of Dick and Lamb, Lamb and Dick, in crazy alternation. But finally, perhaps because Dick was at her side, it became Dick, Dick, Dick, in a steady flow. Of course she could never forgive him; on the other hand, how to help loving the man who could forget Lamb had slapped him and who could spring to his aid—who could threaten to soak two policemen in the jaw, and mean it?

TO DISTRACT her, the main door of the Byng residence, still in the distance, began to let out a trickle and then a stream of departing guests. Promptly Lamb, drawing his escorts with him, swerved from the driveway and made for a small door in the right wing of the house. He drew a bunch of keys from his pocket but thrust it back again as he realized that whoever had attended to unlocking the front entrance must have come out by the side door and had probably left it open. His conjecture proved correct and a moment later he was ushering his four companions into his master's private lounging room. Wad, moaning, was lying on the couch and promptly struggled to a sitting position.

"Damn you, Lamb, where have you been?"

"I'm sorry, sir; I was forced to step out."

"Sorry, my aunt!" groaned Wad. "Do you know I've been practically dying ever since you left?"

"What's the matter, sir?"

"How should I know? I think I've broken my arm, my neck and my back."

"Oh, no, sir," said Lamb comfortingly, "it's nothing as bad as that. I remember now."

He stepped forward, picked up his master, laid him flat on the floor and sat down himself on the couch. He leaned over and with the fingers of both hands started probing along a series of bones—clavicle, breastbone, shoulder blade and ribs—unmindful of his victim's groans. Abruptly he sat back. Taking hold of Wad's wrist with a firm grip and planting a foot in the corresponding armpit he gave a hard pull. There was a dull crack like the sound of a nine-pin striking the padded back wall of a bowling alley. Wad uttered a terrific yell, but almost immediately a beatific smile began to dawn and spread on his pale face.

"Holy mackerel, whitebait and bushels of cod!" he murmured in a pæan of thanksgiving as he rose to his knees and then regained the couch which Lamb had vacated. "So that's all it was—a pop-eyed shoulder! Anyway, ask your own price for the cure, old-timer. Bring me a blank check and I'll sign it."

"One minute, Mr. Byng," said the sergeant, horrified. "If you please!"

"Heigh!" exclaimed Wad, noticing the policemen for the first time. "What do you boys want?"

The sergeant jerked a thumb toward Lamb. "Him—is he in your employ?"

"Yes," said Wad, "I should say he is."

"How long?"

"Two years."

"Sit up straight, Miss Woodley. Even a two-hour jaunt shouldn't affect our poise" *Richard Decker*

"What at?"

"Everything! He's been acting as my trainer, brother, bouncer, father, friend, mother and butler."

"Acting is the word," said Sergeant Bergensen with no flicker of a smile. "Would you like to know who he really is, Mr. Byng—living in your house all dolled up to play the butler? Would you like to hear his name?"

"No," said Wad sharply.

"WELL, I'm going to tell it to you anyway."

"The mischief you are!" interrupted Wad, leaning forward, his jaw outthrust, his eyes small and mean. "You think you're smart. Now listen and *I'll* tell *you*: he's Eddie the Lam. For all he looks so young and handsome he's done four stretches and now he's become a lifer. Do you get that? A lifer—right in this house for as long as he lives. Write this in your log—and get out!"

Sergeant Bergensen, completely taken aback, looked at Messrs. Buckalew and Byng in their rumpled dinner jackets, at Dana in her ravishing, revealing frock, and finally at Lamb in his immaculate regalia.

"Well, Mr. Byng," he said finally, "the way I see it, it's your own funeral. You can't never say you weren't warned."

"Don't worry; I won't," declared Wad. "Lamb will show you the way out."

Lamb, holding wide the door, stood back and fixed his eyes on Sergeant Bergensen's ears separately: "This way, if you please." He followed the officers, closing the door behind him.

"Now for you two!" exclaimed Wad, his unsmiling eyes flicking from Dick to Dana and back again. "Forget Eddie the Lam," he ordered. "What I said to the cops goes double for everybody else. I mean it."

"You don't have to wave a club, Wad," said Dick, "not as far as I'm concerned."

"Nor me," said Dana quickly. "There's something I want to say—to both of you. Half an hour ago I came into this house in the biggest trouble I've ever known. I came for help. I looked in at you, my friends." Her lip curled. "Twenty of my boy friends, there in the Pav. But I needed a man, so I turned to Lamb. He was all there—brain, body and hands, especially his hands. Because he felt he couldn't face the police he needed a substitute and it took him just five seconds to make a man out of one of you."

Dick made a move; she warded him off and continued. "Later, out by the gate, he did face the police. Why? Because to his queer mind the risk of the pen for himself seemed somehow smaller than seeing a girl like me go to the police station for half an hour. It's a great thing to admire a man. I admire Lamb with all my heart, but I wish I could love him—really love him. I feel I ought to, but somehow I can't. We have to take these things the way they come; I have to love Dick."

WAD had sprung to his feet; now he stood staring at her, his jaw and all his body trembling. He knew he had taken a licking for the first time in his life, but he couldn't quite figure from where the winning blow had come. He remembered vaguely that somebody had slapped Dana. So that was it! Now she was slapping him—Waddington Byng, in his own house—slapping him hard. He hated her for what she had said, then suddenly he loved her for it and his eyes began to sting. He rushed for the door, almost colliding with Lamb as he made his escape. Lamb entered and stood still, looking steadfastly at Dana and then at Dick.

"Mr. Buckalew," he said, "I have a question to ask."

"Go ahead," said Dick.

Lamb paused as if to lend weight to what was to follow. "Are you sorry I slapped you?"

It was Dick's turn to pause. What a question, and how crazily phrased! Was this Lamb's idea of an apology? Then he had a feeling that Lamb's eyes were digging into him, hammering at him, striving to implant some meaning behind the words. Suddenly it came to him in a burst of light.

"No," he answered in a firm voice and turned to face Dana. "Dana, are you sorry I slapped you?"

Dana needed no time to think. "No, Dick," she answered gravely. "When it's coming to me I can take it and like it."

Lamb faded from the room, closing the door softly behind him. Dick came closer to Dana and stood looking deep into her eyes.

"I love you, Dana," Dick whispered.

Their arms went around each other. Then her head sank against his shoulder and she began to cry with sobs that tore her throat. He asked no question. Patient, strong, he waited, holding her close. That would be his business from now on—to hold her close.

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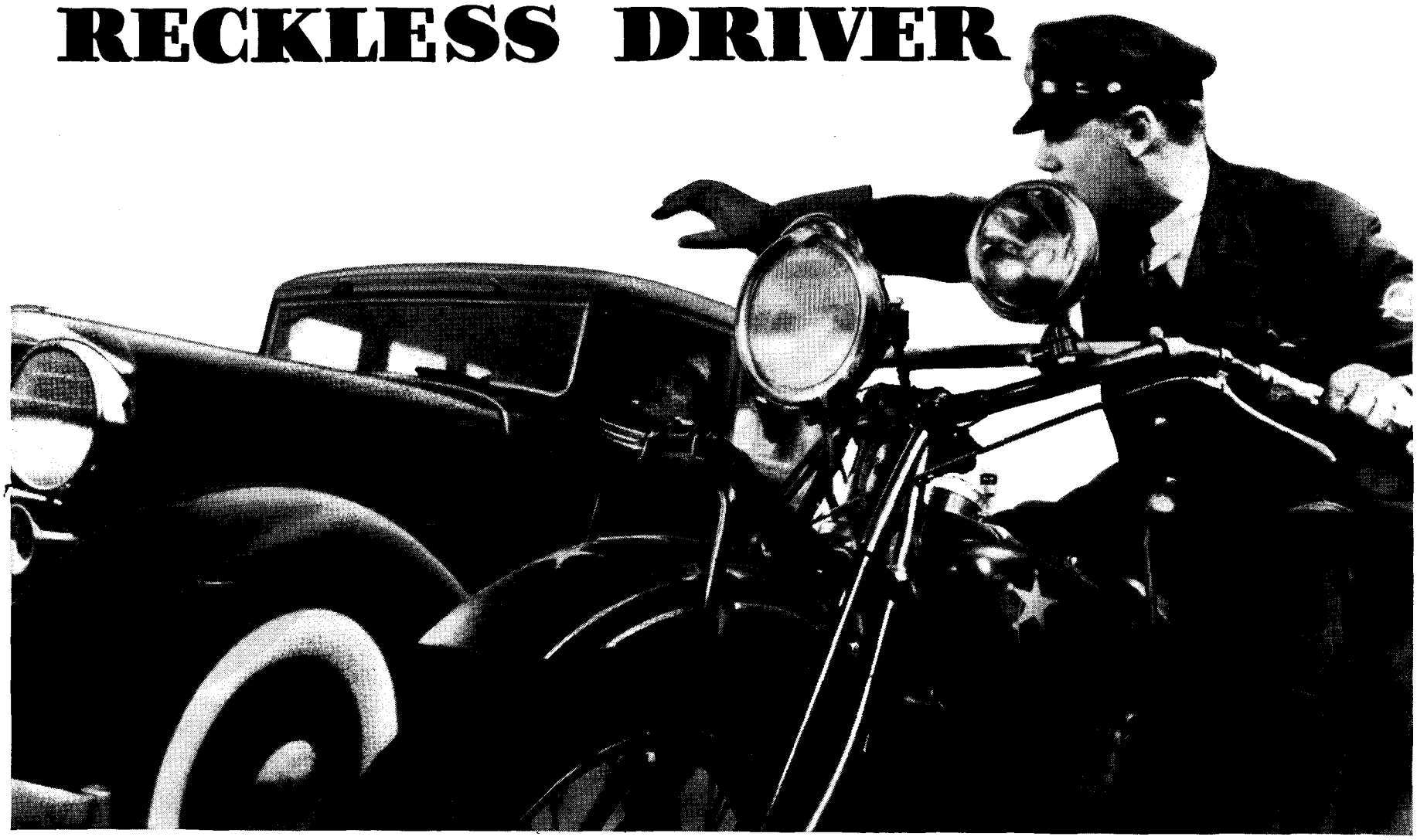
Stop that man

HE'S A RECKLESS DRIVER



Going slowly. Observing all the traffic laws. Brakes okay. But reckless. As reckless as the man who's all over the road and hitting seventy. Why? He didn't ASK THE SALESMAN and MAKE SURE there was Safety Glass ALL-AROUND. And there wasn't. It was standard equipment in the windshield. But not in the windows. There are seven in a sedan. Five of them back where the family rides. Seven chances for glass to break and fly through the air in dangerous, razor-edged chunks. Seven sources of possible cuts. Possible scars. That's reckless driving. Especially when L·O·F super Safety Glass ALL-AROUND . . . the greatest available protection against all that . . . adds less than $1.50 to each of twelve monthly payments, if ordered when the car is ordered. ANYONE BUYING A NEW CAR WITHOUT *MAKING SURE* IT HAS SAFETY GLASS *ALL-AROUND* IS A RECKLESS DRIVER.

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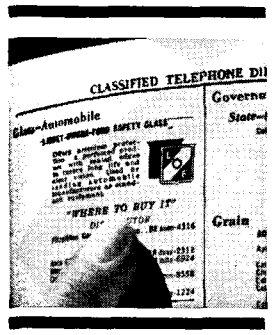

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Omar, the Mental Giant

Continued from page 21

and can never use their reason, and the more they lose the higher the fever.

As we had been scraping the bottom in Chicago, and as Harmony was doing a neat and masterful job with Eddie Knudsen, one might think that Omar Gill, who would soon have two thousand for himself, would at least pipe down and refrain from complaining. He did nothing of the kind. He grew querulous with our hard-working leader, asking him why waste all that time collecting sixty-four hundred. Harmony put up patiently with the growls and refused to give Omar money, or let him hold the winnings as they trickled in, which annoyed our little pal.

"I have no money," he announced. "But I am not going to stay that way. I will leap out here and make some for myself, and also pass the time, which is dragging hard."

"Go ahead," Harmony agreed, "only shut up. We are doing all right with Eddie."

To our astonishment the little man collected cash and exhibited it with pride. He found a man in West Branch with a motor-car and struck up a friendship with him, and as they passed a road sign saying, "West Branch, four miles," with an arrow pointing, Omar wagered the stranger twenty dollars that he couldn't drive his trusty crate back to town in eight minutes, which only called for thirty miles an hour. The man accepted, put up his twenty, roared back to town and lost his bet, as Omar had previously planted the road sign himself, and not any four miles out, but plenty far away so as to make sure of the cash. He repeated this stunt with several strangers and was pleased with himself.

THUS occupied with one thing and another, we waited for Harmony to clean up the Eddie Knudsen contract, which moved along briskly for about seven days, at the end of which time Eddie was washed up completely. Harmony had removed the last dime of the Irish Sweepstakes, and Eddie was not the least angered or bitter about it. He merely wished he had more dollars to go on shaking dice, for such is the simple insanity of guys who go daffy over this sport. He had the same chance as a baby fly with a Maine spider, but was good-natured when it was over, and went away dead broke and smiling.

Harmony's next move was to walk across Sixth Street on his way to see about railway tickets, and as he was not looking, a taxicab mowed him down. When we saw him again, he was spread out in the West Branch City Hospital, with his leg in a plaster column and pulleys attached to him here and there. Omar and I stood sadly at the foot of the bed, gazing at the prostrate leader, and the nurse walked out.

"You would have to go and bust your leg," said Omar. "About when we are ready to leave the blinking town, you go and lay under a taxicab, and if that isn't the way my luck always goes."

Harmony wriggled uneasily on the little white bed, with his leg pointing north and the pulleys creaking. He cursed Omar, who inquired concerning the element of time.

"I'll be out of here in two weeks, so the doctor says. Maybe I can walk a little in two weeks, or in three anyhow."

"What will I do in West Branch for two weeks?" Omar groaned. "What will poor old George do? My good suffering gosh, what can anybody do in this town? You might have had your accident in Chicago, where there are some theaters, but no, not you."

Harmony admitted it was unfortunate for all.

"And where is the dough?" Omar asked next.

"Over there," muttered our boss, pointing to his garments.

"In your pants' pocket, no doubt, waiting for some wandering hospital interne who needs cash. That ain't a bad place for six thousand bucks—in your pants, hanging on a hospital chair."

"George will take care of it till I get out," Harmony said.

"George will do nothing of the kind," roared our little blister. "I want my two thousand here and now."

"You better let George—"

"Am I eight years old?" Omar demanded. "Do I need guardians?"

"George could let you have five a day for a while."

"No," shouted the rebel. "I want all my dough right now."

Harmony made a gesture of weariness and ordered me to take his pants and count out two thousand for the grumbler. The remaining four grand I carried back to the Riverside Hotel, where I locked it up in the bottom drawer of a bureau in my room, covering it with soiled shirts.

THAT same afternoon Omar came across a new eating-house, an obscure little joint over beyond the railroad tracks in the poor district. It was a street car with the wheels off, painted a bright red and transformed into a beanery for workingmen. It contained the usual revolving stools, eight or nine of them, a nasal radio set, some broken stained-glass windows and a red-cheeked woman named Phoebe, who owned and ran the business. She was formerly a railroad restaurant waitress, who had branched out on her own and seemed to be doing right well with the Coffee Cup.

"You would have to go and bust your leg," Omar said

On his next visit, which was wholly accidental, Omar Gill crawled up on a stool, ordered apple pie and coffee and stared about him with the childish interest he bestows on new scenes. Phoebe was personally at work behind the counter, the place being partly filled with several switch-tenders in overalls. Her full name was Phoebe Gilson.

"Who made this pie?" Omar asked with a rising inflection.

"Who do you think made it?" Phoebe returned, being used to men. "I made it."

"Did you make the coffee, too?"

"Everything sold in this place I make."

"Then," said Omar with warm approval, "you must be a pretty swell cook. . . . I been around everywhere, and I can tell you this apple pie is all by itself."

The sentiment seemed to please Phoebe and she thawed perceptibly, handing Omar a second cup of coffee free of charge. He dawdled for an hour, thinking it over and seeing both business and romantic possibilities, picturing Phoebe in street clothes and deciding she would be handsome. After the first visit, he had all his meals at the Coffee Cup, and as women seem always to find something interesting in the little runt, they got along.

"What do you do nights?" he asked, and she answered that many of her evenings were dull.

"Why not go out walking with me?" he continued. "There are lovely moonlight nights." There began the casual romance of the Coffee Cup, with Harmony horizontal in the hospital and me playing solitaire up at the Riverside.

AS OMAR anticipated, Phoebe was a handsome girl, once she took off the apron, and when our little pestilence falls in love he goes the limit. After three nights of moonlight, he began talking marriage, never considering us. There came to him the notion of wedding Phoebe, moving to Chicago and placing his bride in charge of a high-class pie-and-coffee joint, which would then build itself up into a famous institution. Putting all this before Phoebe, he surprised her.

"You don't know me very well," she said reasonably.

"What difference does that make? You are one of nature's rare gifts, and also you are the best pie cooker alive. We will get on fine, because I will cut out the wild life and be a good husband."

"Which naturally brings us around to my husband," Phoebe remarked. "He would have to figure in this."

"Oh, have you got a husband?" Omar asked, looking hurt and shocked. Phoebe nodded and said his name was Gus.

"All waitresses have husbands," she said sadly. "I had to put this one out. He's a railroad man and gets tight every Saturday, and whenever he gets tight he burns down the cottage. So he is out."

"Yes, but you should have told me. I don't want to be falling in love with married women."

"Did I know? I thought we were only going out walking. Anyhow, if you are not joking about it and want me to marry you, then maybe Gus would consent to a divorce. He is a queer bird, though."

Omar instantly became cheerful again, and suggested at once that he go and see Gus and have a reasonable talk. Phoebe said no. She said it would be better if she went to her husband with the proposition, as he was a hard man to understand, and quarreled easily.

When they parted, they left it thus,

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Phoebe to do what she could with the queer-minded husband, and Omar returned to our hotel with the slightly dazed expression that means he has fallen in love again. In his normal moments he wins no prizes for superb intelligence, and when he gets mushy about a new flame his few mental buttons all fly off and he goes about in a low stupor.

"The most wonderful girl in the world," he told me. "And what a cook!"

"What about it?" I asked, having heard this before.

"I always wondered what town I would be married in, and here it is. Good old West Branch! I finally met the right woman. We're going to open a restaurant in Chicago that will put that town on the map. All we are waiting for now is to see what her old man says about it."

"Her father?"

"Her husband. From what Phoebe says, I would judge him to be a no-good guy, so it will probably cost me some money."

In this observation he was correct, and the first thing it cost him was four hundred dollars. Phoebe interviewed Gus as planned and found him peevish but in need of cash, and he consented to be legally separated for the sum mentioned.

"You can get a divorce in this state," Phoebe explained, "on the grounds of insane jealousy, and Gus is willing to take four hundred and agree to the divorce, but there is one obstacle: Gus will never get up in court and say he is insanely jealous."

"Why won't he, for four hundred?"

"Because it would be a lie and he will not commit perjury before the judge, as he is not insanely jealous of me at this moment."

"LET him look at me," Omar suggested. "Introduce me to Gus and he will get jealous enough to walk into any court and have fits."

Phoebe shook her head.

"You are a nice little fellow, Omar," she said, "but nobody would get jealous about you. You are not the handsome kind that men get jealous about."

"The fellow must be handsome, is that it?"

"Well, it would be more reasonable in a courtroom, and besides that, Gus will not perjure himself, money or no money!"

"Then let us get a man he can be insanely jealous of," Omar said brightly. "I happen to know just the one we want—Eddie Knudsen. He can use a few bucks at this time. I can hire Eddie to walk around with you nights and let Gus see him. How would that work?"

"I wouldn't want to go around with every man," Phoebe said, "even to make Gus jealous."

"Don't you know Eddie Knudsen?"

"I know he is the one who won all the money on the lottery ticket."

"It was no lottery ticket. Eddie would probably run around with you a few nights if I paid him. He certainly is a handsome lad, if that is what your old man requires."

"If he is the man with all the money—"

"He has no money. He is flat. He had money once, but he spent it."

"Well, if he is good-looking," Phoebe said reluctantly, "and if you think Gus would get insanely jealous of him—"

"I will bring him around," said Omar, "and right away, too. We need action."

The next morning he appeared at the Coffee Cup with Eddie Knudsen, who was smiling and cheerful as usual and glad to earn five dollars a night taking a plump waitress to the movies.

"This is him, Phoebe," said Omar, during a lull at the Coffee Cup. "I have explained the situation and, as Eddie is a nice guy, he says go ahead, only we pay for the movie tickets and expenses in general."

"Glad to meet you," said Eddie, and Phoebe glanced at the mop of black hair and apparently decided that Eddie would fill the bill. That night they went to their first movie, Eddie meeting Phoebe at the Coffee Cup and escorting her gallantly here and there about the town. The next morning Phoebe needed three hundred dollars and said so, explaining that she had only the modest wardrobe of a waitress and therefore required silk stockings, pretty dresses, fancy shoes, new hats and whatever a dame needs to be well-dressed.

"Yes, but what for?" Omar asked.

"Well, Eddie is a neatly dressed young man and it looks foolish for me to be going around town with him in my old clothes. You don't want me to feel ashamed in public, do you?"

Three hundred more went after the first four hundred, and another hundred followed to take care of small bills connected with Eddie and Phoebe and their entertainment. The reports were all encouraging. Gus had seen the new beau and was slowly working up to a point of jealousy which might be called insane, and soon he would be ripe to walk into court and testify as expected. Meantime, Mr. Gill's share of the West Branch money was slowly melting, and naturally I knew nothing about what was going on or I would have dragged Harmony out of the hospital, leg or no leg. Every morning Omar drifted into the Coffee Cup to see how the case stood, and every morning it got better.

"But, Officer, I didn't throw it away. It just dropped out of my hand!"

Jay Irving

"WE ARE all right," said Phoebe, wiping her hands on her apron. "Gus is plenty jealous and you certainly picked the right lad when you selected Eddie Knudsen."

"That's slick," said Mr. Gill. "But when do we get going? I would like to make Chicago right away and start in. I know where there is a vacant restaurant in a good spot."

"Yes, but I will have to close up the Coffee Cup first," Phoebe told him, "and here is some more good news for us: I have a chance to sell out to Mr. Cornelius Sullavan. Think of that. If he buys out this little joint, then we will have extra money to put into the Chicago place."

"Who is Mr. Sullavan?"

"He runs a string of railroad restaurants. He was in yesterday, and when I told him I was thinking of getting out of here he said he might buy the place if the price was right."

"Make it right," suggested Omar enthusiastically. "We won't need to wait for the divorce. We can rush up to Chicago, start the new joint and you can work on the divorce later."

"Sounds sensible enough," Phoebe agreed. "We just want to be sure that Gus stays jealous, because he never will perjure himself for anybody."

HARMONY was due to escape from the hospital on Sunday morning, and that week wore along, with Eddie Knudsen drawing his five bucks a night for entertaining Phoebe, money which he probably was glad to get. Mr. Sullavan was due again in town on Saturday and would then look the Coffee Cup over on its busy day and it was up to the Coffee Cup to have a busy day, lest Mr. Sullavan lose his desire to purchase.

Phoebe assured Omar that if they made a good showing Mr. Sullavan undoubtedly would buy.

"You might rustle up a few customers to come in Saturday and fill up the place. Make it look like a nice, rushing business."

"You bet," said Omar warmly. "I'll get out among the boys and tell 'em all to eat supper here. And those I don't know I'll slip 'em a couple of bucks."

"And another thing," Phoebe continued with enthusiasm. "We ought to make a good cash showing, so if you could just get me some money to stick in the cash drawer while Mr. Sullavan is investigating, it would certainly impress him."

"That is a very good idea," Omar said heartily. "We can do it too, for I have a thousand of my own and I know where I can get four thousand more. . . . How long would you need the money?"

"Just two or three hours—only while Mr. Sullavan is looking us over."

What Omar meant was that he could remove four thousand smackers that didn't belong to him from the bureau drawer at the Riverside, and if Harmony Childs knew what was in the air he would have left the hospital, bringing his cot, pulleys and plaster pillar.

On Saturday morning our helpful companion waited until I had left the hotel, sneaked into my room and borrowed our four grand so that it could be put on display at the Coffee Cup. He hurried over to Phoebe, handed her the loot and then started for the railroad yards to drum up trade for the afternoon and evening.

Late in the day he made his way back to see how Phoebe was getting on, and as he approached the familiar purlieus of the Coffee Cup he observed a crowd of customers who were not eating or drinking, or in any way contributing to the success of the business. They were, in fact, standing outside the Cup and not inside. They were lounging in small groups, talking something over. Omar hastened into the scene and discovered that the Coffee Cup was not even open for trade. It was shut up tight, and on the front door was a sign which said in simple language: "Closed for Good."

Our little associate stood there breathing like a man who has walked up five flights, and Tommy Brant, an old-time telegraph operator, addressed him.

"I don't get this," said Tommy. "What's the idea of asking us to come over here and eat, and when we come over the joint is shut?"

Omar made no reply but continued to stare.

"There's a letter stuck in the door," Tommy added, "and it's addressed to you."

"Where?" asked our man, and somebody removed the missive from the door and handed it to him. He tore it open and read:

"DEAR OMAR: Eddie and I left today for San Francisco, where we are going to be married. We are taking the money along with us, as it was Eddie's money after all and those friends of yours stole it from the poor boy, so I hope you do not feel too bad, as you can see that it was Eddie's money anyhow. I liked you fine, but when Eddie came along I fell in love with him, and as he doesn't know how to take care of himself I am going to. Yours as always, PHOEBE."

Omar leaned against the abandoned Coffee Cup and looked sick.

"She's ducked out, boys," he said. "She's heading for San Francisco and going to marry Eddie Knudsen—that is, I suppose she is, if her husband gives her a divorce."

"Whose husband?" Tommy inquired.

"Phoebe's husband, Gus."

"She never had any husband. Single girl. I knew her for years, and she was always a waitress, hunting for a husband, but not with one."

"No Gus," muttered Omar in a daze. He walked out of the little circle, as the hour was growing late, and called me on the telephone.

"You better come right down here to the railroad yards," he told me. "Something awful has happened."

I HUNG up the instrument, and fifteen minutes later discovered Omar standing under a water tower, and I have never seen him look so wan and cracked up.

"George," he said, "this is the worst day in my life."

Rapidly he sketched the events, and when he was finished I could not help feeling sorry for the little donkey.

"If you think this is the worst day," I remarked, "wait till tomorrow when Harmony comes out. Tomorrow will be your worst day, if you live."

"Harmony will not see me again," he said, "for I am leaving town now and on foot. Soon a freight train will catch up with me, and I will either ride on it, or let it run over me. I am sorry to lose your money, George, for you are a good guy. Harmony, too. So long. I will pay the both of you back sometime."

He shook hands and limped slowly off, stepping gingerly from tie to tie, and I returned to town, wondering what to do about Harmony Childs and his batch of hospital bills, and the permanent epileptic fit he would have when I told him the news.

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The Great Hoiman

Continued from page 24

outfit. It was really run on the order of a soviet. Uncle Wilbert was supposed to be manager and he got his pay check under that heading, but the team ran the team. Uncle Wilbert might think that things had gone far enough when the Cubs had seven runs in and the bases were still full and only one out, but if he tried to yank the pitcher, that worthy was just as likely to come in to the bench and argue Uncle Wilbert out of it.

By Mutual Dissent

The Brooklyn fans were of the same breed. They didn't merely think of it as a ball club, but as their ball club. After the game Robbie used to stand by the dugout and battle the thing over with his constituents, assisted by Mrs. Robinson, who knows more baseball than most ball players. At any moment of the day or night, Mr. Robinson would willingly drop whatever he was doing to discuss the Dodgers. Why had he started Vance instead of Clark? Well, he'd tell 'em. And he told 'em, amid loud cries of dispute. It was all very chummy.

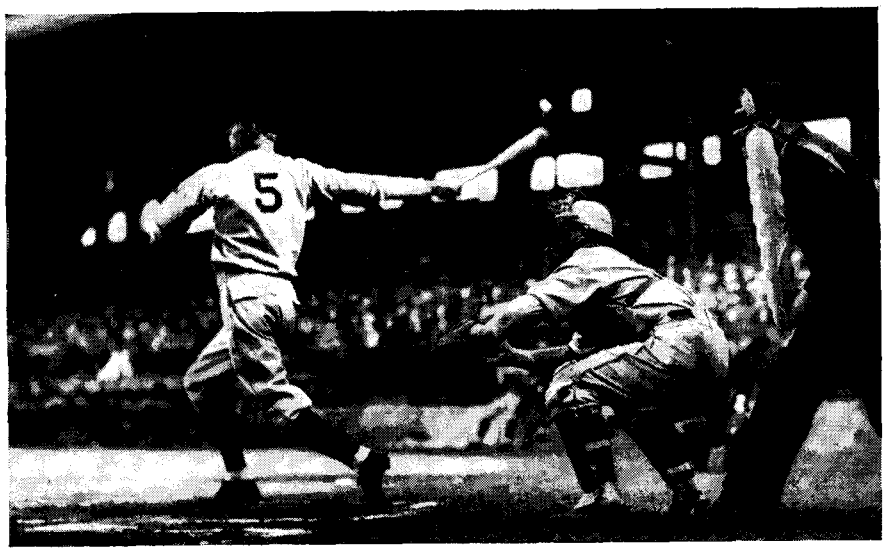
The Great Herman was quite a lad by this time. He dressed like a Hollywood star, smoked fat cigars and held court every night after the game, nodding to his friends and uttering sage words of comment. Brooklyn won no pennants and the razzing and the cheers were equally mingled, but everybody was happy. Everybody, that is, but Steve McKeever, who had been carrying on a feud for years with the heirs of Charley Ebbets. Robinson was an Ebbets man and when the armistice was finally signed, Robbie found himself out in the alley.

Max Carey came in as manager and his first big deal with Cincinnati brought Stripp, Cuccinello and Sukeforth for Herman, Lombardi and Gilbert. It may have been a smart baseball deal but it took the Great Hoiman out of Brooklyn and there was sadness in Flatbush, Canarsie and all along the Gowanus Canal in Greenpernt.

They tried to remedy this by bringing Hack Wilson to take the place of the Babe, but it wasn't the same. Hack was funny but not in the same way. The Great Hoiman went off to Cincinnati, where he was a flop. Now he's with Chicago and doing only so-so. A broken heart, that's what it is. You can't tell me.

If there is any sense left in the National League, by the time this is printed they'll have fixed up a deal whereby Babe will be brought back across the Brooklyn Bridge and Hack will have been returned to the Cubs. And that won't be all. To show their sincere repentance, the Dodgers will put Babe back on first base. Yes, on first base. The fans will come to games with wash-boiler lids for protection, but they'll come in millions. Even thousands.

What baseball needs is more Babe Hermans trying to throw out runners at third base. That isn't merely baseball; that's Romance.



Three studies in naturalism: there's hardly anything that can disturb Babe Herman

Is He Foolish or is he Not?

Spends hours on his Backhand.. *Ignores dingy* TEETH, *soft* GUMS

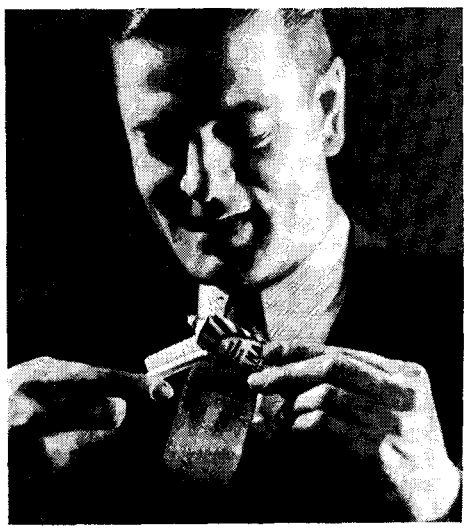
Here's a fellow who will spend a whole morning trying to perfect his backhand. But he won't take two minutes a day to keep his teeth bright and his gums firm.

His teeth attract attention because they are so dingy and gray. His gums are so unhealthy and tender that they frequently bleed.

Yet he could have hard gums and good-looking teeth if he would clean his teeth with Ipana and each time, massage a little *more* Ipana into his tender gums.

Today's foods are soft foods. They give little exercise to your gums, which become flabby, with a tendency to bleed.

"Pink tooth brush" should be corrected at once. Not only may it dull the teeth, but it may endanger the soundness of your teeth. And it may open the way for gingivitis, for Vincent's disease,—even for pyorrhea.



Start today with Ipana and gum massage, and within 30 days you'll have brighter teeth and harder, healthier gums. And no further worries about "pink tooth brush."

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 19

Reaching forward to the saddle boot, he drew up his rifle. At the same time he roweled the pony to a full run, shifting to a more easterly course. The oncoming six saw the maneuver and adjusted themselves accordingly; and for a space of time it became a parallel-running fight that forced him deeper and deeper into the desert's open strip and put those hills he was trying to reach even farther away.

Meanwhile he detected a slight inward shift on their part and this he could not match without being thrown back on the rear two who potted away regardless of luck. He thought once of facing about and charging that pair, taking his chances on getting back to the canyon country again. But it was only a brief thought and soon discarded. For behind the pair all of Shadrow's group somewhere advanced.

"I'll follow my nose," he muttered and hooked the reins about the pommel. Lifting his rifle, he began a raking attack on the outstretched party of six. His first shot fell useless and unseen in the distance. The second appeared to land directly beneath a horse, for the animal pitched high and bucked crazily, jamming up the following riders. Tracy pumped a third shell into the chamber and held his fire, at once realizing he played the part of a sucker. They were playing with him and all he actually did now was spar against the sure finish. The thought went through him like fire and his swelling temper exploded.

"By God," he swore, "I never win playin' patient! Now we'll see who caves in first!" He brought the pony sharply out of its paralleling course and aimed straight for the bunch.

AT THE most it was a narrow six hundred yards when he opened up, savagely trying for a hit. His last bullet found one. A horse buckled at the knees and went plunging down, throwing its rider. Two men spurred up to the prone figure and dismounted, dropping flat to the earth. The other three wheeled and charged.

Gone stone cold, nothing left in his mind but the overmastering desire to destroy, Hugh dragged his pony back on its haunches and jumped down. Prone, he leveled the sights full on the most advanced of those three and held the aim a long second. The two who had dug in by the fallen man were opening up a steady fire. Dust banners made a powdered fog beside him; his horse grunted, struggled away and fell. And his squeezing finger drove a bullet into its target fairly. That rider pitched out of the saddle without a sound. The others bent low and curved to get around Tracy, who tried again, missed his mark, and then aimed for a horse. It was a good shot. The horse fell.

It left the remaining rider alone against the skyline, that fact appearing to dishearten him. His reaction was to wheel away, throw himself Indian fashion far over to one side of the mount and race back. Meanwhile the dumped fellow lay flattened and futilely took up the argument with his revolver. Tracy, thinking of the two hands who had followed him out of the canyon country, turned to see where they were and caught only the tops of their ponies showing above the small arroyo some distance behind.

Steadying himself to the frontal attack again, he was astonished by a series of spanging echoes crossing the flat from the southern hills—from that shelter he was striving to reach. It was a heavy and increasing fire and he saw its effect instantly, the dropping lead beating up dust whorls about the riflemen who had elected to fortify themselves by the one who had first been pitched from his saddle. At that, the lone fellow left mounted made a complete circle as if essaying to catch the direction of this new attack. He cried out something to the others and then fled—cutting a detour around Tracy and striking out for the canyon country behind. Tracy hugged his gunbutt and riveted his attention on the riflemen, whose attack abruptly fell off. He saw them crouched half on their knees.

"Running," he muttered. "All right, that's fair." He held his bullet, giving them the chance. Both sprang up at the same time and raced for the waiting ponies. They were a-saddle the next moment, following the lead of the first retreating hand. Those far guns in the hills bore down with a malicious purpose, all the dust whorls jetting up short of the fugitives.

OUT of this mêlée had come a break of luck. The horse of that rider he had hit fairly stood now directly to the fore, reins down. Tracy decided to run for the animal. Beforehand, however, he looked behind again and saw that those two in the arroyo were swiftly departing from it, bound back to the canyon country. So, save for the unhorsed fellow now banging away with the revolver, he was in the clear. Tracy bellowed out: "You'll never reach me with that! Go on—leg it! I'll hold my fire!"

But the man's hat made a stubborn wagging from side to side. He refused to move.

"He's thinking," reflected Tracy, "that I'll do a Spanish on him. That's what he'd do, in my shoes. Well—" He bit off the remark and cursed at himself. "No. He's figurin' Shadrow's bunch will be here in a minute."

He looked around once and discovered the guess was right. Over beneath the outline of the same butte from which he had earlier departed, a long line of riders broke into the clear and came dusting on. Tracy lifted himself to his feet and made a rush for the idle pony.

Running to within fifty feet of the riderless pony, he dropped to a walk and went on with a murmured reassurance. He expected a bolt, but the pony, trained to stand on dropped reins, only fiddled about those two hanging bits of leather. Tracy strode on, seized them. He was in the leather and away. Suddenly a long firing beat out of the hills again. Behind was a ragged shouting and a fusillade from Shadrow's crew. Tracy bent down and aimed the pony's ears for that fissure he had been so stubbornly trying to reach. Flanking a pile of rock rubble, he struck up a short incline. Jackpines flashed by and then the green tall timber of the ridge came down to meet him. There was a clear trail leading on to the heights. In that trail stood Bill Vivian. Tracy pulled up.

"Well," said Vivian with conversational calm, "it's me that always pulls you out of a jackpot. Don't you never learn, Mister Tracy?"

"So you're here?" grunted Hugh.

"Who in thunder did you expect?" retorted Vivian. "Where else ought I be?"

Tracy scowled at the little man out of his heavy, red-rimmed eyes. "Off pickin' daisies, you mug. That's where I usually find you."

Bill Vivian looked across the desert. "If that bunch means to come this way we've got to get on the boat. Follow me, Hugh. The boys are up in the brush."

"Hold on," said Tracy, watching the yonder space closely. Shadrow's crew spread into the shallow arroyo which marked the middle of the desert strip and halted there. The unhorsed rider went running back, waving his arms. When he arrived at Shadow's main party, he stood beside a mounted figure and talked with a continued gesturing. The mounted figure spurred forward alone. Presently he halted and turned back. One fist shook skyward.

"Something," mused Vivian, "seems to be wrong with his army."

"You should have given them paper napkins; they're using the linen ones" *Louis Priscilla*

A LONG pause followed, after which the whole line of hands came out of the arroyo and cantered ahead. Then, from the timbered section directly above Tracy, came a blast of concerted firing and he saw the sudden dust whorls dappling the desert around Shadrow's deploying line. The effect of the firing was instant. The foremost man wheeled and threw his arm overhead, at which the whole line reversed itself and surged back for the canyon country.

Bill Vivian struck out a disappointed oath. "There goes the chance I figured was ours."

"Now just how was it you knew I might be this far south?" demanded Hugh.

"It's this way. We was on the high point by Dead Axle grade and we saw a fire burnin' over by the butte early this mornin'. So, havin' picked up part of Shadrow's trail yesterday—we been scoutin' steady since you left TS on the run—we made the good guess you was bein' chased over here. Well, we made it down from Dead Axle in forty minutes and got here in time to see you come into the flat. You sure tipped our hand. But it was sure news to us that some more TS hogheads were hidin' on this side. When they came out to cramp you down we had to take steps."

"How did you know Shadrow was on my heels or that I'd left TS on the run?"

"One of Tade's men deserted him yesterday and rode to Antelope to spread the news. We had a fellow in Antelope listenin' for dope. He came right on and told us."

Hugh grumbled: "Who in thunder is 'we'?"

"Follow me," grinned Bill Vivian, and scrambled up the stiff side of the trail. Hugh followed slowly, leading his horse. Through a fringe of pines, he came upon a semicircular clearing that faced the desert. And on the edges of the clearing, flattened to the dirt and faced out in the direction of the now disappearing Shadrow bunch, lay ten dusty figures.

"Here's the pilgrim," said Vivian laconically.

They turned then and Hugh, looking along that row of slim and reckless faces, felt a deep stirring of emotion. These were men he knew. They were his friends, his riding partners of old. He cleared his throat and looked away from them.

"You're a tough-looking lot of sand fleas," he muttered. "Where've you been for three months?"

"Gaze upon 'em," gloated Bill. "When I left you on the spur the other night I proceeded to all the hideouts in this country. I got 'em. You bet I got 'em. Here they are, Hugh. Sabe Venner's lost flesh since you seen him last."

ONE slender giant rose up with a broad grin. "Hugh, Lord bless your homely self. Welcome—and what's next in this giddy whirl?"

"Shadrow," said Hugh, watching the far hills, "is going home. That's certain. He's finished with this chase. He'll be back at TS by noon, cooking up another mess of hell."

"Say," put in Bill Vivian, "where's the girl you was supposed to've kidnapped?"

"How did you know that?"

"It's all over the Powder."

"She went back to Shadrow," said Tracy slowly. "To help me."

"Trust a woman to gum up the works."

"By gad," grunted Hugh, slowly settling full length on the ground, "I'm tired. Have to get an hour's sleep. Punch me when the bacon's ready."

"This will interest you," said Bill Vivian. "We've found out that things ain't going so well on TS. This man that left 'em went on to say that there wasn't no more than forty hands—"

Sabe Venner bent over Hugh and looked into the latter's face. "He's asleep, Bill. Dead as a doorknob."

Bill Vivian uncinched a horse and got the saddle blanket. He laid it over Hugh and looked around him with slant-eyed severity. "You louse-bound eggs be quiet. We stick here till noon, see? He sleeps till noon."

"Well," Sabe Venner wanted to know, "what'll we do then?"

"He'll have a darned good idea when he wakes up," prophesied Bill. "He always does. Meanwhile I guess I'm still general. There's got to be a scout put out on top of the Dead Axle grade. And somebody's got to slide over Mogul and look down into Antelope. You, Sabe. And Willy Bones. Willy for the Antelope business. He knows Shadrow soil best."

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At nooning Shadrow returned to TS with his crew and Lynn Isherwood. The girl immediately dismounted and disappeared inside the house; as for the men, they halted there in the baking heat of the plaza and waited Shadrow's word. Hungry, caked with trail dust, they stared at the owner sullenly.

Shadrow's face was the color of clay and putty. A blaze of insolent temper poured out of the red-flecked eyes; and suddenly the heat of that wrath hit them:

"You're a sick-lookin' bunch of whelps! Don't stand there and gawk! Get out of my sight! Leave your horses saddled!"

THE members of the crew shifted toward the racks, dismounted and ambled off to the bunkhouses. Tolbert and Maunders remained with the old man, who threw his glare at them. "A miserable yellow pack of hounds! Not worth the powder to blow 'em to hell! I'd give half my fortune right now to be thirty years younger! I'd take Hugh Tracy's trail alone—and I'd knock him down!"

"You'd like to have us walk right into Tracy and get his lead," grumbled Maunders. "Well, some of the lads did exactly that. And they'll ride no more."

Shadrow lashed out at him. "Shut up! You're the worst bungler in the lot! I ain't got a man I can put trust in. Ain't one of them with his heart in my affairs." Wheeling, he stamped into the office. Maunders looked slyly at Tolbert; and together they slowly followed. Shadrow was in the act of pouring himself a drink. "It ain't natural, it ain't reasonable," he burst out. "I'm the strongest man in this country. And still, by thunder, I can't nail Hugh Tracy in his tracks. What's the matter with us?"

"I can give you two pretty good reasons," muttered Maunders. "For one thing, Tracy's got your ticket."

"What in the name of creation does that mean?" yelled Shadrow. Outraged beyond measure, he swept all the accumulated papers off his desk with one hand.

"It's in the book," insisted Maunders. "He's got your ticket. You never will get him because you wasn't born to get him. That's what I mean. The deck don't cut that way. The bullet ain't in your gun that's goin' to hit him. Maybe you think you're the biggest bull buffalo on the prairie. You ain't. Tracy is."

"Go on," said Shadrow. "What else?"

Maunders' own throttled anger began to rise into his talk. "Confound you, Shadrow. You've got no loyalty comin' to you anyhow. Why should you have? You treat all of us like dung under your feet. You suppose a man is goin' to take a bat in the nose and then go out and lay himself open to a killin' because you want him to? Sure you got money. What of it? There ain't a ranch in the west that feeds as lousy, drives as hard, pays as little, or is as downright gloomy to work for as this one."

"You lost your nerve a week ago," gibed Shadrow. "You're through."

"Don't tell me when I'm through!" shouted Maunders. "You better sing humble. You've lost a lot of men at Tracy's hands and you'll lose more."

"We ran him out of the country," growled Shadrow, filling up his glass again. "He'll never dare to show around Powder again."

Lake Tolbert stood, as always, in a corner, his lank frame slouched against the wall. He broke his inscrutable silence for the first time.

"You're wrong, Tade. He'll be back."

Shadrow jerked his head about as if stung. "Another country heard from. You're supposed to be the best tracker in the country. Well, I'll say you're overrated. You lost Tracy's trail half a dozen times." Bending forward, he said slowly: "What's the matter, Lake? You losin' your nerve, too?"

"What would you think?" droned Tolbert.

The air of the room was packed with hostility. Maunders backed away and glanced over to Tolbert with a concentering interest. Shadrow's lewdly evil eyes sharpened and Tolbert's returning stare was fixed in an unchanging blankness. All this held on for a matter of moments; and was broken by Shadrow, who reached down to his filled glass and drank the liquor at a gulp.

"He never will dare to put his foot inside of Powder again," repeated Shadrow.

"He'll be knockin' at your door soon enough," replied Tolbert.

"Why?" cried Shadrow. "How can he? What with? How? Answer me that!"

"Because he's a fighter," said Tolbert slowly. "Because, when he gets his mind made up, he's like a bull on the charge. Never considerin' whether he'll stand or fall." And after a moment's thought he added: "Pretty hard to stop a man that won't be stopped."

"He'll never get far," said Shadrow. "He's alone."

"He'll have help," said Tolbert.

"Not enough help to amount to a tinker's dam! Look here, Lake, I've got this country under my little finger. Nobody dares to buck me."

But Tolbert shook his head slowly. "And that's why he'll have help. You've run your power high, wide and handsome and never gave anybody a break. A lot of people hate you, Tade. All that keeps 'em from workin' on you is fear. When they see a man like Tracy come fightin' back they'll join him. And he'll be knockin' at your door. Make up your mind to it."

"A fight, uh?" growled Shadrow. "All right. I'll see Mister Tracy accommodated. I'll lick him so bad and I'll lick this country so bad no man will ever dare look me in the face again. Fine! It's what I want!"

The other two said nothing. Shadrow sat down. Suddenly he raised his voice. "Lynn!" And after a moment he shouted her name again. "Lynn—come in here!"

"And that's another reason Hugh Tracy will be back," said Tolbert.

"How's that?" asked Shadrow.

"You fool," said Tolbert, almost roughly, "those two people—"

"Oh," said Shadrow and fell silent. "So that's it? That's why she came back and made such a play to have me draw off. I didn't quite see it then. Fond of him, uh?" Slowly the cast of the man's face changed to a sly and malicious humor. "Well, I know the answer to that."

THE door opened from the living-room and Lynn Isherwood came in reluctantly. Shadrow said, "Get out of here, boys. I'm talkin' to this fine lady that eats TS chuck and still tries to do it hurt. Go on—get out of here!"

Maunders went out with a swagger; but Tolbert clung to his place, more and more reserved of expression, until Shadrow's brittle words bit him again. "What's the matter, Lake? Understand American, don't you?"

At that Tolbert crossed the place quite slowly and went through the door. Just beyond he turned to look at the girl standing straight and calm in her place.

Maunders grumbled, "Come on, Lake."

Over by the bunkhouse all the crew stood in a thick circle. Talk rose in heated gusts; the two men walked that way, both preoccupied.

(To be continued next week)

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5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

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The result was Palmolive Shave Cream, different in action and effect than any you have ever known. It will show you that shaving troubles are unnecessary. For Palmolive, now used daily by 86% of all men who ever tried it, is the answer to all shaving discomforts.

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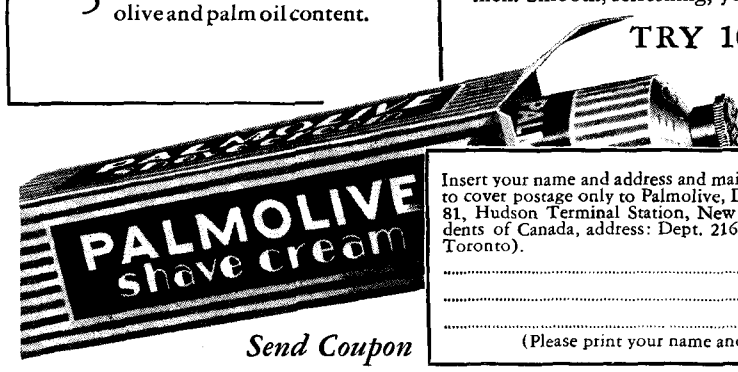

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Working on the Railroads

Continued from page 11

to pay, but which the railroads stubbornly retain in their capital structure. Many lines were built for no other purpose than blackmail, and the persistent effort to earn a return on this superfluous mileage is largely responsible for the railroad clamor for higher rates.

Statistics prove that half of the total ton-mileage is carried on 26,000 miles of line, or ten per cent of the total mileage, and that less than two per cent is carried on 73,311 miles of line. L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson, frankly admits that there are 30,000 miles of redundant trackage in the United States, costing $75,000,000 a year to operate and maintain.

Reorganizations and the abandonment of obsolete lines, obviously enough, are bound to result in a certain amount of loss, but there are many savings that can be made without hurt to the security holder, and to his eventual profit. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has already indicated a way by refusing to make loans to any railroad until excessive salaries have been reduced. There is justice in this stand, for at a time when dividends have been passed and bond owners are fearful of default, the pay rolls of thirty-seven Class One railroads show the staggering total of $8,000,000 annually for the salaries of presidents, vice presidents and chairmen of the boards alone.

By way of illustrating the possibilities of economy, two receivers for the Wabash, one getting $47,500 a year and the other $27,500, are now doing the work for which three executives formerly received $175,000. As a further instance, the New York Central has reduced its administrative pay roll by more than $500,000 a year, and that without apparent loss of efficiency.

The extent of pay roll waste on the railroads, however, can best be estimated by comparison with the salaries paid during wartime Federal control. At the right hand of Director-General McAdoo were six directors of divisions, and in direct charge of operations were seven regional directors, the very pick of railroad executives. It was with this personnel that the railways were rescued from chaos and transformed into a real transcontinental system. And what was the salary list? The heads of divisions received $25,000 a year each, five of the regional directors got $50,000 each, and two $40,000 each. A total of $480,000 annually for running all the railroads as compared to eight millions a year for the presidents, vice-presidents and chairmen of the boards of just thirty-seven lines today when traffic is off forty per cent.

Competition, the Bar to Profit

Coördination and coöperation, however, are the means by which the greatest economies will be effected. It is impossible to estimate accurately what the railroads lose annually by their competitive activities, but the sum runs high into the millions—a drain that has bled them white. Operating expenses for 1930 were almost two billions less than in 1920, yet the fact remains that these tremendous savings were offset by the wastes of competition.

In justice to the carriers, however, it should be said that such practices have actually been compelled by anti-trust legislation that made coöperation a crime. The new railroad law is designed to end this stupidity. Under the supervision of a Federal coördinator, the railways of the United States are divided into three regions, each region with a committee of five selected by the lines themselves. These committees are expected to go the limit in coöperative effort, freed from the threats of the Sherman Act, and, in the event that they balk at any obvious reform, the coordinator has the power to force action.

Contrary to general opinion, he is not a czar in any sense of the word, for what the government says to the railroads is no more than just this: "Make yourselves efficient. Instead of hindering, we stand ready to help. Get together without fear of the anti-trust laws, and work out your own salvation. Coöperate, coördinate and economize. You are going to have the fairest sort of field."

If the offer is accepted in good faith by the carriers, millions can be saved by the elimination of competitive waste. This is the deliberated judgment of Joseph B. Eastman, for fourteen years a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and now occupying the high post of Federal Coördinator. A slow-spoken, somewhat slow-moving man, but a good deal like granite when he is sure of his facts.

"The railroads," Mr. Eastman declares, "have an army of solicitors whose main purpose is to divert traffic from one line to another, and very often from a direct and economical route to one that is circuitous and uneconomical. There is all manner of unnecessary and duplicate service in both passenger and freight departments.

"The same is true of terminal facilities and service. Because of competition, storage and warehouse facilities are being provided at the large centers far beyond any real need and at charges which are utterly unremunerative. Competition stands in the way of standardization and pooling of equipment, which would save both in original cost and in use, and particularly in the return of empty cars. It stands in the way of the most effective coöperation in research on types of equipment, economy in purchases, and improvements in methods of operation and service.

The Advantages of Pooling

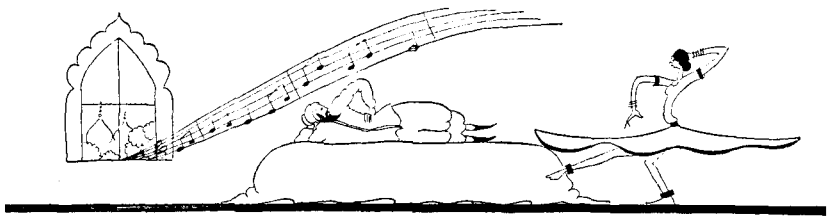
Who is not familiar with the spectacle of excessive passenger service between competitive terminal points such as Washington and New York or Chicago and St. Louis? Long, heavy and expensive trains rumbling along, almost side by side, the cars half full. What more sensible than for the competing lines to pool such traffic, cutting the service down to actual needs, thereby filling the cars, and then dividing receipts on an equitable basis?

Until recently the Northern Pacific operated four trains daily in each direction between the Twin Cities and Duluth and Superior; the Great Northern three, and the Soo Lines three. By virtue of a pool, the three lines reduced the number of daily trains from ten to six without impairment of service, thereby saving $200,000 annually. The Transportation Act of 1920 specifically permitted pooling, and not the least indictment against the railroads is that they have refused to take full advantage of it. Now the government is going to make them do it.

"Terminals are the graveyard of cars." So says every railroad man. Two thirds of a box car's life is spent in the yards, for switching makes up sixty per cent of its movement. The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that terminal costs are frequently three times as much as the cost of the road haul, a main reason for high freight rates. Even the publication, Railway Age, stanch champion of the steam lines, frankly confesses that the possibilities of saving in yard operation are practically limitless.

The one and only reason for separate terminals in metropolitan areas is a road's desire for competitive and often monopolistic advantage. It is not a condition that will be allowed to persist. Either the railroads themselves will make arrangements for the unification of terminals or their joint use, or else the Federal Coördinator will step in. If his power is disputed or even blocked by lack of coöperation, it may well be that the government will exercise its right of eminent domain, and take over the terminals for Federal operation, their use open to all at just compensation to the owners.

The same senseless competition is seen in the matter of passenger terminals, for while the number of union stations is increasing, many roads still cling to their own separate depots. Joint ticket offices are equally dictated by common sense, and thousands can be saved by cutting down the horde of solicitors. Not a road made money on its passenger business last year, yet close



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The world's most luxurious residence is the "Palace of the Winds" in Jaipur City, India. This great marble building, which cost the maharajah $50,000,000, contains every known device for comfort and pleasure, including musical instruments attached to each of the 3,462 windows so that they sing when the wind blows through them.

The American College of Surgeons has in its files today authenticated records of 8,840 patients who have been definitely cured of cancer. Many of them did not begin treatment until they were past the first stages of the disease.

The United States not only produces sixty per cent of the world's petroleum, but geologists state there is a possibility of discovering oil in an area 440 times larger than our present producing territory, or in 56 per cent of the total land of this country.

In the United States today the alimony granted to a wife in either a separation or a divorce case averages about one third of the husband's income.—*By Ruth Carson, New York City.*

During the early days of Christianity, many ardent adherents had the name of Christ branded on their foreheads.

Medical science records fewer than ten cases of progeria, a baffling senile condition that afflicts little children. It produces white hair, wrinkled skin and general debility in the child, sometimes even before he has learned to walk.—*By Mrs. H. F. Kendall, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Many races in many parts of the world still consider a married couple not truly married until they have had a child.

Buckingham Palace still maintains a large drinking-room for its 250 royal servants where they may purchase a variety of fine liquors. It was established many years ago by Queen Victoria to encourage her household to do its drinking—and gossiping—inside instead of outside the palace.

The hydra, a small fresh-water polyp, is one of nature's strangest creatures. It is capable not only of swallowing an animal 50 times its own size, but of functioning normally when turned inside out.—*By Lawrence Dawson III, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.*

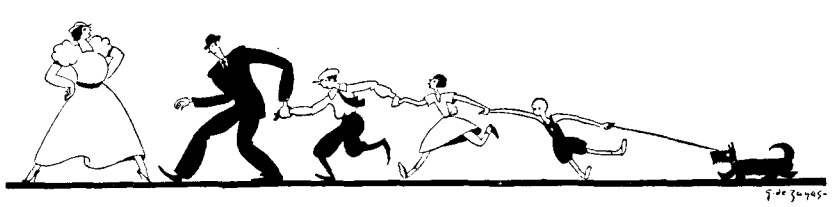
One of the most astonishing changes brought about by machinery is found in the electrical manufacturing industry. Today as many light bulbs are produced by one man-hour and a high-speed machine as were produced by 9,000 man-hours in 1914.

A strange condition is caused by syringomyelia, a disease of the spinal cord. While not harming the sense of touch in the hand, it does destroy the ability to feel heat and pain. Thus a victim may burn his hand and not realize it until he sees the smoke or smells the singed flesh. —*By M. S. Cargill, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Ohio has such a comprehensive criminal syndicalism law that a person violates it simply by advocating the cancellation of war debts.

A recent development in crime detection is a method of determining the age of handwriting by chemically analyzing the spread of the invisible chlorides in the ink.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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to $40,000,000 was spent in the competitive struggle for such business as there was.

The "war of produce terminals" has long been a source of heavy railroad loss. Buffalo possesses two terminals costing around nine millions, with equally large maintenance charges, and each is being used at less than half capacity. A similar condition exists in Detroit, Philadelphia, New York and other large cities. The Erie and the Pennsylvania pay an annual rental of $440,000 a year for their separate terminals in New York, although the combined traffic could easily be handled by one.

The "empty car" movement is a large item in the operating expense of every railroad. The reason for it, in large measure, is a charge of one dollar a day that every line has to pay for each car on its rails belonging to another road. As a consequence, foreign cars are shot back to the owner road as quickly as possible, often at passenger-train speed, either completely empty or else less than a quarter loaded. A pooling arrangement would put an end to this expensive stupidity.

There are now about two hundred different types of locomotives, and two thousand different styles of freight cars. Standardization would not only cheapen production costs but, what is more important, would facilitate the exchange of equipment, and make possible the joint use of repair shops. As it is today, one line has equipment standing idle while another suffers from a shortage, and when a breakdown occurs, the car or locomotive is laboriously lugged a hundred or two hundred miles instead of being fixed in the nearest shop.

There are also large possibilities for coöperation in the purchase of material and supplies, and likewise in experimentation and research.

They Want Their Own Way

No doubt the railroads will "play the game" with the Federal Coördinator, going in for coöperation and coördination with every appearance of heartiness. It is also not to be doubted, however, that they will continue to back the consolidation movement that has always been their desire. In this, it must be admitted, the carriers have considerable backing, for the National Transportation Committee in its recent report went so far as to say that "regional consolidations should be hastened and, where necessary, enforced, looking eventually to a single national system with regional divisions."

It is not a new idea, for as early as 1920 Congress authorized the Interstate Commerce Commission to work out a combination of the railroads of the United States into a limited number of properly balanced systems. This was done, and the Commission presented a consolidation plan that had due regard for the country as a whole. Without even waiting for the hearings that would have permitted fair discussion, several powerful groups instituted a course of actions for the purpose of defeating the plan and compelling the adoption of one of their own.

The Pennsylvania, contrary to the desire of the Interstate Commerce Commission, proceeded to acquire control of the Wabash, the Lehigh Valley, the New Haven, the Boston and Maine, the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, the Seaboard Air Line and various other properties.

The Van Sweringen interests brought the following roads under a common control: the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Erie, the Nickel Plate, the Pere Marquette, the Missouri Pacific, and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. The Commission had once forbidden the acquisition of the Erie by the Nickel Plate, and again refused to let it be acquired by the Chesapeake and Ohio.

The Baltimore and Ohio received permission to buy control of the Chicago and Alton, but disobeyed the Commission's mandate when it purchased a major interest in the Western Maryland and in the Reading company.

These acquisitions completely disrupted the Commission's plan, and blocked opportunity for the orderly, well-balanced consolidation that had been hoped for. It was as if the Big Three had drawn a circle around the rich and populous East, a circle in which they proposed to rule despotically, leaving only bleeding stumps to serve the rest of the country. Moreover, at no point were these acquisitions marked by any appearance of regard for the security holders, purchases being made with a recklessness that emptied treasuries and destroyed credit.

They'll Have to Like It

It is because of these things that the government is in no mood for consolidation. It has too many dangers, especially at the present time—too many opportunities for waste and skullduggery, and the process would require too much watching. Coöperation and coördination appear to be the better way, and that is the way the government is going. And the railroads will have to go along whether they like it or not.

As a matter of truth, they should *like* it, for while the government is going to demand a good deal, it is also going to give a good deal. Trucks and busses will not be taxed off the highways, but a stricter regulation of commercial motor transports may be expected to give the railroads relief from an unfair rivalry. It is equally certain that inland waterways, so long subsidized by Federal funds, will be required to stand on their own legs.

All of which should give large hope to labor, now fearful that elimination of the wastes of competition will result in further unemployment. The wider use of motor transport in terminals and on branch and feeder lines will call for more men, not fewer, and modernized equipment, with short, high-speed trains, should win back much of the passenger and freight business that the railroads have lost to the truck and bus by sheer default.

On the whole, the outlook for the railroad was never brighter, and this despite lack of money, lack of traffic and lack of credit. For the first time in years they have the whole-hearted support of the government, and with hampering restrictions removed are able to go as far as their initiative will carry them. It is the opportunity for which they have been clamoring, and it certainly behooves the carriers to take full advantage of it. Not at all by way of a threat, but merely as a friendly warning, it may be pointed out that the people of the United States, particularly the 900,000 who have their savings in railway securities, are in no temper for further failures or betrayals.

Up to the present time, Americans have had an almost fanatical faith in the superior efficiency of private enterprise. Anything and everything savoring of government ownership was anathema. Today, however, this faith is no longer a fetish. The railroads, along with every other kind of private undertaking that does the large-scale business of the country, are being viewed with a coldly critical, even hostile eye. All the large claims that private enterprise is automatically forceful, progressive, honest and economical have ceased to be accepted as gospel truths.

They must be proved.

He Invented the Foods Shot from Guns

You owe these puffed foods, and all your delight in them, to Prof. A. P. Anderson.

He was seeking a way to break up starch granules so the digestive juices could get to them.

He was aiming to blast the starch granules to pieces by an explosion of steam.

When he did this, he found that he had created the most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Note the curious process

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then these guns are revolved, for forty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

This terrific heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly the steam explodes every granule into myriads of particles.

The kernel of grain is expanded eight times. It becomes four times as porous as bread.

Yet the wheat or rice berry remains shaped as before. We have simply the magnified grain.

Puffed Wheat, 10c—Puffed Rice, 15c

There was never a cereal food half so delicious. Never one more digestible.

Think of unbroken wheat or rice berries puffed to eight times their size.

They are so porous that they melt in the mouth. Yet they are crisp.

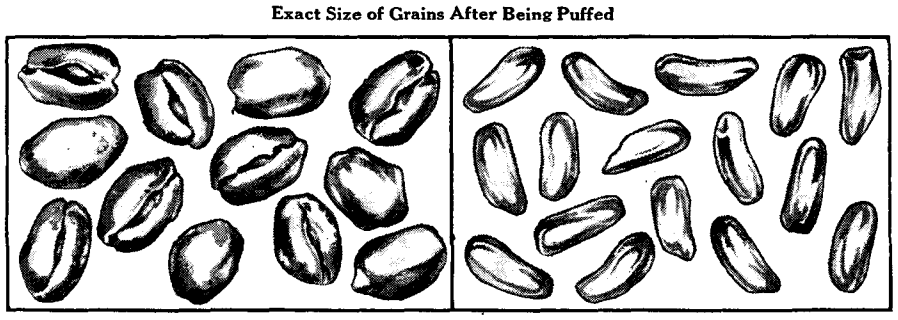
Let the Children Know

Get one package of the Quaker Puffed Rice, and one of the Quaker Puffed Wheat.

Get both, because they differ vastly. Let the children decide what they want.

Don't wait till tomorrow — order them now. For you are missing a food that's better than any you know.

Exact Size of Grains After Being Puffed



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Trial and Error

Continued from page 12

. . . as if he had reached the end of a scientific quest. He said: "I begin to be interested in you, Miss Sturgis. The intuitive stroke, at the right moment, is woman's greatest gift."

"If you let go my hands, you big brute, I'll give you another intuitive stroke."

"I'll retain them as hostages, Miss Sturgis—little white hostages. Also because your resentment burns up your inhibitions and makes it easier for us to talk."

Haliburton's mind had irretrievably departed from Group Illusions by this time and had leaped ahead into a newly conceived chapter to be called "Love, a Science." He sounded out Miss Sturgis on the subject and found, to his surprise, that she was not incapable of independent thought. When he asked her what kind of men appealed to her most, for example, she replied: "Just now . . . dead men." Haliburton considered the reply cryptic and let it pass.

Further adroit questioning brought out that Miss Sturgis' parents were as thoroughly and happily separated as his own. Hers, being bad sailors, lived in Philadelphia and Pasadena respectively. His lived in Paris, one on the Right Bank and the other on the Left. "With suitable scientific investigation, Miss Sturgis, our parents would never have married."

"What! And we, I dare say, would never have been born."

"That doesn't follow. Anyway, my dear girl, it's beside the point."

"What point? Are you trying to prove something, Haliburton?" The better to gesture, he had released one of her hands, and she bent down and put Take It or Leave It on the red phonograph.

Haliburton began to explain, with gestures. He had visions of the new love, Love, A Science, Chapter XI. Why, a man of science with training might make something wonderful even out of a little plasmodium like Miss Sturgis. "The point, Miss Sturgis, is that a great opportunity to serve mankind is before us." He outlined some of his hopes in connection with Human Relations, especially Chapter XI. The red phonograph screeched "You'd better take me or leave me no-o-w . . ."

"I see," said Miss Sturgis. "You want me to supply data for the love interest."

"DATA? Not data at all. I want you to *be* the love interest, Miss Sturgis. You and I, a scientist and his subject, a man and a woman, can provide a laboratory demonstration of the principle of scientific love. With one clear and lightning stroke we can put an end to all this bathos about moonlight and orchids and establish the true love, the love to end love, as it is now misunderstood." The red phonograph sang "You'd better take me . . . while you can get me . . ." until Haliburton kicked it viciously. "We, Miss Sturgis, shall require more than the provocative hollow at the base of your throat and the deep rumble of my voice as the measure of our matability. We shall investigate not only our physical attraction ratio but our mental stimulus and emotional equilibrium quotients as well. We shall approach the whole thing, as science approaches everything, by trial and error."

Linda Sturgis, too stunned to resent even the silencing of her phonograph, blinked at Haliburton warily, ready to scratch, slap, bite, or jump at an instant's notice. "Are you insulting me, Haliburton? Or is this a proposal? Because I might as well tell you I'm devoting these holidays to the specific task of getting myself engaged to Freddie Chapman, of the Glen Cove Chapmans, a boy in all respects normal. And I see no reason why I should sacrifice my young love life on the altar of science with a nut."

"But you don't understand, Miss Sturgis. I am offering you your one chance for happiness. What about your parents? And mine? And Eugenie? All unhappy and divorced. What does it prove if you marry and divorce a Chapman of the Glen Cove Chapmans? . . . whereas, if after our experiments I finally marry you, it proves everything. . . ."

"Perhaps." Miss Sturgis apparently thought she'd better humor him until they reached a town and a cop. "And these experiments? Or am I not supposed to know what they are . . . until too late?"

"You shall know at once, Miss Sturgis." Haliburton's long left arm captured Miss Sturgis. "We begin, you see, with this primary test of our physical attraction ratio . . ."

"Here! Leggo me!" Miss Sturgis began to fight. "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to kiss you, my dear. That's simple, isn't it? If we don't get a thrill out of it—why, then there will be no use experimenting further. Yes, you may struggle if you want to. The attitude is conventional and pointless but . . ."

HALIBURTON prevailed in spite of all struggles and threats. He lifted up Miss Sturgis' chin and kissed her very gently and sweetly right on the mouth, and then a little less gently, and then, alas, somewhat wildly and continuously. Finally he said: "I really regret this exceedingly, Miss Sturgis. It might appear that I simply wanted to kiss you . . ."

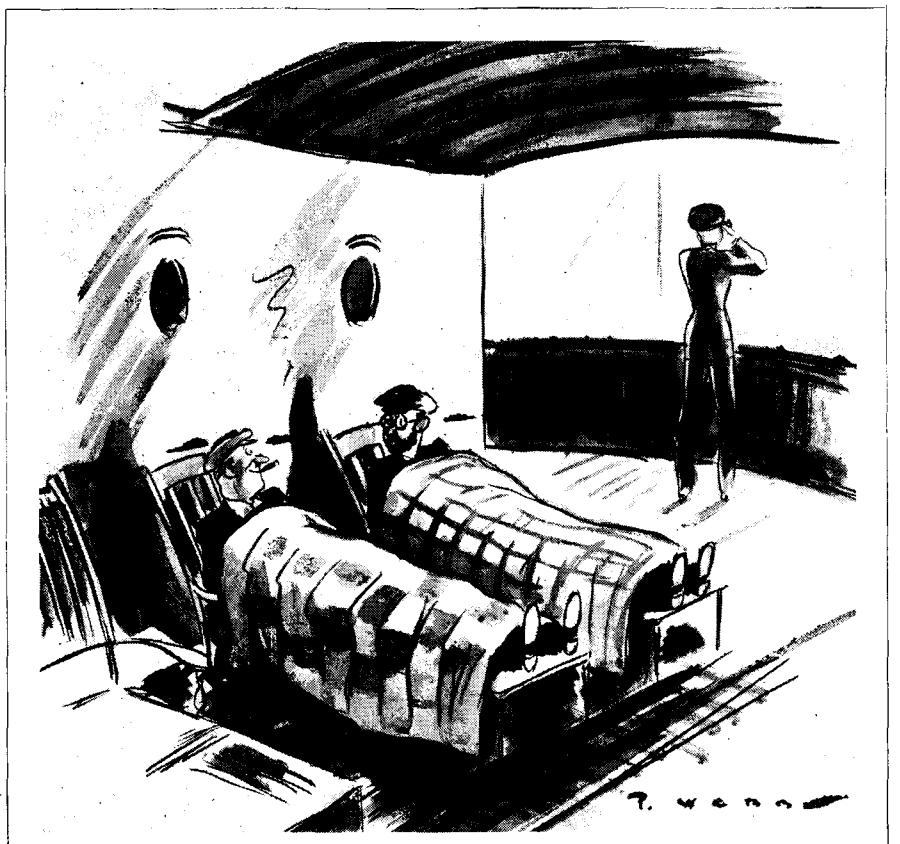
"Well, if you didn't, you can take punishment."

"Oh, I enjoyed it . . . I am happy to report. But now we must forget our personal bias and get right down to scientific brass tacks." Haliburton got out a pencil and an envelope. "Now just in your own words, Miss Sturgis, what were your emotions while I held you in my arms?"

"You knocked all the wind out of me, Haliburton. How do I know how I felt?"

"Too bad. We shall have to repeat the experiment. And this time, Miss Sturgis, kindly try to fight less and feel a little more."

EUGENIE'S family had lived at 3 East 69th Street for a good many years and the house had much dignity and solidity. Only Eugenie and Michael, the stern-faced major-domo, were left of them now. She was smiling up at George Sturgis as they came in from somewhere, because he had just said something in dead earnest which men say ordinarily as a mere gallantry. Her white-gloved hand rested in Sturgis' arm. He cavaliered her as if she were something fragile and very precious. She was very precious to Sturgis. He was tall and spare and important and wore his top hat well.



"This transatlantic phone is a great thing, all right. My wife still thinks I'm in Philadelphia" *Paul Webb*

Michael accepted their wraps as if it were part of a pleasant, often-repeated ritual. Eugenie said: "We've been gay, Michael. We've had champagne. . . . Is Mr. Webb home yet?" She meant her nephew, Webb Francis Haliburton, of course. He wasn't home yet. "But he's not out with Linda, is he, George?"

"No—for once!" Sturgis did not seem to care for Haliburton. "Tonight she is, or is supposed to be, at the Castleman début party at the Glorioso with Freddie Chapman . . . of whom I eminently approve."

"Oh, don't let her marry a Chapman, George. Webb wants her."

"Well, he doesn't show it. They came in about two the other night fairly clawing each other, because he called her an extrovert—whatever that is. She put a record on her phonograph and he snatched it off and broke it. Then they went over to a place on Madison Avenue for bacon and eggs."

Eugenie and Sturgis had come into the library with joined hands. They didn't say anything but their hands were joined, so that one might have suspected their love was not quite so phony as Haliburton had tried to make out. Eugenie was kneeling to light the fire, her sweeping skirt held up in her hand, while she talked to Sturgis over the exquisite white curve of her shoulder. She got up and went to the divan where he was and sat close to him and put her white arm around his neck. They kissed each other. He had to go to Ecuador the following week and he was thinking what it would be like to take Eugenie to Ecuador. "Suppose I take you to Ecuador with me next week, Eugenie."

Her head had slipped down into the hollow of his shoulder. "I've been waiting for you to ask me. Shall I need summer things?" Her entire body stiffened with some inner alarm. "George? You don't mean marry, do you?" She was really trembling. "I was so imprisoned in it once and I'm afraid I might get to hate you that way too. I'd die if I ever didn't love you, George." He was very tender with her and she was soon smiling again. "You know, Webb says his book Human Relations will eliminate unhappy marriages."

Sturgis said: "There is going to be a Mrs. Sturgis on that boat to Ecuador, Eugenie, or . . ."

MICHAEL backed into the library, gesticulating angrily. He tried to announce someone but a young man pushed past him almost before Eugenie and Sturgis could get to their feet. He was a fair, well-fed young man but his evening dress was dusty, his hair in loops on his forehead, his stuttering half intelligible. "Mr. Sturgis? I trailed you here from your apartment, Mr. Sturgis. It's about Linda, sir. She's been kidnapped. She was taken . . ."

"Sit down, Freddie. This is Freddie Chapman, Eugenie." George Sturgis was not as excited as he might have been. He was accustomed to lurid announcements about his little sister, who, in other years, had run away from two girls' schools in Paris and was once upon a time reported, erroneously, to have eloped with an Argentine. "Pour yourself a spot of that brandy, Freddie, and tell us all about it."

The Courvoisier seemed to help Freddie. "You see, Linda and I were leaving the Glorioso, Mr. Sturgis, the Castleman party. There was a jam at the Park Avenue entrance and we went down to the corner to catch a cross-town-headed cab. This young . . . I guess he was a gangster all right . . . stepped right out of a doorway and grabbed Linda's arm, just as if he had a right to. He said to her: 'What d'you mean wasting our time with dumb animals?' To me he said: 'You keep out of this. You're nothing but a symbol. Interfere and I'll sock you.'"

"And then he socked you, Freddie?"

"That's right." Freddie gulped a little more brandy. "He socked me and the next thing I knew a cop was fanning my face. I've given the police a good description, Mr. Sturgis. I could pick that young thug out of a rogues' gallery of ten thousand."

Sturgis took a stand photograph of Webb Francis Haliburton from the library table and put it into Freddie's uncertain hands. "That isn't the rogues' gallery . . . not yet . . . but it may help us as a start."

Freddie took another bite of brandy and stared at the picture again. "Why . . . that's him, Mr. Sturgis. That's the very fellow who socked me. It's . . ."

"I thought so. Come along, Freddie. We'll go find them . . . if we have to comb every speakeasy in the East Fifties."

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In East 54th Street is a speakeasy called "The Professor's" because it caters, with considerable acumen, to the thirst of a certain intelligentsia. New realms of science, new schools of art are created in The Professor's nearly every night, and Haliburton thought the intellectual—and moderately breathable—atmosphere might exorcise his Linda's mind of its regrettable preoccupation with frocks, fancy foods, and fat-heads like Freddie Chapman.

He got her as far as an empty booth finally, quite unaware of the appreciative references to "black swans" which trailed her clinging black chiffon and the radiance of her fair hair and her bare shoulders all the way down the long room. Linda was too mad to care. "You may call it scientific love, Haliburton, but I call it rough stuff. Who do you think you are that you can sock my Freddie on the chin right in front of the Glorioso and drag me, new gown and all, into a dive?"

"IT WAS not in front of the Glorioso," said Haliburton. "It was on the corner. Try to be more accurate."

"I won't. I loathe accuracy. Tomorrow I shall kiss Freddie's bruises and . . . and elope with him. And furthermore, just because a man makes love to me doesn't prove he is a fat-head."

"I didn't say Freddie, specifically, was a fat-head."

"You did too. You said you supposed that fat-head was making love to me again."

"Well, what I meant to say was that you shouldn't waste precious time, not only with Freddie but with all fat-heads, while our experiment hangs so precariously in the balance."

"It's overbalanced as far as I'm concerned."

"How can you talk like that, Linda? You don't seem to realize what this moment may mean to the world. My Chapter XI, Love, A Science, is actually two thirds written, and I've rated us as high as ninety-seven and a half per cent on physical attraction. Think of it!" Haliburton slipped around the narrow table and tried to kiss her angry little mouth.

Linda pushed him away. She was still mad, bewildered, and by now almost tearful. "You are simply trying to make out with all those words that Freddie and I are a couple of fat-heads. Well, why don't you leave us alone then? We're satisfied. I'd a lot rather flirt with a fat-head like Freddie than be a mere chapter in some lunatic's book . . . although by lunatic I don't mean you, necessarily."

"Please don't, Linda darling." Haliburton wound her slender arm through his and spread her finger tips on his sleeve. "We mustn't flub this love affair of love affairs just when success is within our grasp. We are all set . . . except for my emotional equilibrium. I can't sleep. When I do sleep I dream . . . that you are at the altar of St. Bartholomew's being married to Freddie Chapman . . . and liking it . . . while I lie dying of a broken heart."

Linda's fingers had slipped down until they rested softly on the back of Haliburton's hand. "Would you really die of a broken heart, poor baby? But I've spent my whole holiday with you, morning, night and noon. . . . " She started suddenly, turned over her fingers and saw a spot of blood on them. She didn't quite scream. "Haliburton! You're bleeding! Will you look what that fat-headed Freddie's chin has done to your poor hand!"

They spent a half hour with reconciliation and whispers and promises. A long sigh escaped Haliburton. "There is only one way out for us, Linda. We have three days left of our vacation and we must go away together to recover our emotional equilibrium. I know a little winter sports place called Spy Hill Inn, hidden away in the high Catskills."

"You mean . . . elope? By way of Greenwich, or just elope?"

Haliburton stiffened. "Although a scientist I am also a gentleman. It will be an elopement only in name."

"That doesn't sound so thrilling. What am I to do while you are writing and equilibrating? Ski? I am a three-point skier and I don't care for the sport. Look! Will you look, Haliburton! Those two men who have just come in. They look unpleasantly familiar. They remind me of Freddie Chapman and my big brother George. And my brother had that same special ferocity in his face the last time he cut off my allowance. Quick! Let's hide!"

Haliburton held her in the booth. "My dear Linda, Haliburtons never hide." The Professor, an Avenue A Genoese who never heard of the sixth grade, was passing down the aisle and Haliburton stopped him. "What d'you mean letting those fellows in here, Professor? What? They said what?"

"But Meester Haleyburtone . . . sure . . . they want special to see you. They say they are your frien'. . . ."

"Whatever they say, Professor, they are nothing but a couple of informers, professional witnesses. They are here to shake you down . . . unless you pitch them into the street."

"So? They shake me down?" The Professor made a sharp, angry, sibilant noise with his lips which sent four waiters and three barmen into the front of the long room.

People began standing up in their booths for a better view. There were waiters and barmen all around George Sturgis and Freddie Chapman. There was George Sturgis' commanding voice cutting through the clamor of Italian. And then George Sturgis made the mistake of punching the gesticulating Professor in the nose.

So, in a way, it was his fault. It was certainly no fault of Freddie Chapman's, although he landed outside on the 54th Street pavement with the same velocity and impact with which George Sturgis had preceded him. He sat up and rubbed his chin and regarded the return to consciousness of Mr. George Sturgis with the understanding of experience. "No girl in the world," he said, "is worth getting socked on the chin for more than once in the same evening."

IT WAS nearly two o'clock and Eugenie had been getting more and more worried as the hour had passed without any message. She was concerned not only for the safety of Webb Francis Haliburton, but also because of that remark of George Sturgis' which Freddie Chapman's arrival had so fortunately interrupted—"There will be a Mrs. Sturgis on that boat to Ecuador or . . ." It had sounded to Eugenie very much as though the last word might have been "else" if George could have uttered it.

Eugenie thought she heard someone in the hall. She had sent Michael to bed and forgot for the moment that Webb had a key. She was surprised to find Haliburton and Miss Sturgis out there whispering and walking on tiptoes. Miss Sturgis had changed into a tweed suit and she had two traveling cases with her. One of them was red. Haliburton was just about to dash up the stairway. He said: "Oh, hello, Eugenie. Didn't know you were up. Take care of Linda, will you? . . . while I jump upstairs and pack a bag. And would you phone up Jasper? I'd like the big car for a few days."

Eugenie said: "Thank Heaven you're safe, if you are crazy."

(Continued on page 42)

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Miss Sturgis slapped him for that. She was a realistic little person

(Continued from page 41)

Miss Sturgis said: "I'm the one who isn't safe. Haliburton and I are eloping to Spy Hill Inn. I've done safer things."

Eugenie took Miss Sturgis into the library. She listened patiently to the possibilities of Spy Hill Inn as a scientific test tube to measure the ingredients of love. "Yes, we shall be utterly alone up there, nothing but snow and Haliburton for three days." Miss Sturgis was lyric about it. "If I can stand him that long I can stand him forever."

"And if you can't . . . ?"

"If she can't, she'd better find it out." Haliburton appeared to answer the question. "We have reduced everything to a mere difference of emotional equilibrium. We don't fiddle along for years the way you and Sturgis do, Eugenie, afraid to face the fact that perhaps your mental stimulus quotient is deficient."

"Webb, you can't take the responsibility of carrying off this young girl . . . without even a chaperon . . . to a . . ."

"Eugenie!" Haliburton was very severe. "She will be as safe with me at Spy Hill as she would be . . . in a taxicab with Freddie Chapman."

"And a lot safer, I hope," said Miss Sturgis. "Freddie made me walk home from 110th Street entrance to Central Park one afternoon."

After a pause Eugenie said: "Very well then, since both of you are determined. But I can't spare the big car and Jasper. You will have to take the coupé."

Eugenie had thought of a solution for everything. She could scarcely wait for Haliburton and Miss Sturgis to stop fussing with bags and coats and get themselves into the coupé which a roused and rebellious Jasper had brought around from the garage. "Where'm they all goin', Miss 'Genie? This ain't no time of night fo' goin'."

Eugenie took him into the hall. "As soon as they turn the corner, Jasper, I want you to hurry back and bring around the big car. And pick up a New York State map. We are looking for a place called Spy Hill Inn". . . where, she had decided, there would be nothing but snow, and two children in love, and no one, however dear, to pick up a telephone and demand that she be Mrs. Sturgis on a boat bound for Ecuador or . . . or else.

THE coupé rolled out Riverside at no great speed. Haliburton figured they must drive the rest of the night anyway to reach Spy Hill, and so there was no hurry. They would follow the Drive and Broadway out along the Hudson as far, anyway, as Dobbs Ferry.

The steady pace soothed Linda's somewhat strained nerves and she yawned prettily through her fingers and let her head rest softly on Haliburton's shoulder. "Do you feel especially wicked, Haliburton darling?"

"Wicked? How ridiculous! Do you?"

"No, I just feel sleepy."

Even at the late hour there was a good bit of traffic moving uptown, so that when a big closed car with drawn curtains shot past them as the lights changed at 125th Street, Haliburton did not notice it. He gave some slight attention to a yellow taxicab which tried to jump the light and follow the big closed car. He did not give it enough attention or he might have observed an angry and excited man in the yellow cab, a man with a black eye and a smashed top hat and a truly remarkable vocabulary apropos of traffic lights, intellectual speakeasies, and young, scientific idiots. George Sturgis had arrived in front of Number 3 East 69th Street just as the big car with its portentously drawn curtains had turned the corner into Fifth Avenue, and he had jumped to certain conclusions as to who was in it. He assumed his little sister and Webb Francis Haliburton were in it and, with intent to murder and also to spank, he and his taxicab were going to pursue them if they had to go to Montreal. "And I wouldn't be surprised," he growled.

The coupé was just ambling along. Pretty soon Miss Sturgis roused from her cat-nap, yawned, and straightened her hat. "Where are we, Haliburton dear?"

"Just this side of Irvington."

Miss Sturgis murmured: "Just this side of Paradise."

Haliburton said sharply: "Don't be frivolous, Linda. You seem to forget this is a scientific expedition."

"Yes, Haliburton. I'll try to remember." She was very meek and sleepy. After a minute she said: "How do you spell equilibrium?"

Haliburton smiled and spelled it. Her mind was apparently turning in the right direction. "The problem, my dear, is not how to spell it but how to achieve it. We shall have to give up many things."

"What sort of things? Cigarettes?"

He shook his head impatiently. "No. But calling me Haliburton for one thing. My name is Webb."

"Yes, Hali . . . Webb." Miss Sturgis was busy pulling one of her traveling cases up on her knees and trying to open it, a little red traveling case.

"And all the frivolities such as clothes and bridge and dancing. Oh, we may waltz once in a while . . ." The sudden strains of Try a Little Tenderness burst scratchily from the little red phonograph on Miss Sturgis' knees and made Haliburton shudder and grip hard on the wheel. "And that! That abomination!"

He pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped. "How can you expect a man to have any emotional equilibrium with some crooner bawling romantic bilge at him all the time? Throw that blasted thing in the ditch!" he commanded.

"No!" With a final wailing appeal for a little more tenderness, the red phonograph was closed, locked, and enwrapped lovingly in Miss Sturgis' arms.

HALIBURTON stared at her. "I'm sorry, Linda, but this is our first major test. Our emotional equilibrium is at stake, and I for one cannot temporize on a matter of scientific principles. You will throw that yapping instrument of torture in the ditch or . . . or get out and walk."

"Walk? How can I walk? I have on high-heeled shoes. You take me home, you big brute." Miss Sturgis put her phonograph firmly and safely on the floor and began to cry real tears. "I was going on this trip only because I thought you loved me, and because you need me, or somebody, to take care of you. But you only want to torment me and spoil all my fun. And I hate you!"

"You don't hate me, Linda. You hate science."

"I hate you both!"

Haliburton reached across and opened the door on her side. "Have you any money, Miss Sturgis? The railroad station at Irvington is just about a nice mile . . . which will be plenty by the time you get there with your private jazz band under your arm."

Miss Sturgis glanced at Haliburton

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and saw that he meant it. In a way, she would have hated him worse if he hadn't meant it. The thing she liked about Haliburton was that he stood for no nonsense, except his own. "Maybe we better think it over before I go, Haliburton. If you would only give me a minute or two by myself to think everything over, darling, I might be able to see your point of view."

"Very well." He climbed out from under the wheel and shut her in the car by herself. "I shall walk up to that garage. I want to find out where we can cross the river at this time of night anyway." He lighted a cigarette with great deliberation. "And when I get back, my dear, I shall expect that mere musical instrument which you value above love and science and humanity to be gone."

It was. When Haliburton came back to the very spot about five minutes later, the red phonograph had utterly vanished. So had Miss Sturgis. So had the coupé. And so had Chapter XI, Love, A Science. "Name me one," demanded Haliburton of the black hours of a winter morning, with a cold wind blowing up from the Hudson, one mile this side of the Irvington railroad station, ". . . just name me one great woman psychologist in all the world."

HALIBURTON arrived back at 3 East 69th Street at six-thirty A. M., and Michael, answering the door in his dressing-gown, took one look at him and went to fix some coffee. In the dining-room he said: "You look as though you needed a little bracing, sir."

"Thank you, Michael. I feel fine." At least, Haliburton assured himself, his emotional equilibrium felt fine. In fact, he was no longer conscious of having any. The needle of his emotional equilibrium pointed to exactly zero. "So I am now free to devote my life to science."

"What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing, Michael. No more coffee. You say my aunt left no address?"

"Miss Eugenie merely said that she would return in three days, Mr. Webb."

Haliburton went upstairs and lay down on the bed in his dressing-gown. But he wasn't sleepy. He wondered if Miss Sturgis had arrived home safely. He never expected to find out, but he wondered anyway. He intended to ignore Miss Sturgis, not only actually, but in his mind, and with that intention he went to the desk and took out of Human Relations the pages which had any bearing on Love, A Science, and tore them into many little bits. While he was at it he destroyed two other chapters which seemed no longer so true, Planning Your Happiness and The Science of Success. About ten o'clock he called the Sturgis apartment on the phone just to tell that girl what he thought of her and to thank her for the return of his emotional equilibrium.

He wasn't permitted to speak to Miss Sturgis. The maid said Miss Sturgis was still asleep, but Haliburton heard strains of Try a Little Tenderness coming faintly through the receiver and so he told the maid she was a liar. He kept calling up to tell Miss Sturgis what he thought of her all the rest of that day and up until midnight of the next day. The outraged maid's report was invariably either "Miss Sturgis is asleep, sir," or "Miss Sturgis is not at home, sir," or "Miss Sturgis is out with Mr. Chapman, sir."

Just to make sure, Haliburton walked up and down in front of 383 Park Avenue, the Sturgis apartment, from ten until midnight, and then he felt sort of weak and decided he'd better go home. A stranger touched his arm. "You all right, brother? You look shot and you staggered just then."

"I'm all right, thanks. I guess I need sleep. I haven't had any for three days."

He went home in a taxicab and climbed the stairway to his room. The light had been left on over the dressing-table and Haliburton stood there in front of the mirror and stared at the reflection of his youthful but fatigue-lined face. "Haliburton, you fat-head," he said to his image, "you're just common in love. You're in love with that Sturgis girl and there is nothing scientific about it. You don't care a hoot in hell what she does to your emotional equilibrium. You just want her. And you can't get her. You can't even see her."

AT HIS desk his arm fell limply across the manuscript of Human Relations and he picked it up in his hands and murmured the title, as if he had realized for the first time what it meant. "Human Relations," he whispered. "Planning Your Happiness. Love, A Science." And all the time he was murmuring his busy hands were tearing Human Relations into little squares about an inch big and scattering them all over the desk and the rug. "And there," he said with a touch of his old vigor, "there goes a career!"

The telephone rang, first faintly downstairs and then noisily from his bed-table extension. Haliburton leaped and grabbed it. "Yes, yes . . . is it you . . . is it you, Linda?"

The voice of Miss Sturgis in the receiver said: "What's the matter with you, Haliburton? Are you tight? I'm worried about my brother. Is Eugenie home? You what?"

"I say I love you, Linda. I adore you. I don't care anything about Eugenie and your brother."

"Well, my brother hasn't been seen since he was thrown out of the Professor's, at his office or anywhere. Yes, I know you do, Haliburton . . . scientifically."

"No, not scientifically, Linda. But terribly. I'm not a scientist any more. I'm just a sap. I'm more fat-headed than Freddie Chapman ever could be. I'm sending you a dozen phonograph records in the morning and you may play them at breakfast all our lives, Linda. I . . . I've got to see you."

"Afraid Freddie wouldn't like it, Haliburton. I'm with him right now at the Glorioso. What? You won't stand for it? Well, Freddie and I are leaving by the front entrance in about ten minutes, and if you don't like it, darling, you ought to know what you can do."

IT WAS a clear night, but cold. Miss Sturgis put up the collar of her wrap as Freddie brought her out of the Glorioso and they turned up Park Avenue to walk the one block to 383. "Well, no matter what happens, Freddie," said Miss Sturgis, "I want you to know that I shall always remember you as a friend."

Freddie looked suspicious. "What d'you mean a friend? And what d'you mean no matter what happens?"

The dark, heavily topcoated figure of Webb Francis Haliburton slid out from a doorway and grabbed Miss Sturgis' arm. "And as for you, fat-head," he said to Freddie, "interfere and I'll sock you."

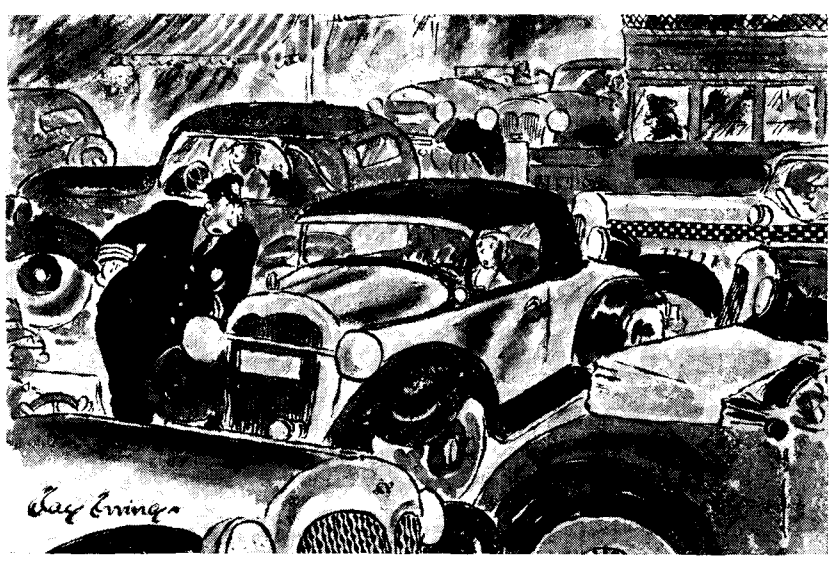
Freddie had no thought of interfering but with Haliburton's first word he instinctively threw his left arm in front of his chin and started a desperate roundhouse swing with his right. Maybe Haliburton's reflexes were not in condition. Maybe he was looking into Linda's eyes instead of watching that roundhouse swing. It caught him beautifully under the chin and almost knocked his head off.

Haliburton didn't know anything about the confusion, nor about anything else that happened in the next twenty minutes. He woke up on a divan in the Sturgis apartment with his head in Miss Sturgis' lap while she alternately kissed his sore chin and fanned him vigorously with a piece of stiff yellow paper. "Are you awake, Haliburton darling? Well, don't you worry about a single thing. Everything is fine and I fixed that Freddie brute. I had him arrested for assault and battery. Who does Freddie think he is that he can sock my Haliburton on the chin right in front of the Glorioso?"

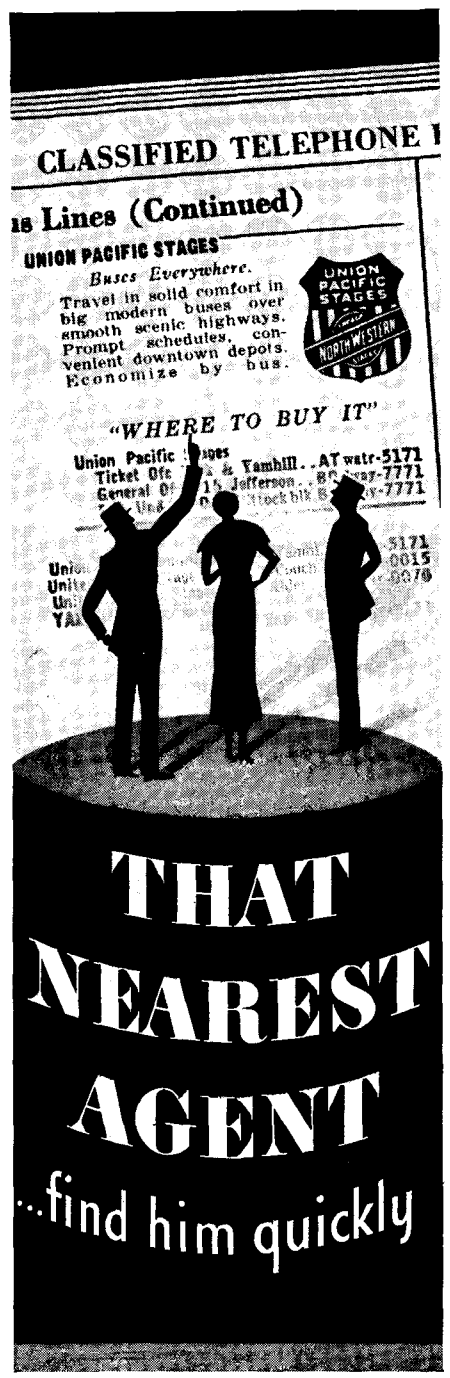
"It was on the corner, dearest," said Halburton weakly. "Please try to be accurate. And if you will quit slapping me in the nose with that telegram, I'll sit up and kiss you."

"Telegram?" Miss Sturgis looked at the slip of paper with which she had been fanning Haliburton. "I picked it up from the card table when the policeman and I brought you in." She tore open the message. "Why, it's from Spy Hill, darling! Isn't that funny? It says: 'Hurray for Haliburton and scientific love. Our stimulus and reaction a thousand per cent. Sailing for Ecuador on Wednesday!' Look at it, Haliburton darling! It is signed 'Mr. and Mrs. George P. Sturgis.'"

Haliburton sat up. He was feeling much better. "Put some soft music on that red screech owl of yours, my dear, and come here where I can reach you. There are a few little things I have yet to learn about . . . about human relations."



"Listen, lady, put yourself in my place. What would you say if all of a sudden I was to bust in on you and disrupt your whole household?" *Jay Irving*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Lady, don't you Grieve

Continued from page 17

to the Black River and, after the Mississippi, Bugaboo liked the Black River best. Plenty of people lived along the Black River, and they were people who liked to see a steamboat come in.

There were few formalities when the whistle blew for the landing. Bugaboo got to his feet, completely oblivious of Lessy, who sat rubbing her eyes. Iron Man, in his sorrowful way, paused long enough to tell Lessy she had better climb on a stack of staves to keep out of the way. "Hit's plenty bad luck ready to bust on dis boat, a'ready," he said, "widout gittin' de deck all smeared up wid you."

Lessy blinked and then decided to be coquettish. "Man, you sho' tawks hard to a gal, don't you?"

Iron Man glowered at her and drew back his hand. "Git up on dem staves," he commanded, "or I'll smack you up." He walked off without waiting to see whether Lessy obeyed or not.

Lessy thought it over for a few minutes and then climbed up on the staves. She felt alone and abused.

Bugaboo, however, was happy. The woodpile was small, the wood seasoned and light and, best of all, there was a bunch of people on hand.

AS BUGABOO trotted up the plank, a woman called his name. "Hey, Bugaboo," she yelled, "whar you been at so long, you big old devil?"

Bugaboo grinned from ear to ear and picked up an extra-large armful of wood. "What you sayin', Mattie?" he countered. "Seem like you git better lookin' ev'y time I comes by."

"Jest bein' lonesome for you, darlin'," Mattie told him. "Jest settin' 'round, wishin' you was hyar."

Everybody laughed. Mattie was a case! She'd say anything to those smart steamboating men! "I wouldn't have de cheeks!" giggled her neighbor. "Dat Mattie'll say what pops in her haid! I wouldn't have de cheeks!"

"Well, don't git too purty," cautioned Bugaboo. "Cause, baby, efn you gits much purtier, you'll just purty on away f'm hyar." Bugaboo was a fast talker himself, and even Mattie's husband had to laugh at that snappy comeback.

"You jest a big old lie," Mattie shouted back. "I bet you tell all de gals like dat."

"Not me, baby," denied Bugaboo. "You's de onliest one. I'm gonter bring you a big present next time—"

"Bring yo'se'f, sugar," Mattie interrupted. "Dat'll do me to I kin git somethin' gooder!"

The banter had everybody in an uproar. It was all just smart talk-talk that meant nothing. But it enlivened the dull life of the country people, and it made the loads of wood seem lighter upon the shoulders of the roustabouts.

Presently, the woodpile toted aboard, the boat backed out and headed down the river, while the rousters shouted smart talk and absurd promises to the people on the bank.

Bugaboo lingered at the rail, waving and shouting to Mattie until the boat went round a bend and obscured the landing from his view. Then, with a pleased grin on his face, he sauntered to his chosen spot on the main deck, ready for a little more sleep.

Iron Man was already seated, harp in hand, blowing soft, unhappy notes, and Bugaboo stretched luxuriously preparatory to lying down.

He didn't make it, for something struck him on the back of his head that sent him spinning to the floor.

Surprised, hurt, angry and frightened, he shook his head to clear it of giddiness, and saw, just in time to dodge another blow, the erstwhile friendly Lessy. She was standing on top of a stack of staves, swinging one of them with a viciousness that Bugaboo found hard to understand.

"Mind out, woman," he growled, warding off a blow with his arm. "What ail you? Come hittin' me wid a stave."

"I show you what ail me," shrieked Lessy, swinging again. "You make sweet love tawk at me, and den you two-timin' wid de gal on de bank. I seed you—"

Iron Man groaned and shook his head with resignation. "I knowed hit was bad luck," he said mournfully. "She liable to kill you, Bugaboo. A preacher and a mule on a boat is bad luck, and old Balaam is bad luck and—"

Bugaboo was not fully conscious of what it was all about, but he knew that he did not want anybody beating him on the head with a stave. He grabbed Lessy by the arms and dragged her from the pile of staves. Then he sat her very thoroughly upon the deck. The heavy strength with which he handled her calmed her hysteria.

"Now, what ail you, fool?" he demanded. "Come beatin' me wid a stave!"

Lessy whimpered, and Iron Man groaned again.

"Bad luck," he repeated. "Hit was bound to come, and no he'pin' hit. Bad luck. A preacher and a mule—"

"How come you beat me?" Bugaboo insisted. "I ain't done you nothin' but good—"

"She liable to want to marry up wid you, Bugaboo," Iron Man suggested, thinking of the worst.

Bugaboo snorted. "I ain't made no marry tawk wid her. I wouldn't take de trouble."

"You can't he'p it, do she make up her mind," Iron Man pointed out. "Dat mule and preacher bound to bring bad luck."

"Sho', de preacher kin marry us up, right now," Lessy chimed in. "I forgets de Rev'und Sin Splitter was ridin' on de boat, too."

"Now!" Iron Man said with finality. "I knowed hit would be bad luck."

"I ain't marryin' nobody," Bugaboo declared. "Not nobody."

"No use buckin' bad luck when hit comes rolled up like dis," Iron Man argued. "Jest might as well holler for de preacher, right now." And Iron Man himself shouted for the Sin Splitter.

THE call was relayed by other rousters to the engine-room where the Reverend Samuel and his mule were riding. In a few minutes the preacher, leading his mule down the walkways and around abrupt corners of cargo, appeared.

"Got yo' marryin' book along, Splitter?" Iron Man asked gloomily.

A sad, sympathetic grin covered the preacher's face. "I don't need no book, son. I kin marry, sight unseen. Wait to I mounts up on old Balaam's back, so's I kin git de right twist to de words." He climbed up on his mule, and glowered fiercely. "Now, lock hands wid de gal," he commanded in a voice that brooked no argument.

"You means I should lock hands?" Iron Man asked timidly.

"Sho', you." The preacher exploded. "Don't git skeered. She ain't gonter bite you."

"But Rev'und," protested Lessy, "hit ain't—"

"Shet up, gal," thundered the Sin Splitter. "You womenfo'ks tawks too much all de time. Jest dry up! You hyar?"

"Yassuh," said Lessy meekly.

"Now," the preacher proceeded, "efn I jest say de word on y'all, hit'll be fo'-bits, but efn I sings and prays and puts real fancy stuff on hit, I gen'ally charges a dollar."

Iron Man looked sadly out of the corner of his eye at Bugaboo. The bewildered Bugaboo did not understand the rapidly shifting scene, but from the way things looked, he knew it was some more of the bad luck that Iron Man had been predicting. He wanted to help his friend and fellow roustabout in any way he could.

"Couldn't you do about two bits' wuth, Rev'und?" he suggested. It was all he could think to do for Iron Man and he was genuinely sorry when that did not help.

"Nawp, fo' bits is de cheapest," snapped the preacher. And he began at once to recite the ceremony that he used to unite couples in marriage.

"Now," he announced shortly, "y'all is married up. You save yo' wages and give 'em to yo' wife, and you, gal, you stay home and cook his victuals and behave yo'se'f. Or de devil'll git bofe'n you." He climbed down from the mule, shook hands with Iron Man and kissed Lessy on the forehead. "And dat," he concluded, "costs y'all fo' bits cash."

THE trio was too stunned to move. Lessy and Iron Man looked at each other, and both of them at Bugaboo.

"I ain't got fo' bits," Bugaboo protested.

"You better git hit," moaned Iron Man. "Hit's been enough bad luck, now, and I don't know what'd happen efn—"

"I go ax de clerk," Bugaboo offered. "He might let me draw fo' bits agin my wages."

As he started toward the upper deck, the boat turned a bend, and there lay the little town of Jonesville. The pilot sounded the landing whistle, and the mate shouted orders for getting the stage down and the boat moored. Bugaboo and Iron Man automatically became steamboating men once more; they took to their places at the headline, and as the boat nosed the bank they leaped ashore and hustled the big headline around a post.

Other roustabouts handled ropes that swung the stage in place and lowered it until it touched the bank. The mate's crisp "All right, preacher, get that mule off the boat" got immediate results, and while Bugaboo and Iron Man were tying a knot in the rope, they saw the flea-bitten gray mule, with the tall old dignified Sin Splitting Samuel on his back, clumping up the gangplank.

Iron Man heaved a deep sigh. "Bugaboo," he said, "I got my eyes shet tight so's I can't see dat preacher. But when he git clean offn de boat, let me know, will you?"

"Sho'," promised Bugaboo. "He off now."

"Dat's good," said Iron Man, "efn you's sho' he's plumb off de plank."

"He off," Bugaboo assured him, "but dat Lessy gal ain't off. She liable to make a heap er trouble, Iron Man, 'scusin' how you's married wid her, and all."

Iron Man laughed easily. "Bugaboo," he said, "you stand right hyar by dis line and watch me," and he trotted down the plank.

It wasn't long before Bugaboo heard action taking place. He couldn't see Iron Man and Lessy behind the staves, but he did see a stave swing in the air, and heard Iron Man groan.

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 23

do in it. Everything cleaned away, everything perfect and expensive and beautiful; I'd feel that I was dead, Chris, and laid away in flowers. Now this—this is *living*—this is—oh, my God, is it a murder, Chris?"

She shrank against his arm, on the dark stairway. A piercing scream had been borne out to them from behind one of many mysterious, closed doorways. Immediately one door was flung open on a floor above; a man ran out and ran past them downstairs. A woman, silhouetted against light, shouted after him.

"Tell him quick, Joe, and don't bother about no ambulance!" this woman shouted. She closed the door with a resentful look at Chris and Fanny, and as they went on upward they heard the cry beginning again, a cry that had terror as well as pain behind it.

"Is it a baby, Chris?"

"I guess so, honey." They were in their own rooms that already looked so settled, that were already home. Chris slid his load down on the kitchen sink, and Fanny put her load down too. Her face was very serious as he put his arm about her. "I don't know any more about it than you do, sweet," he said.

THEY cooked their dinner together; Fanny setting the table neatly, lighting candles, coaxing a little bunch of wilted daisies to stand up in a pale blue glass.

"I'd sort of like to go downstairs and see if everything's all right with her," Fanny presently said.

"With her?"

"The woman that was—crying."

"It seems to me I'd be kind of leery of getting friendly with—however, you do as you like," Chris answered. "I love you," he said suddenly, watching her.

"Do you, darling?" Fanny murmured, her hands linked loosely about his neck. For he had come about the table to be beside her now, and was kneeling with one arm around her. She leaned forward and rubbed her face against his cheek. The rain had recommenced and was splashing down, cool and wet, in the darkness outside; the candle flames flickered slightly in the air from the opened windows.

"You're so fond of kids, Fan. But you were an only one, weren't you?"

"Only one. My father died when I was less than two years old, and my mother when I was in high school. I used to walk home with two girls named Amy Leonard and Mary Price; this was in San Diego; and I can remember how good it used to feel to be sixteen and have such chums, and look down at the bay, walking home, and the gulls over at Coronado. And I remember finding my grandmother at the house that afternoon—Amy and Mary and I'd been planning a surprise party for a girl named Muriel Moses, and I was so pleased to find my grandmother there—she lived in Los Angeles—

"My mother'd been badly hurt—she'd walked out between two parked cars just in front of the market, and a truck was backing up— At first they thought that she was all right, and she went home in a taxi and telephoned my grandmother, and told the maid I wasn't to be frightened.

"She talked to us; she seemed all right. But she died that night. So then I went home with Grandma, and the next year tried for Stanford and got in. I had about two thousand dollars; it took me through."

"And your grandmother, is she still down there?"

"You know full well my grandmother is in Honolulu, Chris. I told you so."

"I thought it might be your other grandmother."

"No; it's Mother's mother. She went down there to be with my uncle Tom when his wife died. They had four boys, and Gram is having a grand time with them."

"Funny, we get married," Chris mused, his arms still about her, "and we don't know much about each other."

"You were an only child, Chris?"

"No— I've a sister. Anna. She's almost as sweet as you," Chris said affectionately. "I wish I could have seen you in your middy blouse and sweater, Fan, walking home with the—what's-their-names?"

"Amy and Mary. Mary's married now, living in Texas. But I never hear from Amy. And I'm married, too, and living in New York on nothing a year."

"That's right; it's Saturday night. Let's go to it, and see where we stand."

This was an enjoyable rite, involving as it did pencils, scrap paper, Fanny's lists of prices from the chain stores, Chris' imposing account book. Tonight, just after their move, it was especially exhilarating. They were in the new home, with a month's rent paid, and they had Fanny's little heap of silver on one end of the table, Chris' salary envelope intact on the other, and three dollars or more in the pig. They had somewhat lost track of what was in the pig, and would not know until either their deposits or their impatience burst his china sides open, but they were sure there could not be less than three dollars within him. While they settled their weekly budget, Boris, the pig, always lay on the table between them; bland, pale brown, in an attitude of somnolent relaxation.

"Twenty-two ten, not counting Boris," Chris announced.

"Chris, we haven't!"

"I say we have."

"OH, ALLAH!" exulted Fanny. She began on menus; this afternoon's shopping had given her a wonderful start. "Tomorrow, pot roast," she murmured; "Monday, pie from pot roast. Tuesday, soup from pot roast. Breakfast, eggs and sausages. We have coffee, we have sugar, we got butter—"

"Fan, you don't suppose it's going on like this?"

"How 'like this'?"

"Well, hand to mouth, as it were. We've been married nine weeks, and I'll be damned—I'll be *damned*," Chris said mildly, rubbing his chin on her hair, pony fashion, "if I know how we do it!"

"How perfectly stupefying it would be if I got a really good job, Chris, on the radio; I mean fifty a week, say. Loads of people do, and I've at least got a start. And then if you got a raise, or a case—"

"If Mockby took me to Florida on the Bucknell case."

"Chris!" The thought electrified her; she fell to day-dreaming over her list of yellow turnips, apples, cornstarch, vanilla. "Our table costs us about four and a half a week, Chris," she told him. "And we eat enough, don't we?"

"Eat enough! I eat twice too much." He was very brown and handsome, smiling at her in the candlelight; his teeth showing white in his dark face.

"Madge might be here in a day or two, Chris," Fanny said suddenly.

"So you said."

"Shall you feel funny, meeting her, Chris?"

"No." He gave her a surprised look. "Why should I?"

"Well," Fanny said, marking the red-checked table runner with a fork, "you *were* crazy about her, you know."

"Well, heavens—last year! That all seems like baby talk now, Fan."

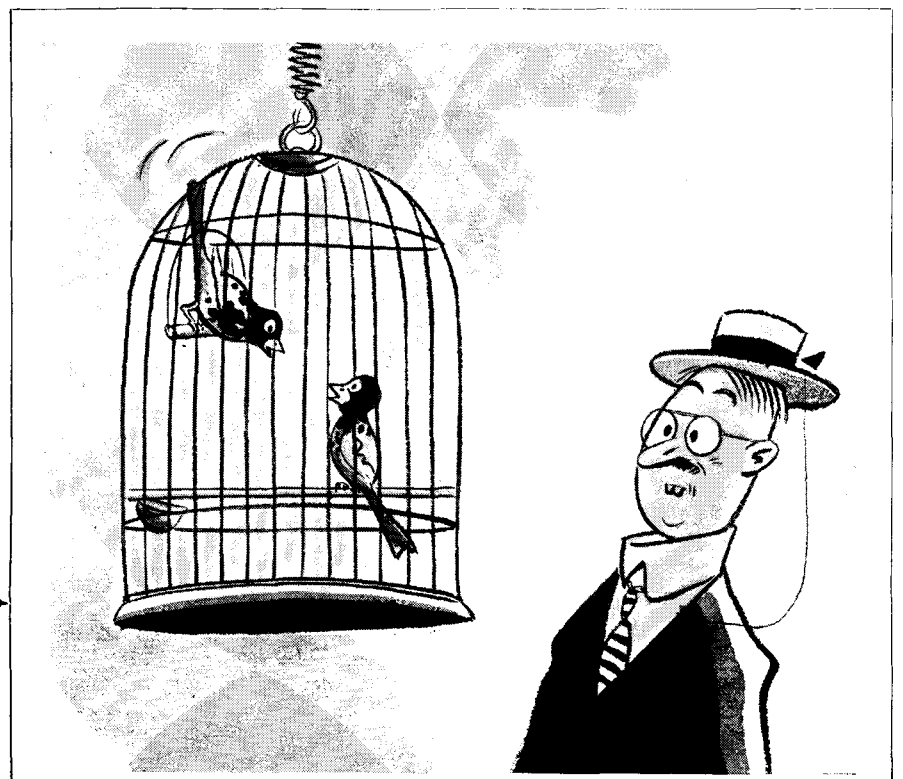
FANNY said nothing, and presently Chris asked curiously:

"Anything make you think she isn't well over it?"

"No-o-o!" Fanny answered hastily.

"As a matter of fact," Chris said, touching up his account book lovingly, laying his head to one side to get the effect of the last neat entries—"as a matter of fact Madge didn't have the crush; I was the one. She's a flirt, you know; look at the way she's treated Mack. He's the one that won't want

(Continued on page 46)



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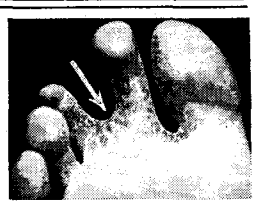

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Dr Scholl's Solvex

(Continued from page 45)

to see her, but you watch her get hold of him again."

"Do you think she's so attractive, Chris?"

"Madge. Sure she's attractive. She's got something that makes men go crazy. It isn't that she's so pretty—though she's damn' pretty. But she's a sort of—Helen of Troy; a sort of tradition among the fellers; every one of them wants her as soon as he sees her!"

Again Fanny made no comment. She was fussing with the melted wax at the candle tip now, forcing it about with a fork, pushing it up into a cuff about the flame.

"I'm glad we got into the new place before she came," Chris remarked.

There was a stir in the hall; a laugh outside, and a tap.

"Who is it?" Chris got up, in the bare little room with the guttering candles and the wide-open uncurtained windows, and went to the door. He opened it, laughed. Madge, rather pale, laughing excitedly, breathless from the climb, was framed against the one feeble glow of light on the landing.

"It is you!" Madge exclaimed. "I didn't know *what* kind of a den I'd gotten into! I was scared to death!"

She put her hand on Christopher's shoulder, raised her lovely face.

"Kiss me!" she said. Afterward she came over to kiss Fanny, the girls' arms were tight about each other, and they laughed and cried together. Then they all sat down, and sometimes it was Madge chattering in the old way, and sometimes Fanny explaining, and sometimes a word from Chris over his pipe.

Madge wore brown, her color. It made her eyes hazel, and set off her clear skin. She looked smart, dainty, from her shining brown pumps to the saucer hat that was tipped on her dark curls. She was at a hotel for the present.

"But Phyllis has the most adorable place down in Greenwich Village," Madge told them happily, "simply adorable. Such big rooms and every one with some sort of little terrace or balcony or roof, and all brick with a big back garden! And she only pays seventy for two rooms; I know, because she wants me to go in with her. She's had a *most* attractive girl named Sonya Leslie with her, but Sonya's simply *coining* money, and she's going to move uptown. She writes words for songs—imagine. She wrote the words for—oh, well, 'Pig-Latin Kiss,' but that's old. She writes lots of 'em! She wants to be in the same building with her married brother, and *his* wife's Ursula Kent of the—well, what does she do? Tap dance, I think. Anyway, she's always in the Durringham Follies; that sort of thing."

THERE was more. Chris listened, smiling broadly; Fanny sat listening too, her narrowed eyes sometimes looking up at Madge, her rather brooding gaze returning to her own hands, still resting on the marketing list. It looked oddly cheap—sordid: turnips, cornstarch, apples. While she was slaving away saving pennies, Madge was coming to New York by Panama, meeting fascinating folk, going fascinating places.

"Oh, and I forgot—has anyone seen Mack?"

"Chris had a postcard from Hollywood that he had been working there, and was coming on here this month."

"I can see—" Madge was being very attractive in her penitence and appeal. "I can see you thought I treated him badly. But I really didn't . . ."

The candlelight shone in her brown eyes; she had long lashes; her straight nose was a little blunted at the tip; her mouth had deep dimples at each side, and there was the hint of a cleft in her chin.

When Chris went to get his hat to walk with her to the omnibus, or to find a taxi in this impoverished region, the girls had a moment alone. Then Madge looked quickly at Fanny and asked in an undertone:

"Happy, Fan?"

"Oh, heavens—!" Fanny ejaculated, with a laugh and a shrug, bright color in her face.

"Does he know?" It was Madge's turn to flush darkly.

"What do you think I am?"

"I knew you wouldn't. You're a good sport, Fan. I'd have told on any girl in the world. He was sick?"

"Desperately sick. Pneumonia and bronchitis and everything."

"Hospital?"

"No. I took care of him."

"H'm!" Madge mused. "You said in your note at the hotel where you were, but you've just moved in today?"

"Just this afternoon."

Madge got up, smiling at Chris, and he and she went away together. Fanny, left alone, attacked her dishes resolutely, moving about the unfamiliar place busily. But her heart felt sore; she felt poisoned and dull and cheated—

CHRIS was gone so long that she could slip down one flight of stairs and tap lightly at the door they had passed that afternoon. Red light was showing dimly through the hall transom; they were still awake.

She was admitted; there were whispers, dark smiles. Fanny had a glimpse of the new boy; very small and crabbed-looking and red in a scoop of dreadful blanket. The place smelled of flannel and oil and cigar smoke and fried onions, but the proud mother smiled radiantly at her neighbor. "I lose my boy," she said simply. "Now God give me a fine boy."

Fanny went upstairs feeling quite happy.

But there was no pretending that Madge's presence did not complicate things. Madge took up her residence with the fascinating Phyllis, and after that what Madge and Phyllis did had the right of way, was amusing, original, dashing, and what Chris and Fanny did went curiously uninteresting and flat. Chris and Fanny went over to dine at the delightful apartment, with its terrace looking down upon Washington Square; Phyllis was extremely gracious, and Madge her sweetest self, but somehow the occasion was a failure.

"Shall we go down and have our coffee in 'The Red Ink-bottle'?" Phyllis asked, after the meal. "I think you'd like it."

"Oh, let's go to the lovely Russian place we went last night!" Madge begged.

"My dear, you haven't seen one tenth of the places! I'm educating her," Phyllis told the others. "It's not as amusing as the 'rive gauche,' but you may as well know your way about!"

Phyllis lived a thrilling life; she apparently had plenty of money; she had traveled; she knew everyone worth knowing. All the playwrights and writers and critics were her friends; she dressed in startling smocks and dragging Oriental draperies; she had a colored maid so devoted that Clara would never take her Sunday off if Phyllis were expecting guests; she was too much interested. For dinner there were artichokes and sherbet and broilers and alligator pear—things that Fanny had not even priced for months—and then there was coffee at "The Red Ink-bottle," and wandering afterward through enchanting streets, and loitering in enchanting places—sheds made into restaurants and basements made into theaters, and puppet shows, and finally to some man's studio, high up under a skylight, where in semi-darkness they all sank down on great couches, and listened to a Russian playing the violin. The man next to Fanny—she was not quite sure that she had even met him—grasped her hand warmly, and she let him hold it unprotesting. The whole thing was like a dream.

She and Christopher walked home, very late—Chris amused and sleepy and yawny; Fanny very silent. Their own neighborhood—the line of common little stores, the basements with ice and coal lining them, the smells and sounds, the eternal invitation, "Apartment to Let, All Conveniences," swinging on dirty signs in the doorways as the hot night wind went through the street—all these sickened her, made her want to scream.

"Darned interesting, that girl," Chris said, undressing.

"Phyllis?" Fanny said, managing to make her voice sound as if her thoughts had been elsewhere.

"Yep. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I think she's an awful liar, Chris," Fanny answered lightly. "I mean, all that stuff about the man on the boat who followed her around and turned out to be Lord Dressington. I don't believe it."

"Would she make that up?" Chris asked, shocked.

"What Madge gets out of it," Fanny murmured, as if to herself.

"Oh, Madge isn't her kind; she's just amusing herself, she doesn't take all that seriously!"

"What," Fanny was turning down the bed-couch, folding the cover, shaking the pillows—"what makes you think so?"

"Because I know Madge. She's smart. She's got her tongue in her cheek all right; she'll get a lot of fun out of this, and meet a lot of interesting people, and then she'll drop Phyllis like a hot brick."

"Honorable!" Fanny commented in a trembling voice, getting into her thin kimono. She pushed her hair off her hot face with a frantic gesture.

"What did you say?" Chris called from the Black Hole. Fanny made no answer; she pushed her big chair to the window, and sat there looking out, her arms folded, a grim expression on her face.

"WHAT'S the matter, darling?" Chris asked, alarmed, coming in with a fresh-washed face and tousled wet hair. "Aren't you coming to bed?"

"No!" said Fanny loudly.

"Why not?" Chris demanded blankly. He stood looking at her for a long, amazed minute during which Fanny continued to stare out of the window. But swiftly he was kneeling beside her, on his knees, his arm about her. "Aw, what is it, darling?" he asked, in his tenderest voice. "What is it, sweet? Did it kind of make you mad, seeing all those girls had, having them show off that way? Don't you care, Fan; I'll buy you dinners, and a terrace apartment too, one of these days. Or I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll get an old car, and we'll cruise up through New England and find an old farmhouse—"

Fanny turned suddenly, put her arms about his collar and buried her face in his neck.

"Oh, Chris," she sobbed, clinging to him, laughing at her own absurdity. "You're so *good* to me, and I love you so! I'd rather—I'd a million times rather be here with you than anywhere! But they talk—they act—" she stopped.

"You poor little fool, what do you care what they've got? We have each other," Chris said, kissing her, rubbing his cheek against her temple.

"I know." Fanny gave a great sigh

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of relief, and wiped her eyes against his pajamas, and pressed her lips against his hard young mouth. "I adore you!"

"She's done it twice now; once with Phyllis and once alone," Chris said.

"I don't seem to understand," Fanny answered, from the kitchen.

"Well, of course I don't understand it myself; there are half a dozen fellows there that you'd *think* Mockby would have called in," Chris said readily, shifting papers at the sitting-room table. "But he may want to keep the whole thing quiet—in fact, I know he does. He told me to ferret around about it, and go up to the law library tomorrow—and the luck of it was—"

"No-o-o!" said Fanny, appearing with a covered baking dish in her hands, and placing it, smoking, upon the table. "Toast, butter, water, salt, salad—we've everything!" she added, under her breath. "Gather up your papers there, Chris; it's time to eat. No, I didn't mean your precious Bucknell case," she went on, sitting down and pushing the damp hair from her wet forehead with the back of her hand, "I meant this—this business of Madge and Phyllis Maitland coming in to your office."

"They didn't, darling. Not much for me," Chris warned her. "Go easy!"

"Not hungry!" Fanny exclaimed, laying down her serving spoon in dismay.

"Well, I had iced chocolate and cinnamon toast and peach sherbet at five, remember."

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten that," Fanny said, in an odd tone. She served the scallop of corn and tuna fish carefully, looked questioningly at him over the salad bowl they had bought for fifteen cents on a happy Saturday a few weeks ago. "That's what I was wondering about," she went on. "What takes Madge and Phyl down your way so often?"

"SALAD—oh, sure, salad," Chris responded, answering her eyes. "It isn't often," he protested. "It's twice, now."

"Well, then, twice."

"Trying to find copper, I think they said. They're cruising all 'round there looking for copper things."

"And they come in for you?"

"There's an awfully nice little place right near there, and they go in for sodas and sandwiches—that sort of thing."

"Do you like Phyllis, Chris?"

"Oh, she's all right. She dresses queer, though. But Madge looked stunning today."

"Madge did."

"Yep. She had on a sort of pale yellow, and a brown hat and belt—looked swell. Sure, I like Phyllis all right, but of course she's not an old friend like Madge."

"Madge is a dear old friend."

"Sent her love to you, of course. She's seen Mack."

"You told me she was going to."

"Well, he wants to be friends—says he won't worry her. She says she's going to talk to me about it; she's coming down in a night or two."

"Oh? We'll have the tomato thing again; she loved it."

"No; I mean to the office. She wants to go into the whole thing, so I'll come home stuffed again. It's easy on the budget, anyway—the woman always pays."

"Yes, I can have this scallop right over again," Fanny said slowly. "I'll trim it with bacon or something. I wonder why she doesn't tell *me*," she thought. But she did not say it aloud.

IT WAS some days later when she and Madge were gossiping in Madge's beautiful room with the hot afternoon air burgeoning at the drawn window shades, and Phyllis sound asleep in the adjoining room, that the subject came up. Then Fanny said simply, "I understand you're seeing my young man now and then."

Madge looked a little frightened, glanced toward the open door through which Phyllis' idle, sleepy voice had been floating a few minutes earlier, and said quickly:

"He tell you?"

"He said you wanted to talk about Mack."

A silence. Madge's delicate skin flushed deep red.

"Of course I don't want to talk about Mack," she said slowly.

Fanny looked at her, flushed in her turn.

"Oh," she said simply. There was a silence.

"Don't say I can't, Fanny," Madge said then, very low.

"I don't think it's for me to say, is it?" Fanny answered sensibly, briefly.

"Please don't—take that tone."

"Madge," Fanny said, "if you and Chris like to meet and have tea together, what can I do?"

"It isn't—it isn't like that," Madge protested uncomfortably. "He hasn't—that's what I don't want you to do, make him think it matters—that it's silly. I—you have everything, Fan, and that's all I have, all I want. You know how it is with me."

"I don't!" Fanny said with distaste. "This is silly!"

"You do, Fan. I wrote you!"

"Yes, but you could have had him," Fanny said, refusing to sentimentalize. "You could have had him! Why didn't you love him then?"

"Crazy, I guess!" Madge whispered in turn, suddenly frantic, and with her hands pressed tightly over her heart. "Don't think I don't know what a fool I was, what I threw away!" she said. "He was heartbroken, he was sick," she went on rapidly, evidently with phrases that had been long rehearsed in her heart. "You nursed him, and he turned to you; I don't blame you and I don't blame him. But when I think what I could do for him, now, Fanny, with Grandma's money; he could go straight ahead in his profession—he's ambitious—"

"I think you have an awful nerve to say that to me," Fanny observed dryly, as the other girl paused. "We're married; we're working out our problem as best we can—"

"You're married!" Madge conceded breathlessly. Both girls were frightened to find themselves quarreling. "And he adores the ground you walk on; I know that! But, Fanny, surely he may have his old friends just the same? You know how I feel to him; I love Chris as you do—just seeing him come along in his brown suit—just watching his hands at the table and hearing that—that husky note in his voice—" Madge broke off, her own voice choked.

"He oughtn't be living in that slum!" she presently burst out again, as Fanny sat perfectly still, looking at her speculatively. "You know that. He ought to have leisure, quiet, when he goes home, not that—I don't want to hurt your feelings—but not that—dreadful uproar. He doesn't eat enough—honestly, Fanny. He's an important man; he's *going* to be an important man; everyone knows that—"

She stopped, scared at her own audacity.

"SO WHAT?" Fanny asked inflexibly, in the pause.

"So—so—so if *I* had been around when he was ill, Fanny," Madge said, inconsequentially, a little frightened, "if I had nursed him, and married him, *you* wouldn't have felt that I was getting him away from *you!* So—so—"

"And you think that was the way I got him?" Fanny asked, in a voice of deathly quiet.

"Well—he said—he told me—" Madge faltered.

"I'm going home now," said Fanny, after a silence. She got to her feet. "I'm going home to the—the slum, where we're going to have jellied tomato soup and peach cobbler—and *nothing else!*—for supper. And you—you get him away from me if you can!"

She swept out. A door slammed. Then for a long time there was nothing heard but the sound of Madge softly whimpering, and of Phyllis' more than audible breathing from the adjoining room.

(To be continued next week)

"I wore the polka dots in the Lop Ear Louie fight last week, didn't I?" *Laurence Reynolds*

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Figure it out

Continued from page 14

your hips ride out behind, the pull will come on a lot of superficial sitting muscles and you will overdevelop the very bulge you are trying to get rid of.

Stuart Boyle, professional at Oakland, one of the Eastern championship courses, is getting at the same posture technique when he says, "Watch Glenna Collett's stance for power; knees easy, hips low. There's an old golfing phrase, 'Sit down to your ball,' and it's good medicine for a slack figure as well as a sloppy game. But note that her arms and shoulders swing free—they're to guide the club, not deliver the whole punch."

A simple test of all this theory is to stand in front of a long mirror and address your ball, first by bending from the belt line and then by bending lower down from the inside thigh joint, and note the difference in the set of your skirt and the lines of your body. Notice, too, as you bend from the waist, how your toes curl under and the calves of your legs bulge out to brace the unbalanced structure above. It isn't pretty, and it's what your golf teacher means when he warns you, "Your feet will go back on you." And that's the end of any golfer, as well as the end of youth!

In tennis, this swing and control of the upper body from the thigh joints is just as important as in golf—even more so, if possible, since in tennis the legs are in action as well as the arms, and movements are made suddenly. You can cover your court successfully and easily only when your hips are well set and adjusted, and the surrounding muscles strong enough to control the rotary twist within and balance the healthy pull and swing from above. Otherwise you fan the air with your racket by miscalculating your reach, and throw yourself when you attempt to lengthen it. The Baroness Levi, a player who has been much in the public eye this season, has a reputation for getting impossible shots—all but standing on her head sometimes to do so—and it's her hip twist, which the experts have all noted, that is responsible. That sure control encourages her to go after shots another player would simply consider out of range.

Snapping Into It

It may help you to get the picture of how the hips affect your game if you think of your body as a whip, with your thick strong hip region as the handle, turning and twisting the whip-handle to direct the snap. For snap and accuracy of aim a whip must be strongly held and the lash must be limber perfection. A loose grip, or a single flaw or stiffness anywhere along the line, and you can no longer control the lash. It will only flap weakly in the desired direction—and that goes for your body as well.

For tennis, thigh control has another important value. By letting the strength come from below instead of originating directly in the shoulder, your racket can swing a wider arc—just as you get a longer sweep if you crack a whip from the bottom of the handle instead of the top.

Johnny Cardegna, tennis "pro" at the famous Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach, says that tennis is just as much a hip game as an arm game. Vincent Richards, who is probably the world's best volleyer—net and overhead being his best game—has a hip pivot that is famous in court annals.

Here's a simple exercise to help you put the hip swing and control in the right place—and it's guaranteed to cut down your hip measure as well. Stand back to the wall, heels somewhat away from the baseboard, feet slightly apart, toes pointing straight ahead. Now press back against the wall, not with the end of your spine or small of your back, but at a spot about halfway between—say three inches below the waistline. This, as you see, flattens your hips behind and brings your legs well in front of you. Now, still distinctly feeling the pressure of the wall against this spot, bend your knees and let yourself down toward the floor and up again, keeping your body straight. Repeat this two or three times until you get the feel of the hip position. If your shoulder blades get in the way, it's a sure sign you have undue shoulder tension—and that's bad for your game, too—so hold your shoulders forward and lift them up in the general direction of your eyes, letting your arms dangle loose, and slide up and down the wall again like a piston—can't you feel for yourself how you've loosened the whole upper part of your body?

Now move away from the wall and practice the same knee bend, retaining the same forward position of the hips and the same looseness in the shoulder region. If you have done the exercise right, you have centered your action in your thigh hinge, so keep it there while you try some imaginary drives and serves, back hands and mashie shots. Practice this day by day until you've got the feel of the low thigh hinge and acquired the habit of depending on it.

"You'll be all right there, lady; it's the washstand I want" *Richard Decker*

Save Your Elbow

There is still a third reason why hip control is important in tennis. Mabel Elsworth Todd, a well-known New York posture expert and former lecturer on Body Engineering at Columbia University, has cured many a case of that dread ailment of the courts, tennis elbow, by a complete readjustment of the player's body control to transfer effort from the shoulder down to the hip region, explaining that when the main effort occurs in the shoulder region each stroke calls for a terrific snap in the elbow, which is thus forced to act as the main hinge of the entire swing, instead of taking its place as only one of a whole series of limber-working body joints. This arm strain is further aggravated by the fact that, if the player is working from the top of his torso instead of from his hips, his shoulders are inevitably clamped down so tight to his rib cage, due to tension and effort, that every time he moves his arm he drags a whole row of ribs along. So if you suspect yourself of tight, clamped-down shoulders or have a stiff military carriage, you can consciously unhitch the chain of ribs from under your arm merely by shrugging free.

Shrug, for the Ball Is Coming

Shrug all the way up to your ears and at the same time snuggle your ribs down into your hips. Whether he realizes it or not, it's the desire to get rid of any suspicion of drag from below or pressure from above that makes Tilden stretch both arms to a high upward reach before he serves—a trick any player would do well to copy if he keeps his ribs down as he does it.

All the while you're improving your sporting form, you're improving your everyday figure, for freedom from the under-arm pull of the ribs will improve your walking and dancing carriage, since your arm swing no longer twists your torso from side to side. The shoulder carriage that makes Virginia Rice and Virginia Hilleary look so graceful as they walk on the courts has much to do with the easy placements and breath-taking gets that follow.

These same principles of freedom in the extremities and control in the forward-held hips hold as true for swimming as for golf or tennis—different though the conditions of the sport seem.

The arms should be as free from the pull of shoulder-and-back muscles as a tennis player's—and by the same muscle logic—to get a wide, easy swing. The swimmer's idea is to get a free, rotary arm swing out of the water and then, as the arm strikes the water, to bring the shoulder and back muscles into play to drive it on through the resisting fluid to complete the circle. But if your shoulders are taut the arms can't swing a true-enough arc to be effective. Moreover, under such conditions, the muscles adjacent to the arm are too tied up to bring much pressure to bear when the arm hits the water.

The hips should be held forward as in all other sports, for though you are no longer resting your weight on them you are still depending on them for the proper connection of body and legs at the thigh joint. When this is right, your legs start their strokes in direct line with your body, propelling you like a pair of parallel pistons. Whereas if your hips ride out, high and bustle-fashion behind, your legs must necessarily strike out from the side of your body and at an angle, thus throwing you into a jerky, slightly zig-zag stroke, very wasteful of both strength and time. A streamline body is just as vital to a swimmer as to a steamer, to minimize speed resistance and save unnecessary stress and strain.

"A swimmer's muscles should be sleek and smooth," says Joe Laurie, New York swimming instructor. "If they're not, it's a sure sign he's over-exerting someplace." Even Johnny Weissmuller, in spite of those giant hands and feet that stand him in such good stead, displacing gallons of water at a thrust, has fine, beautifully proportioned arms and legs without a disfiguring lump or bulge.

Do Away with Strain

A good thing to help you get a perfect thigh-joint adjustment in swimming—and reducing your hips by swimming depends directly upon this—is to swim on your back. Not the complicated back-crawl but just an elementary sort of swim, kicking out with your legs and with your hands. This simple exercise automatically brings your hips well forward and centers your attention on kicking out from the thigh joints. And if you don't like to do this it's a sure sign you especially need it, since the strain you complain of means that your lengthwise body muscles are stretched too long in front and shrunk too short behind. In other words, you have a sway back and a sagging abdomen. So swim away on your back to get rid of both of these defects and be sure, when you turn over to swim forward, to keep your hips in the same position. That's where they belong for streamline beauty in the water, the earth or the air.

Look at Georgia Coleman's silhouette as she poises, straight as an arrow, on the end of a spring board. A posture expert would observe that her shoulder girdle and hip girdle were lined up directly one over the other, as they must always be for graceful balance, but a diver would say more simply, "She's right because she can see her toes." With your hips riding stiffly out behind, you buckle as you plunge because the connection where the spine fits into the pelvic girdle is thrown out of gear. But with the hips forward, knees limber and thigh and hip connections correctly adjusted, you can rise to your toes and spring to the beautiful arc and clean plunge that are every diver's ideal.

If you ran through the list of every form of athletics that man is heir to, you'd come back to the same fundamental principles. If you keep your weight low and the major effort in the forward hip region, you'll really ride your horse and not just be taken for a ride. If you're balanced below and free above for a golf stroke, a tennis serve or a dive, your body is also ready for a fencing thrust or an archery draw, a ski jump or a hockey spin. A giant build and brute force sometimes make a champion, but good form and a good figure march hand in hand every time.

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Hist! Who's That?

Continued from page 15

themselves as "D of J men" by flashing government travel orders in moving from city to city. But it's a great life, just the same, to be an agent in the service of America's "super-sleuths."

Some old, experienced agents smile at the frequent use of this title in newspapers and magazines. They say that Mr. Hoover, who began as a file clerk, never did any field investigating himself, and aver that he "would not know a lead if he saw one." Presumably, they have never heard of the sample of his investigative instincts that he gave when he was assigned to the Lindbergh kidnapping. One morning, as he stood with a group of state and federal police in the yard at Hopewell, a stray pigeon alighted on the eaves of the house. Thereupon Mr. Hoover quivered with excitement. Here, he said, was a real clue—maybe a message from the kidnappers. He still maintains that a vital tip was allowed to escape when somebody threw a handful of gravel and scared the bird away, although he does not explain who trained a homing pigeon to alight at the Lindbergh home.

The director's appetite for publicity is the talk of the Capital, although admittedly a peculiar enterprise for a bureau which, by the nature of its work, is supposed to operate in secrecy. Although Mr. Hoover issued strict orders against publicity on the part of his agents, he was never bound by them. In every newspaper and magazine article and radio broadcast recounting his field agents' activities there appears invariably the name of "J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the United States Bureau of Investigation."

For three months last winter his agents' exploits were the headline attractions on the radio hour of a popular cigarette. Once a week there came over the air the hoarse, melodramatic overture announcing that "This is Operative J-3, clear all wires." It was a thrilling show, even though "D of J men" are not known by numbers, and even though they have no authority to order that "all wires" be cleared.

The Boy Who Made Good

Under him the bureau was run in Prussian style; it became a personal and political machine. More inaccessible than Presidents, he kept his agents in fear and awe by firing and shifting them at whim; no other government office had such a turnover of personnel, although experience and training are essential qualities in an agent. He always opposed Civil Service qualifications for his men, and he has a "blue slip" expense account which not even official Treasury watchdogs may question. He was a law and czar unto himself. A swell salesman, he was able for years to escape the supervision of his superiors.

In appearance Mr. Hoover looks utterly unlike the story-book sleuth. He is short, fat, businesslike, and walks with mincing step. His black hair, swarthy skin and collegiate haircut make him look younger than thirty-eight, but heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles give him an air of age and authority. He dresses fastidiously, with Eleanor blue as the favorite color for the matched shades of tie, handkerchief and socks. A little pompous, he rides in an expensive limousine even if only to a near-by self-service cafeteria.

But his looks belie him, for he acts just like a stage detective. His phone rings constantly during interviews—almost as if it were staged for the visitor's benefit. First he speaks in a low tone to his secretary to learn the identity of the caller. If he decides to talk, he snaps another button and spurts out a snappy "Yes, yes, this is Hoover." Then ensues a shivery tête-à-tête that makes a Nick Carter tale seem milder than McGuffey's Fourth Reader. In fact, whenever I want to save the price of a ticket to a detective drama, I am going to interview "J. Edgar Hoover, Director"—if the present administration sees fit to continue him in office.

Despite all this burlesque and bombast, there is a serious and sinister side to this secret federal police system. It has always been up to its neck in personal intrigue and partisan politics, which may explain why almost every veteran official of the Department of Justice keeps a daily diary. The bureau has played the game of Republican administrations when they were in power, and of the Democrats when they controlled the government. Mr. Hoover, whose first important post was in the "radical division," has always been obsessed with a complex against liberals and advanced thinkers.

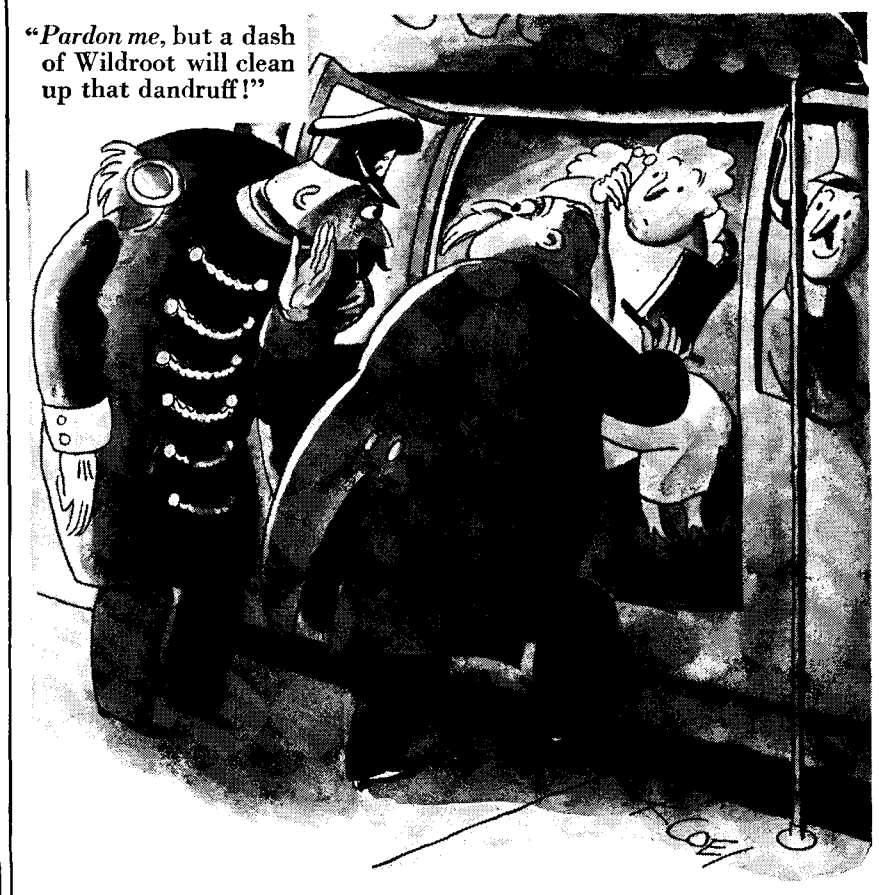
They All Look Alike

In the old days he would have placed President Roosevelt's Brain Trust under suspicion and observation if only for their sympathy toward the Soviet; he would have "tailed" Messrs. Moley, Tugwell and Berle. This is no fanciful suggestion, for at one time or another the bureau's files have contained reports on such prominent Americans as Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, the late Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Senator William E. Borah, Dean Roscoe Pound, Prof. Felix Frankfurter, Prof. Zechariah Chafee Jr., Frank P. Walsh and John L. Lewis.

President Roosevelt has indicated that he may reorganize this miniature American Cheka, and Mr. Hoover may have been displaced by the time this article is published. There will be irony in such a reform, for the bureau was organized in the administration of the President's fifth cousin. In those days the only government department which had a staff of sleuths was the Treasury, and the President or any departmental chief called on them when he wanted to go in for some fancy snooping.

Teddy relied on the Treasury Secret Service so often to investigate members of Congress that it forbade promiscuous use of these investigators, and established the Bureau of Investigation in the Department of Justice. This new agency was meant to serve as a small nucleus of investigators available to the President and other officials; it was not intended that it should become the nation-wide organization that it is now.

Quite appropriately, this bureau that goes in so heavily for espionage was founded in an atmosphere of deceit. In prohibiting general use of the Treasury agents, Congress made no public mention of their use by Teddy to investigate and convict certain of its members involved in Western land frauds. It based its action on the Administration's mobilization of Secret Service men to find the hidden trysting place of a naval officer who had gone on leave in company with a prominent Washington woman—a married one, too. That was no way to treat a couple of romantic lovers, the gay legislators declared, and they created the bureau amidst passionate orations—and some secret snickering—about the decline of presidential chivalry.



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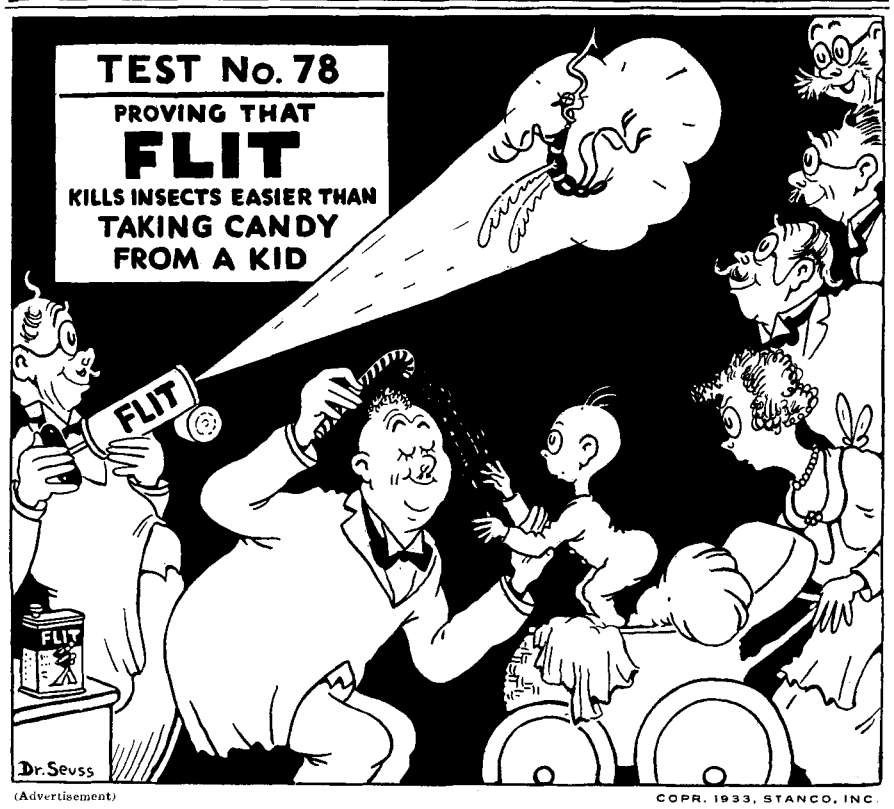

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Collier's

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A Mark of Distinction

FUTURE Americans may well decide that the Industrial Recovery Act is one of the great landmarks in the peaceful development of this nation. The vistas of change opened by the adoption of this mass of emergency legislation almost stagger the imagination.

The recovery act demands that American industry be made to serve the public welfare. The test of any plan under the new law is its effect upon the general welfare.

The great majority of Americans are thoroughly in sympathy with the purposes of the recovery act. The majority of business heads and of industrial leaders also approve it. There was, however, one Iscariot among the Twelve Apostles and unless human nature is considerably better than there is reason to believe, a minority of unscrupulous men and women will try to extract mean advantages from the freedom accorded under the new law.

Accordingly the opportunity which has been extended to the public as consumers to give preference to those who faithfully observe the spirit of the recovery act will be helpful.

General Hugh S. Johnson, administrator of the recovery act, has provided insignia which may be displayed as a mark of distinction by those who operate under codes of fair practice approved by the federal government.

Manufacturers and merchants who are paying fair wages and maintaining decent conditions may obtain the privilege of using this mark of distinction. It may be displayed on literature, on commodities, and in other ways used to certify the fact that the manufacturer and seller are coöperating with the federal government in the public interest.

No longer is cheapness the test of merit. It is contrary to the public welfare to hire men and women at the lowest wages at which they can be induced to work. It is contrary to the public interest to sell commodities at prices so low that decent standards of work and life cannot be maintained.

Buyers want to know that the articles they purchase were not produced in sweatshops. Without some obvious mark of distinction it is impossible to know.

Price alone is not a revealing test. Well-managed factories which pay better than minimum wages and whose operations are approved by the government are able to sell many commodities at low prices. Others whose prices are higher may have used sweatshop labor or have refused in other important ways to conform to a code of fair practice.

It is essential therefore that the mark of distinction be easily recognizable. The government has vast authority under the recovery act to penalize those who refuse to coöperate, but it is generally more satisfactory to enlist the aid of public opinion in enforcing the recovery act rather than to seek court action.

General Johnson and his associates will of course restrict the use of this mark of distinction to those who in fact are operating under codes of fair practice. There is abundant authority in the law to prevent the unauthorized use of the national seal of approval.

As a matter of sound public policy the use of insignia should be limited to those commodities which in all their parts and processes have been fairly produced and sold. Such restriction will enormously facilitate the work of the government. Manufacturers and merchants will hasten to arrange their affairs so that governmental approval may be obtained and announced. The inclination to postpone action will vanish as public support is given those who are known to have been approved.

The consequences of establishing industrial standards which a self-respecting government can and does approve will be prodigious.

Since the very beginning of the factory age, cotton manufacturers employed child labor. All previous efforts to forbid the premature employment of children have been fought by the cotton interests. The first federal statute outlawing child labor was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court in an action brought by a cotton manufacturer. Yet in spite of all this historic opposition, the cotton industry has been the first to bring in a code under the recovery act which promises thoroughly to eliminate child labor.

Until June 13, 1933, our laws said, "Compete." The law knew nothing of wages and prices. It paid scant attention to the hours and conditions of employment. The law professed to believe that out of a pitiless struggle between competitors for trade public good would somehow emerge.

The recovery act does not continue this shabby pretense. The recovery act orders industries to organize and competitors to coöperate. It is aimed at increasing purchasing power and enlarging the consumption of the fruits of industry and agriculture. The goal of our industrial development under the recovery act is at the opposite pole from the objectives we said we sought in the days of anti-trust legislation.

Every industry and trade may organize under the recovery act. Industries may adopt codes of fair practice for their own self-government. If an industry fails to take the initiative and to agree upon its own code, the government may intervene and take the initiative.

If serious abuses exist the government undoubtedly will act wherever and whenever industry neglects to accept responsibility.

The President may license industries and enterprises and the President may refuse to issue a license to a recalcitrant company.

But whatever is done must be done in the public interest. Our economic life is to be made to square with our political ideals. This is the essence of the New Deal. It is entirely appropriate that the people of the United States be enabled, as by this seal of national approval, to work with their government in bringing about these great changes.

Makers and sellers of commodities produced under codes of fair practice are permitted to use this seal

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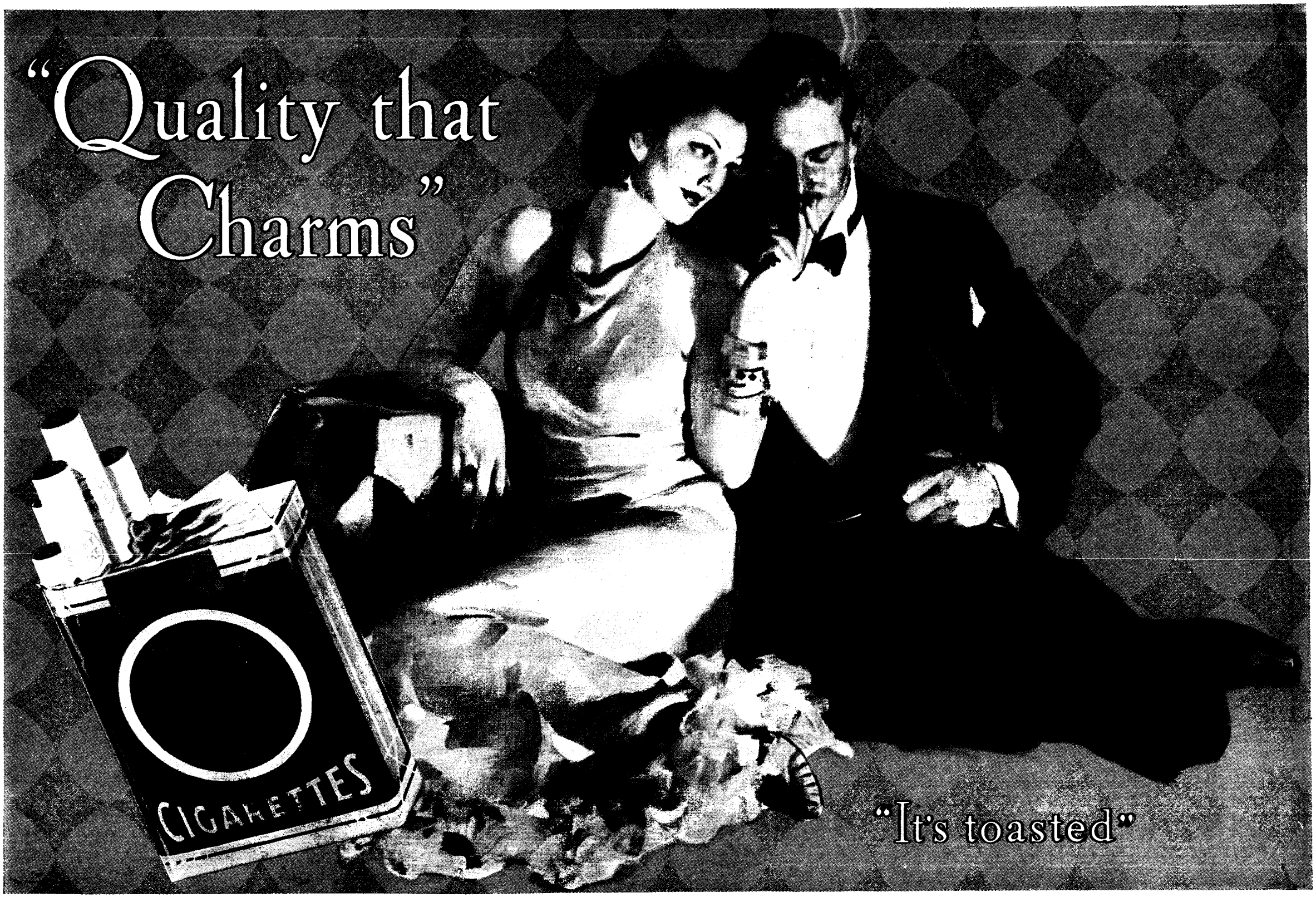

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